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THE

INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The subject introduced 1

CHAPTER II.

Some account of the fur-trade—The lakes, rivers, and mountains of North America—Indian hunters—Coureurs des Bois—Voyageurs—North-men—Comers and Goers—A décharge—A portage—Trappers—Beaver hunting—Adventure with a bear—Peltries and furs—Deer hunting—A cache—Fur companies—Bisons, bears, deer, wolves, badgers, beavers, minxes, martins, foxes, racoons, lynxes, hares, rabbits, musk-rats, squirrels, and stoats 9

CHAPTER III.

Difficulty in ascertaining who were the Aborigines of America, and from whence they came—Various opinions on the subject—Catlin's publication on the "Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians"—Census of the different tribes—Locality of the Crows, Blackfeet, Sioux, and Creeks—The names of some of the Indian chiefs and remarkable characters 27

CHAPTER IV.

Wigwams—Crow Indians quitting an encampment—Villages—Food—Pomme blanche—Pemican—Marrow fat—Fruit—Dress—Full Dress of Máh-to-tóh-pa, "the four bears"—Bows and arrows, quivers, tomahawks, spears, shields, and scalping knives—Scalping—War-clubs—Indian warfare—Warfare of white men—Language—Names of the sun and moon, a buffalo, and the Great Spirit, in different languages—Indian method of signing treaties 43

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

The history of Black Hawk—Na-nà-ma-kee's dream—Black Hawk's birth-place—Becomes a brave—Fights against the Osages—His father killed—Destroys forty lodges of the Osages—Sac chiefs go to St. Louis—Strong drink given them, and they sign away land of the Sacs' nation—American whites deceive the Sacs, and Black Hawk joins the British—His battles—He returns home—Keé-o-kùk made chief—Black Hawk again goes to war—He gives himself up to the Americans—A buffalo hunt 61

CHAPTER VI.

Valleys and prairies—A flat prairie—Bluffs and square hills—Floyd's grave—Blackbird's grave—Fruit grounds in prairie—Prairie la Crosse—Prairie du Chien—Couteau des Prairies—Missouri prairies—Swan Lake River rice grounds—Lover's Leap—Salt meadows—Savannahs—Red Pipe-stone Quarry 81

CHAPTER VII.

The Seminole Indians—King of the Red Hills—Oceola—A council—Agreement to an exchange of land—Oceola refuses to sign the contract, and dashes his dagger through it—Oceola made prisoner, and afterwards set at liberty—His message to the whites—Oceola treacherously made prisoner again—His death—Adventures of Nikkanochee, prince of Econchatti 100

CHAPTER VIII.

The religion of the Red Indians—Medicine, or Mystery—Rain-making—Marriage—Flattening the heads of children—Cradles—Practice of shaving the head—Exposure of the aged—The Leaping Rock—Catching white fish—Fasts, feasts, and sacrifices—Runners—Indian squaws, with their customary employments—Pipe smoking—Dog feast—A common life scene among the Indians—Smoking a shield—Pipes—Pipe of peace—Indian burial—Resting-place for the dead 114

CHAPTER IX.

Anecdotes of the Red Indians—Indian observation and sagacity—Indian conscientiousness—Indian honesty—Indian ignorance—Indian shrewdness—Indian cunning and deceit—Indian heroism—Adventures of an American trapper 132

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Buffaloes—Bisons—A grand surround of buffaloes—A buffalo wallow—Bears—Adventure with a grizzly bear—Anecdote of a common bear—Wild horses—Catching horses with the lasso—Creasing horses—Cougers—Wolves—White, black, and clouded wolves—Deer—Moose deer—Elk—Common deer—the Wapiti deer—Black-tailed deer—Cariboo—Mountain sheep—Prairie dogs—Musk rats—Taking musk rats—Fearful adventure of the prairie on fire 151

CHAPTER XI.

Games—Ball play among the Choctaws—Ball play by the women of the Prairie du Chien—Horsemanship—Foot races—Canoe races—Wrestling—The game of tchung-kee among the Mandans—Archery—The game of the arrow—Swimming—Mode of swimming customary among the Indians—Prank of the Minetarees children on the Knife River—Buffalo dance—The poor Indian woman 169

CHAPTER XII

Musical instruments—Whistles, flutes, rattles, and drums—War whistle and deer-skin flute—The beggars' dance—The doctors' dance—The pipe dance—The black drink—The green-corn dance—The dog dance—The discovery dance—The slave dance—The scalp dance—The sham scalp dance—The eagle dance—The snow-shoe dance—The straw dance—the bear dance—The war dance—Sham fight with the Mandan boys . . . 186

CHAPTER XIII.

The mystery lodge of the Mandans, to appease the Good and Evil Spirits—The Great Canoe—The unknown man from the prairie—The old mystery man—The bull dance—Preparing young warriors for hardships and dangers—The tortures inflicted—The self-possession of the young men—The last run—Fainting and recovery of the tortured Indians—The speech of Logan, an Indian chief—Address of the Seneca Indians to Governor Clinton—Address of the chiefs of the same tribe—Speech of a warrior—Speech of Red Jacket in reply to a missionary 201

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

Poisoned arrows—Poison making—The deadly power of the poison—Council of war—Enlisting—Preparation for battle—Indian mode of fighting—A war party—A night march—A surprise—A village attacked—The onset—The resistance—The retreat—False alarms—Camanchee war party—Their chief in full dress on his war-horse—The wounded Crow warriors—The mystery man—His useless attempts to restore the wounded—Particulars of the death of Oceola, the Seminole chief—The death of a Christian 220

CHAPTER XV.

A treaty of peace—The tomahawk buried—Pipe of peace dance—Assinaboin chief—Tribes who shave their heads—Turning in their toes in walking—Names of women—Different modes of building lodges—Buffalo hunting in wolves' skins—Begging horses—Medicine rock—Hatching thunder—Captain Smith saved by a chief's daughter—Horned frogs—Mosquitoes—Salt water brooks 236

CHAPTER XVI.

Dreadful ravages of the smallpox—Loss sustained by the Minctarees, Blackfeet, Crows, and Crees—The Mandan people all destroyed—Death of Máh-to-tóh-pa, "the four bears"—Attempts to introduce vaccination—John Eliot, the first Protestant missionary among the Red Indians—His progress and death—Brainerd; his Christian course and death—Character given of him—Letter of the Oneida chiefs—Speech of the chief Little Turtle—Missionary trials—Slaughter of the Christian Indians—Kahkewaquonaby and Shaw Wundais, two Chippeways, visit England 252

CHAPTER XVII.

American Board of Missions—The United Brethren—The Church Missionary Society—The Wesleyan Missionary Society—The American Presbyterian Board of Missions—The American Baptist Missions—The American Methodist Missionary Society—Stations, schools, missionaries, communicants, scholars, and hearers—Missionary relations—Conclusion . . . 273

THE

INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

The subject introduced.

It was on a wild and gusty day, that Austin and Brian Edwards were returning home from a visit to

their uncle, who lived at a distance of four or five miles from their father's dwelling, when the wind, which was before sufficiently high, rose suddenly; and the heavens, which had for some hours been overclouded, grew darker, with every appearance of an approaching storm. Brian was for returning back; but to this, Austin would by no means consent. Austin was twelve years of age, and Brian about two years younger; their brother Basil, who was not with them, had hardly completed his sixth year.

The three brothers, though unlike in some things—for Austin was daring, Brian fearful, and Basil affectionate—very closely resembled each other in their love of books and wonderful relations. What one read, the other would read; and what one had learned, the other wished to know.

Louder and louder blew the wind, and darker and darker grew the sky, and already had a distant flash and growling thunder announced the coming storm, when the two brothers arrived at the rocky eminence where, though the wood was above them, the river rolled nearly a hundred fathoms below. Some years before, a slip of ground had taken place at no great distance from the spot, when a mass of earth, amounting to well-nigh half an acre, with the oak trees that grew upon it, slid down all at once towards the river. The rugged rent occasioned by the slip of earth, the great height of the road above the river, the rude rocks that here and there presented themselves, and the giant oaks of the wood frowning on the dangerous

path, gave it a character at once highly picturesque and fearful. Austin, notwithstanding the loud blustering of the wind, and the remonstrance of his brother to hasten on, made a momentary pause to enjoy the scene.

In a short time the two boys had approached the spot where a low, jutting rock of red sand-stone, around which the roots of a large tree were seen clinging, narrowed the path; so that there was only the space of a few feet between the base of the rock and an abrupt and fearful precipice.

Austin was looking down on the river, and Brian was holding his cap to prevent its being blown from his head, when, between the fitful blasts, a loud voice, or rather a cry, was heard. "Stop, boys, stop! Come not a foot further on the peril of your lives!" Austin and Brian stood still, neither knowing whence came the cry, nor what was the danger that threatened them; they were, however, soon sensible of the latter, for the rushing winds swept through the wood with a louder roar, and, all at once, part of the red sand-stone rock gave way with the giant oak whose roots were wrapped round it, when the massy ruin, with a fearful crash, fell headlong across the path, and right over the precipice. Brian trembled with affright, and Austin turned pale. In another minute, an active man, somewhat in years, habited as a shepherd, with a crook in his hand, was seen making his way with great agility over such parts of the fallen rock as had not cleared the precipice. It was he who had given

the two brothers such timely notice of their danger, and thereby saved their lives. Austin was about to thank him, but hardly had he began to speak, when the stranger stopped him. "Thank God, my young friends," said he, with much emotion, "and not me; for we are all in his hands. It is his goodness that has preserved you." In a little time the stranger had led Austin and Brian, talking kindly to them all the way, to his comfortable cottage, which stood at no great distance from the bottom of the wood.

Scarcely had they seated themselves in the cottage, when the storm came on full of fury. As flash after flash seemed to rend the dark clouds, and clap after clap shook the walls of the cottage, the rain came down like a deluge, and the two boys were thankful to find themselves in so comfortable a shelter. Brian was too fearful to pay attention to anything except the storm; but it did not escape the eye of Austin, that the cottage walls were hung round with lances, bows and arrows, quivers, tomahawks, and other weapons of Indian warfare; together with pouches, girdles, and garments of great beauty, such as he had never before seen. A sight so unexpected both astonished and pleased him, and made a deep impression on his mind. It was some time before the storm had spent its rage, so that the two brothers had some pleasant conversation with the stranger, who talked to them cheerfully. He did not, however, fail to dwell much on the goodness of God in their preservation; nor did he omit to urge on them to read, on their return home, the first two

verses of the forty-sixth Psalm, which he said might dispose them to look upwards with thankfulness and confidence. Austin and Brian left the cottage, truly grateful for the kindness which had been shown them; and the former felt determined it should not be his fault if he did not, before long, make another visit to the place.

When the boys reached home, they related in glowing colours, and with breathless haste, the adventure which had befallen them. Brian dwelt on the black clouds, the vivid lightning and the rolling thunder; while Austin described, with startling effect, the sudden cry which had arrested their steps near the narrow path, and the dreadful crash of the red sand-stone rock, when it broke over the precipice, with the big oak tree that grew about it. "Had we not been stopped by the cry," said he, "we must, in another minute, have been dashed into a thousand pieces." He then, after recounting how kind the stranger had been to them, entered on the subject of the Indian weapons.

Though the stranger who had rendered the boys so important a service was dressed like a shepherd, there was that in his manner so superior to the station he occupied, that Austin, being ardent and somewhat romantic in his notions, and wrought upon by the Indian weapons and dresses he had seen, thought he must be some important person in disguise. This belief he intimated with considerable confidence, and assigned several good reasons in support of his opinion.

Brian reminded Austin of the two verses they were

to read; and, when the Bible was produced, he read aloud, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea," Psa. xlvi. 1, 2.

"Yes," said Austin, "we had indeed a narrow escape; for if the mountains were not carried into the sea, the rock fell almost into the river."

On the morrow, Mr. Edwards was early on his way to the cottage, to offer his best thanks, with those of Mrs. Edwards, to the stranger who had saved the lives of his children. He met him at the door, with his crook in his hand. In an interview of half an hour, Mr. Edwards learned that the cottager was the son of an English fur trader; and that, after the death of his father in North America, he had spent several years among the Indian tribes, resting in their wigwams, hunting with them, and dealing in furs; but that, having met with an injury in his dangerous calling, he had at last returned to his native country. Being fond of solitude, he had resolved, having the means of following out his plans, to purchase a cottage, a small estate, and a few sheep; he should then be employed in the open air, and doubted not that opportunities would occur, wherein he could make himself useful in the neighbourhood. There was also another motive that much influenced him in his plans. His mind had for some time been deeply impressed with Divine things, and he yearned for that privacy and repose which, while it would not prevent him

from attending God's house, would allow him freely to meditate on God's holy word, which for some time had been the delight of his heart.

He told Mr. Edwards that he had lived in the cottage for some months; and that, on entering the wood the day before, hard by the narrow path, he perceived by the swaying of the oak tree and moving of the sand-stone rock, that there was every probability of their falling: this had induced him to give that timely warning which had been a means, by the blessing of God, of preserving the young gentlemen from their danger.

Mr. Edwards perceived, by the conversation and manners of the stranger, that he was evidently a respectable character; and some letters put into his hand by him, both from missionaries abroad and ministers of the gospel in England, addressed to the stranger, spoke loudly in favour of his piety. After offering him his best thanks, in a warm-hearted manner, and expressing freely the pleasure it would give him if he could, in any way, act a neighbourly part in adding to his comfort, Mr. Edwards inquired if his children might be permitted to call at the cottage, to inspect the many curiosities that were there. This being readily assented to, he took his departure with a very favourable impression of his new neighbour, with whom he had so unexpectedly been made acquainted.

Austin and Brian were, with some impatience, awaiting their father's return; and when they knew that the stranger who had saved their lives had

actually passed years among the Indians, on the prairies and in the woods—that he had slept in their wigwams; hunted, with them, beavers, bears, and buffaloes; shared in their games; heard their wild war-whoop, and witnessed their battles—their delight was unbounded. Austin took large credit for his penetration in discovering that the cottager was not a common shepherd, and signified his intention of becoming thoroughly informed of all the manners and customs of the North American Indians.

Nothing could have been more agreeable to the young people than this unlooked-for addition to their enjoyment. They had heard of the Esquimaux, of Negroes, Malays, New Zealanders, Chinese, Turks, and Tartars; but very little of the North American Indians. It was generally agreed, as leave had been given them to call at the cottage, that the sooner they did it the better. Little Basil was to be one of the party; and it would be a difficult thing to decide which of the three brothers looked forward to the proposed interview with the greatest pleasure.

Austin, Brian, and Basil had, at different times, found abundant amusement in reading of parrots, humming birds, and cocoa nuts; lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and horned rhinoceroses; monkeys, racoons, opossums, and sloths; mosquitoes, lizards, snakes, and scaly crocodiles; but these were nothing, in their estimation, compared with an account of Red Indians, bears, and buffaloes, from the mouth of one who had actually lived among them.

NORTH AMERICAN SCENERY.

CHAPTER II.

Some account of the fur-trade—The lakes, rivers, and mountains of North America—Indian hunters—Coureurs des Bois—Voyageurs—North-men—Comers and goers—A décharge—A portage—Trappers—Beaver hunting—Adventure with a bear—Peltries and furs—Deer hunting—A cache—Fur companies—Bisons, bears, deer, wolves, badgers, beavers, minxes, martins, foxes, racoons, lynxes, hares, rabbits, musk-rats, squirrels, and stoats.

AUSTIN EDWARDS was too ardent in his pursuits not to make the intended visit to the cottage near the wood the continued theme of his conversation with

his brothers through the remainder of the day; and, when he retired to rest, in his dreams he was either wandering through the forest defenceless, having lost his tomahawk, or flying over the prairie on the back of a buffalo, amid the yelling of a thousand Red Indians.

The sun was bright in the skies when the three brothers set out on their anticipated excursion. Austin was loud in praise of their kind preserver, but he could not at all understand how any one, who had been a hunter of bears and buffaloes, could quietly settle down to lead the life of a shepherd: for his part, he would have remained a hunter for ever. Brian thought the hunter had acted a wise part in coming away from so many dangers; and little Basil, not being quite able to decide which of his two brothers was right, remained silent.

As the two elder brothers wished to show Basil the place where they stood when the oak tree and the red sand-stone rock fell over the precipice with a crash, and as Basil was equally desirous to visit the spot, they went up to it. Austin helped his little brother over the broken fragments which still lay scattered over the narrow path. It was a sight that would have impressed the mind of any one; and Brian looked up with awe to the remaining part of the rifted rock, above which the fallen oak tree had stood. Austin was very eloquent in his description of the sudden voice of the stranger, of the roaring wind as it rushed through the wood, and of the crashing tree and falling

rock. Basil showed great astonishment; and they all descended from the commanding height, full of the arresting adventure of the preceding day.

When they were come within sight of the wood, Brian cried out that he could see the shepherd's cottage; but Austin told him that he ought not to call the cottager a shepherd, but a hunter. It was true that he had a flock of sheep, but he kept them more to employ his time than to get a living by them. For many years he had lived among the Indians, and hunted buffaloes with them; he was, therefore, to all intents and purposes, a buffalo hunter, and ought not to be called a shepherd. This important point being settled, Brian and Basil having agreed to call him in future a hunter, and not a shepherd, they walked on hastily to the cottage.

In five minutes after, the hunter, for such by Austin Edwards' express requirements he must, in future, be called, was showing and explaining to his delighted young visitors the Indian curiosities which hung around the walls of his cottage, together with others which he kept with greater care. These latter were principally calumets, or peace-pipes; mocassins, or Indian shoes; war-eagle dresses, mantles, necklaces, shields, belts, pouches, and war-clubs of superior workmanship. There was also an Indian cradle, and several rattles and musical instruments: these altogether afforded the young people wondrous entertainment. Austin wanted to know how the Indians used their war-clubs; Brian inquired how they smoked the peace-pipe; and

little Basil was quite as anxious in his questions about a rattle, which he had taken up and was shaking to and fro. To all these inquiries the hunter gave satisfactory replies, with a promise to enter afterwards on a more full explanation.

In addition to these curiosities, the young people were shown a few specimens of different kinds of furs; as those of the beaver, ermine, sable, martin, fiery fox, black fox, silver fox, and squirrel. Austin wished to know all at once, where, and in what way, these fur animals were caught; and, with this end in view, he contrived to get the hunter into a conversation on the subject. "I suppose," said he, "that you know all about beavers, and martins, and foxes, and squirrels."

Hunter. I ought to know something about them, having been in my time somewhat of a *Voyageur*, a *Coureur du bois*, a *Trapper*, and a *Freeman;* but you will hardly understand these terms without some little explanation.

Austin. What is a Coureur du bois?

Brian. What is a Voyageur?

Basil. I want to know what a Trapper is.

Hunter. Perhaps it will be better if I give you a short account of the way in which the furs of different animals are obtained, and then I can explain the terms Voyageur, Coureur du bois, Trapper, and Freeman, as well as a few other things which you may like to know.

Brian. Yes, that will be the best way.

Austin. Please not to let it be a short account, but a long one. Begin at the very beginning, and go on to the very end.

Hunter. Well, we shall see. It has pleased God, as we read in the first chapter of the book of Genesis, to give man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." The meaning of which is, no doubt, not that he may cruelly abuse them, but that he may use them for his wants and comforts, or destroy them when they annoy and injure him. The skins of animals have been used as clothing for thousands of years; and furs have become so general in dresses and ornaments, that, to obtain them, a regular trade has long been carried on. In this traffic, the uncivilized inhabitants of cold countries exchange their furs for useful articles, and comforts, and luxuries, which are only to be obtained from warmer climes and civilized people.

Austin. And where do furs come from?

Hunter. Furs are usually obtained in cold countries. The ermine and the sable are procured in the most northerly parts of Europe and Asia; but most of the furs in use come from North America.

Austin. North America is very large, and some parts of it are very cold, are they not?

Hunter. Yes. If you look at the map of North America, you will find that between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans the space is, in its greatest breadth,

about three thousand miles; and, from north to south, the country stretches out, to say the least of it, five hundred miles more than this. Some of the principal rivers of North America are, the Mackenzie, Missouri, Mississippi, and St. Lawrence. The Missouri is three thousand miles long. The Rocky or Stony Mountains stretch themselves the whole length of the land, from north to south; and another range of mountains, called the Apalachian, extends through the United States North America abounds with lakes: some of them are very long; Lakes Huron, Erie, and Michigan are between two and three hundred, and Lake Superior nearly four hundred miles long.

Brian. What a length! Nearly four hundred miles! Why, it is more like a sea than a lake.

Hunter. Well, over a great part of the space that I have mentioned, furry animals abound; and different fur ' .npanies send those in their employ to boat up the river, to sail through the lakes, to hunt wild animals, to trap beavers, and to trade with the various Indian tribes which are scattered throughout this extensive territory.

Austin. Oh! how I should like to hunt and to trade with the Indians!

Hunter. Better think the matter over before you set off on such an expedition. Are you ready to sail by ship, steam-boat, and canoe; to ride on horseback, or to trudge on foot, as the case may require; to swim across brooks and rivers; to wade through bogs, and swamps, and quagmires; to live for weeks on flesh,

without bread or salt to it; to lie on the cold ground; to cook your own food; and to mend your own jacket and mocassins? Are you ready to bear hunger and thirst, heat and cold, rain and solitude? Have you patience to bear the stings of tormenting mosquitoes; and courage to defend your life against the grizzly bear, the buffalo, and the tomahawk of the red man, should he turn out to be an enemy?

Brian. No, no, Austin. You must not think of running into such dangers.

Hunter. I will now give you a short account of the fur trade. About two hundred years ago, or more, the French made a settlement in Canada, and they soon found such advantage in obtaining the furry skins of the various animals wandering in the woods and plains around them, that, after taking all they could themselves, they began to trade with the Red Indians, the original inhabitants of the country, who brought from great distances skins of various kinds. In a rude camp, formed of the bark of trees, these red men assembled, seated themselves in half circles, smoked their pipes, made speeches, gave and received presents, and traded with the French people for their skins. The articles given in exchange to the Indian hunters, were knives, axes, arms, kettles, blankets, and cloth: the brighter the colour of the cloth, the better the Indians were pleased.

Austin. I think I can see them now.

Basil. Did they smoke pipes like those we have been looking at?

Hunter. Yes; for almost all the pipes used by the red men are made of red stone, dug out of the same quarry, called pipe-stone quarry: but about this I will tell you some other time. One bad part of this trading system was, that the French gave the Indians but a small part of the value of their skins, besides which they charged their own articles extravagantly high; and a still worse feature in the case was this, that they supplied the Indians with spirituous liquors, thereby bringing about great irregularities, which the French did not fail to turn to their own account.

Basil. That was too bad on the part of the French.

Hunter. This system of obtaining furs was carried on for many years, when another practice sprang up, which was for such white men as had accompanied the Indians in hunting, and made themselves acquainted with the country, to paddle up the rivers in canoes, with a few arms and provisions, and hunt for themselves. They were absent sometimes for as much as a year, or a year and a half, and then returned with their canoes laden with rich furs. These white men were what I called *Coureurs des bois*, or wood-rangers.

Austin. Ah! I should like to be a coureur du bois.

Hunter. Some of these coureurs des bois became very lawless and depraved in their habits, so that the French government enacted a law whereby no one, on

pain of death, could trade in the interior of the country with the Indians, without a license. Military posts were also established, to protect the trade, and to restrain the lawless rangers of the woods. In process of time, too, fur companies were established; and men, called *Voyageurs*, or canoe men, were employed, expressly to attend to the canoes carrying supplies up the rivers, or bringing back cargoes of furs.

Basil. Now we know what a *Voyageur* is.

Hunter. You would hardly know me again, were you to see me dressed as a voyageur. Let me see, I should have on a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, a loose coat made of a blanket, with perhaps leathern leggings and deer-skin mocassins; and then I must not forget my coloured worsted belt, my knife, and tobacco pouch.

Austin. What a figure you would cut! and yet, I dare say, such a dress is best for a voyageur.

Hunter. Most of the Canadian voyageurs were good-humoured, light-hearted men, who always sang a lively strain as they dipped their oars into the waters of the lake or rolling river; but steam-boats are now introduced, so that the voyageurs are but few.

Basil. What a pity! I like those voyageurs.

Hunter. The voyageurs, who were out for a long period, and navigated the interior of the country, were called *North-men*, or *Winterers;* while the others had the name of *Goers and Comers.* Any part of a river where they could not row a laden canoe, on account of the rapid stream, they called a *Décharge;* and there

the goods were taken from the boats, and carried on their shoulders, while others towed the canoes up the stream: but a fall of water, where they were obliged not only to carry the goods, but also to drag the canoes on land up to the higher level, they called a *Portage.*

Austin. We shall not forget the North-men, and Comers and Goers, nor the Décharges and Portages.

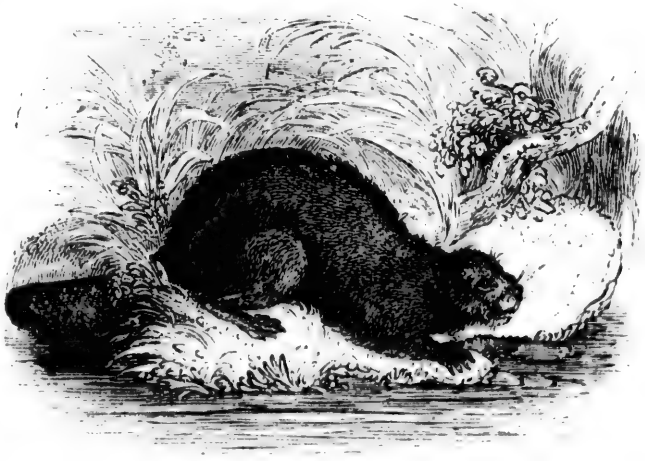
Basil. You have not told us what a Trapper is.

Hunter. A *Trapper* is a beaver hunter. Those who hunt beavers and other animals for any of the fur companies, are called Trappers; but such as hunt for themselves, take the name of *Freemen.*

Austin. Yes, I shall remember. Please to tell us how they hunt the beavers.

Hunter. Beavers build themselves houses, on the banks of creeks or small rivers, with mud, sticks, and stones, and afterwards cover them over with a coat of mud, which becomes very hard. These houses are five or six feet thick at the top; and in one house, four old beavers, and six or eight young ones, often live together. But, besides their houses, the beavers take care to have a number of holes in the banks, under water, called *washes*, into which they can run for shelter, should their houses be attacked. It is the business of the trappers to find out all these washes, or holes; and this they do in winter, by knocking against the ice, and judging by the sound. Over every hole they cut out a piece of ice, big

enough to get at the beaver. No sooner is the beaver-house attacked, than the animals run into



their holes, the entrances of which are directly blocked up with stakes. The trappers then either take them through the holes in the ice with their hands, or haul them out with hooks fastened to the end of a pole or stick.

Austin. But why is a beaver hunter called a trapper? I cannot understand that.

Hunter. Because beavers are caught in great numbers in steel traps, which are set and baited on purpose for them.

Brian. Why do they catch them in the winter, and not in the summer?

Hunter. Because the fur of the beaver is in its prime in the winter; in the summer, it is not nearly so good.

Austin. Do the trappers catch many beavers? I should think there could not be very many of them.

Hunter. In one year, the Hudson's Bay Company alone sold as many as sixty thousand beaver skins.

Austin. Sixty thousand! I did not think there were so many beavers in the world.

Hunter. I will tell you an anecdote, by which you will see that hunters and trappers had need be men of courage and activity. It is said that a trapper, of the name of Cannon, had just had the good fortune to kill a buffalo; and as he was at a considerable distance from his camp, he cut out the tongue and some of the choice bits, made them into a parcel, and slinging them on his shoulders by a strap passed round his forehead, as the voyageurs carry packages of goods, set out on his way to the camp. In passing through a narrow ravine, he heard a noise behind him, and looking round, beheld, to his dismay, a grizzly bear in full pursuit, apparently attracted by the scent of the meat. Cannon had heard so much of the strength and ferocity of this tremendous animal, that he never attempted to fire, but slipping the strap from his forehead, let go the buffalo meat, and ran for his life. The bear did not stop to regale himself with the game, but kept on after the hunter. He had nearly overtaken him, when Cannon reached a tree, and throwing down his rifle, scrambled up into it. The next instant Bruin was at the foot of the tree;

but as this species of bear does not climb, he contented himself with turning the chase into a blockade. Night came on. In the darkness, Cannon could not perceive whether or not the enemy maintained his station; but his fears pictured him rigorously mounting guard. He passed the night therefore in the tree, a prey to dismal fancies. In the morning the bear was gone. Cannon warily descended the tree, picked up his gun, and made the best of his way back to the camp, without venturing to look after his buffalo meat.

Austin. Then the grizzly bear did not hurt him, after all.

Brian. I would not go among those grizzly bears for all the world. We have no bears in England, and nothing larger than a hare or a fox in the woods, so we are safe here.

Hunter. In some places, perhaps, a few deer might be found, and they are larger than half-a-dozen foxes.

Austin. Do they take deer in North America, as well as other animals?

Hunter. Deer, though their skins are not so valuable as many furs, are very useful to hunters and trappers; for they not only add to their stock of peltries, but also supply them with food. When skins have been tanned on the inside they are called *furs;* but before they are tanned they are called *peltries.* Deer are trapped much in the same way as buffaloes are. A large circle is inclosed with twisted trees and

brushwood, with a very narrow opening, in the neighbourhood of a well-frequented deer path. The inside of the circle is crowded with small hedges, in the openings of which are set snares of twisted thongs, made fast at one end to a neighbouring tree. Two lines of small trees are set up, branching off outwardly from the narrow entrance of the circle; so that the further the lines of trees extend from the circle, the wider is the space between them. As soon as the deer are seen moving in the direction of the circle, the hunters get behind them, and urge them on by loud shouts. The deer mistaking the lines of trees set up for enemies, fly straight forward, till they enter the snare prepared for them. The circle is then surrounded, to prevent their quitting it; while some of the hunters go into it, blocking up the entrance, and kill the deer with their bows and arrows, and their spears.

Basil. I am sorry for the poor deer.

Brian. And so am I, Basil.

Hunter. Hunters are often obliged to leave food in particular places, in case they should be destitute on their return that way. They sometimes, too, leave property behind them, and for this purpose they form a *cache.*

Austin. Oh! what is a *cache?*

Hunter. A *cache* is a hole, or a place of concealment; and when anything is put into it, great care is required to conceal it from enemies, and indeed from wild animals, such as wolves and bears.

Austin. Well! but if they dig a deep hole, and put the things in it, how could anybody find it? A wolf and a bear would never find it out, for they could not see through the ground.

Hunter. Perhaps not; but if they could not see the flesh hidden in the cache, they might smell it.

Austin. Oh, I forgot that. I must understand a little more of my business before I set up for a hunter, or a trapper. But please to tell us all about a cache.

Hunter. A cache is usually dug near a stream, that the earth taken out of the hole may be thrown into the running water, otherwise it would tell tales. Then the hunters spread blankets, or what cloths they have, over the surrounding ground, to prevent the marks of their feet being seen. When they have dug the hole, they line it with dry grass, and sticks, and bark, and sometimes with a dry skin. After the things to be hidden are put in, they are covered with another dry skin, and the hole is filled up with grass, stones, and sticks, and trodden down hard, to prevent the top from sinking afterwards: the place is sprinkled with water to take away the scent; and the turf which was first cut away before the hole was dug is laid down with care, just as it was before it was touched. They then take up their blankets and cloths, and leave the cache, putting a mark at some distance, that when they come again they may know where to find it.

Austin. Capital! capital! I could make a cache

now, that neither a bear, nor a wolf, nor a Red Indian could find out.

Brian. But if the bear did not find the cache, he might find you; and then what would become of you?

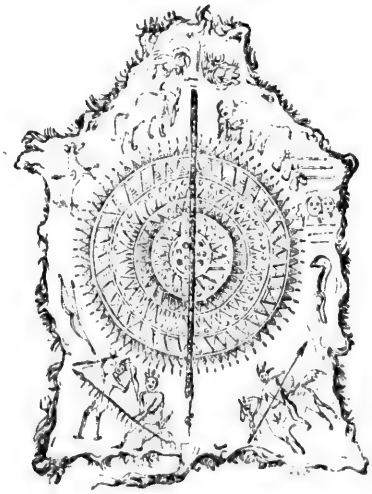
Austin. I would climb a tree, as Cannon did. I warrant you that I should manage him, one way or another.

Hunter. The fur companies that have been established at different times, are, as far as I can remember, the Hudson's Bay Company, the North-west Company, the Russian American Fur Company, the Mackinaw Fur Company, the American Fur Company, the South-west Company, the Pacific Fur Company, Ashley's Fur Company, and Bonneville's Fur Company. Of these, I think the latter two, with the Russian, the American, and the United Hudson's Bay and North-west Companies, are all that now remain. Most of the furs that are taken find their way to London; but every year the animals which produce them become fewer. Besides the skins of larger animals, North America supplies the furs of a great number of smaller creatures; and these, varying in their habits, require to be taken in a different manner. The bison is found on the prairies, or plains; the beaver, on creeks and rivers; the badger, the fox, and the rabbit, burrow in the ground; and the bear, the deer, the minx, the martin, the raccoon, the lynx, the hare, the musk-rat, the squirrel, and the stoat, (the North American ermine,) are all to

be found in the woods. In paddling up the rivers in canoes, and in roaming the woods and prairies, in search of these animals, I have mingled much with Indians of different tribes; and if you can now and then make a call at my cottage, you will perhaps be entertained in hearing what I can tell you about them. The Red Indians should be regarded by us as brothers; we ought to feel interested in their welfare here, and in their happiness hereafter. We have the word of God, and Christian sabbaths, and Christian ministers, and religious ordinances, in abundance, to direct and comfort us; but they are but scantily supplied with these advantages. Let us not forget to put them in our prayers, that the Father of mercies may make known his mercy to them, opening their eyes, and influencing their hearts, so that they may become true servants of the "Lord of lords, and King of kings."

The delight visible in the sparkling eyes of the young people, as they took their leave, spoke their thanks much better than the words that fell from their tongues. On their way home, they talked of nothing else but fur companies, lakes, rivers, prairies, and rocky mountains; buffaloes, wolves, bears, and beavers; and it was quite as much as Brian and Basil could do, to persuade their brother Austin from making up his mind at once to be a voyageur, a coureur du bois, and a trapper. The more they were against it, so much the more his heart seemed set upon the enterprise; and the wilder they made the buffaloes

that would attack him, and the bears and wolves that would tear him to pieces, the bolder and more courageous he became. However, though on this point they could not agree, they were all unanimous in their determination to make another visit to the cottage the first possible opportunity.



INDIAN CLOAK.

CHIEFS OF DIFFERENT TRIBES.

CHAPTER III.

Difficulty in ascertaining who were the Aborigines of America, and from whence they came—Various opinions on the subject—Catlin's publication on the "Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians"—Census of the different tribes—Locality of the Crows, Blackfeet, Sioux, and Creeks—The names of some of the Indian chiefs and remarkable characters.

THE next time the three brothers paid a visit to the cottage, they did not go to the red sand-stone rock, though the adventure which took place there formed a part of their conversation. They found the hunter at home, and, being now on very friendly and familiar terms with him, they entered at once on the

subject that was nearest their hearts, namely, that of the North American Indians. "Tell us, if you please," said Austin, as soon as they were seated, "about the very beginning of the red men."

"You are asking me to do that," replied the hunter, "which is much more difficult than you suppose. To account for the existence of the original inhabitants, and of the various tribes of Red Indians which are now scattered throughout the whole of North America, has puzzled the heads of the wisest men for ages; and even at the present day, though travellers have endeavoured to throw light on this subject, it still remains a mystery.

Austin. But what is it that is so mysterious? What is it that wise men and travellers cannot make out?

Hunter. They cannot make out how it is that the whole of America, taking in, as it does, some parts which are almost always covered with snow; and other parts that are as hot as the sun can make them; should be peopled with a class of human beings distinct from all others in the world—red men, who have black hair, and no beards. If you remember, it is said, in the first chapter of Genesis, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." And, in the second chapter, "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed." Now, it is known, by the names of the rivers which are mentioned in the chapter, that the garden of Eden was in Asia; so that you see

our first parents, whence the whole of mankind have sprung, dwelt in Asia.

Austin. Yes, that is quite plain.

Hunter. Well, then, you recollect, I dare say, that when the world was drowned, all mankind were destroyed, except Noah and his family in the ark.

Brian. Yes; we recollect that very well.

Hunter. And when the ark rested, it rested on Mount Ararat, which is in Asia also. If you look on the map of the world, you will see that the three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa, are united together; but America stands by itself, with an ocean rolling on each side of it, thousands of miles broad. It is easy to suppose that mankind would spread over the continents that are close together, but difficult to account for their passing over the ocean, at a time when the arts of ship building and navigation were so little understood.

Austin. They must have gone in a ship, that is certain.

Hunter. But suppose they did, how came it about that they should be so very different from all other men? America was only discovered about four hundred years ago, or little more, and then it was well peopled with red men, and had great cities. Besides, there have been discovered throughout America monuments, ruins, and sites of ancient towns, with thousands of inclosures and fortifications. Articles, too, of pottery, sculpture, glass, and copper, have been found at times, sixty or eighty feet under the ground, and in some instances with forests growing over them,

so that they must have been very ancient. The people who built these fortifications and towers, and possessed these articles in pottery, sculpture, glass, and copper, lived at a remote period, and must have been, to a considerable degree, cultivated. Who these people were, and how they came to America, no one knows, though many have expressed their opinions. But, even if we did know who they were, how could we account for the present race of Red Indians in North America being barbarous, when their ancestors were so highly civilized? These are difficulties which, as I said, have puzzled the wisest heads for ages.

Austin. What do wise men and travellers say about these things?

Hunter. They think, that as the frozen regions of Asia, in one part, are so near the frozen regions of North America—it being only about forty miles across Behring's Straits—some persons from Asia might have crossed over there, and peopled the country; or that North America might have once been joined to Asia, though it is not so now; or that, in ancient times, some persons might have drifted, or been blown there by accident, in boats or ships, across the wide ocean. Some think these people might have been Phenicians, Carthaginians, Hebrews, or Egyptians; while another class of reasoners suppose them to have been Hindoos, Chinese, Tartars, Malays, or others. It seems, however, to be God's will often to humble the pride of his creatures, by baffling their conjectures, and hedging up their opinions with difficulties. His

way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known, Psa. lxxvii. 19. He "maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof," Isa. xxiv. 1.

Austin. Well, if you cannot tell us of the Red Indians in former times, you can tell us of the Red Indians that are in North America now, and that will be a great deal better.

Brian. Yes, that it will.

Hunter. You must bear in mind, that some years have passed since I was hunting and trapping in the woods and prairies, and that many changes have taken place since then among the Red Indians. Some have been tomahawked by the hands of the stronger tribes; some have sold their lands to the whites, and retired to the west of the Mississippi; and thousands have been carried off by the smallpox, which has made sad havoc among them. I must, therefore, speak of them as they were, except in such instances wherein I may happen to know what changes have taken place. Some of the tribes, since I left them, have been utterly destroyed; not one living creature among them being left to speak of those who have gone before them.

Austin. What a pity! They want some good doctors among them, and then the smallpox would not carry them off in that way.

Hunter. I will not pretend to give you an exact account of the number of the different tribes, or the particular places they now occupy; for though my

information may be generally right, yet the changes which have taken place are many.

Austin. Please to tell us what you remember, and what you know; and that will quite satisfy us.

Hunter. An American, of the name of Catlin, has published a book called "Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians;" and a most interesting and entertaining account it is. If ever you can lay hold of it, it will afford you great amusement. Perhaps no man who has written on the Indians has seen so much of them as he has.

Brian. Did you ever meet Catlin?

Hunter. Oh yes, many times; and a most agreeable companion I found him. The last time I took him by the hand was at the Egyptian Hall, in London, where he had the best collection of Indian curiosities that ever was amassed together. If you can get a sight of his book, you will soon see that he is a man of much knowledge, and possessing great courage, energy, and perseverance. I will now, then, begin my narrative: and if you can find pleasure in hearing a description of the Red Indians, with their villages, wigwams, war-whoops, and warriors; their manners, customs, and superstitions; their dress, ornaments, and arms; their mysteries, games, huntings, dances, war-councils, speeches, battles, and burials—with a fair sprinkling of prairie dogs, and wild horses; wolves, beavers, grizzly bears, and mad buffaloes—I will do my best to give you gratification.

Austin. These are the very things that we want to know.

Hunter. I shall not forget to tell you what the missionaries have done among the Indians; but that must be towards the latter end of my account. In the year 1836, there was published at New York as correct a statement as could then be drawn up of the numbers of the different tribes. As I have it here, I will just read it over, that you may see which are the most numerous of the tribes.

The names of the Indian tribes, with their numbers, which have *emigrated* to the west of the Mississippi, are—

Choctaws	15,000
Appalachicoles	265
Cherokees	5,000
Creeks	2,459
Senecas and Shawanees	211
Senecas, from Sandusky	231
Potowatemies	141
Peorias and Kaskaskies	132
Pienkeshaws	162
Wees	222
Ottowas	200
Kickapoos	470
Shawanees	1,250
Delawares	825

The names and numbers of the Indian tribes *resident* west of the Mississippi, are—

Ioways	1,200
Sacs, of the Missouri	500
Omahas	1,400
Otoes and Missourias	1,600

Pawnees	10,000
Camachees	7,000
Mandans	15,000
Minetarees	15,000
Assinaboins	800
Crees	3,000
Grosventres	3,000
Crows	45,000
Sioux	27,000
Quapaws	450
Caddoes	800
Poncas	800
Osages	5,120
Kansas	1,471
Sacs	4,800
Arickaras	3,000
Charanes	2,000
Blackfeet	30,000
Foxes	1,600
Arepheas and Keawas	1,400

And there are yet remaining, east of the river in the southern states, a considerable number; the five principal tribes are the

Seminoles, yet remaining east		2,420
Choctaws,	ditto	3,500
Chickasaws,	ditto	5,429
Cherokees,	ditto	10,000
Creeks		22,668

Those stated as western tribes extend along the whole western frontier. The average number of an Indian family is four.

Austin. The Crows and the Blackfeet are the most numerous, and then come the Sioux and the Creeks.

Hunter. Though this account might be correct in 1836, it is not correct at the present time; for, in

1838, the Blackfeet lost twelve thousand by smallpox. Should you meet with an account of North American Indians that differs from this, you must remember that some people include many of the smaller tribes under the general names of the larger; this would make an apparent difference. Well, now, I will lay before you a map of North America. See how it stretches out north and south from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. What a wonderful work of the Almighty is the rolling deep! "The sea is His, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land." Here are the great Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario.

Basil. There is one up higher; and yonder is another to the left hand, bigger still, I think.

Hunter. That to the left is Slave Lake, and the other is Lake Winnepeg; and here run the mighty rivers, the Mackenzie, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence: the Mississippi and Missouri unite, and make a river of four thousand miles long.

Basil. What a river! Please to tell us what are all those little hills running along there, one above another, from top to bottom.

Hunter. They are the Rocky Mountains. Some regard them as a continuation of the Andes of South America; so that, if both are put together, they will make a chain of mountains little short of nine thousand miles long. North America, with its mighty lakes, rivers, and mountains, its extended valleys and

prairies, its bluffs, caverns, and cataracts, and, more than all, its Red Indian inhabitants, beavers, buffaloes, and bisons, will afford us something to talk of for some time to come; but the moment you are tired of my account, we will bring the subject to a close.

Austin. We shall never be tired; no, not if you go on telling us something every time we come, for a whole year.

Hunter. You remember the Crow Indians are the most numerous of all the tribes. You will find them at the head waters of the Yellow Stone river. When a Crow meets a Blackfoot there is a struggle, for they mortally hate each other.

Brian. Where are the Blackfeet? Are they near the Crows?

Hunter. They are at the head of the Missouri river. These are not such fine-looking men as the Crows, for they are low in stature; however, they are strong, broad-chested men, and have usually plenty of arms. The Sioux, or Dah-có-ta, occupy a large tract of country in the upper part of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, stretching out to the rocky mountains on the west; while the Creeks are divided, part being on the east of the Mississippi, and part on the west.

Austin. How did these tribes behave to you, when you were among them?

Hunter. I have not a word of complaint to make. The Red Indians have been represented as treacherous, dishonest, reserved, and sour in their disposition; but, instead of this, I have found them generally,

though not in all cases, frank, upright, hospitable, light-hearted, and friendly. Those who have seen Indians smarting under wrongs, and deprived, by deceit and force, of their lands, hunting grounds, and the grave of their fathers, may have found them otherwise: and no wonder; the worm that is trodden on, will writhe; and man, unrestrained by Divine grace, when treated with injustice and cruelty, will turn on his oppressor.

Austin. Say what you will, I like the Red Indians.

Hunter. That there is much of evil among Indians, is certain; much of ignorance, unrestrained passions, cruelty, and revenge: but they have been misrepresented in many things. I had better tell you the names of some of the chiefs of the tribes, or of some of the most remarkable men among them.

Austin. Yes; you cannot do better. Tell us the names of all the chiefs, and the warriors, and the conjurors, and all about them.

Hunter. The Blackfeet Indians are a very warlike people; they inhabit, or did inhabit, a tract of land at the head waters of the river Missouri, stretching off to the west as far as the Rocky Mountains. *Stu-mick-o-súcks* was the name of their chief.

Austin. Stu-mick-o-súcks! What a name! Is there any meaning in it?

Hunter. Oh yes. It means, "the back fat of the buffalo;" and if you had seen him and *Ah-tó-pe-kiss*, "the ribs of the eagle," chief of the Blood Band, dressed up in their splendid mantles, buffaloes' horns,

ermine tails, and scalp locks, you would not soon have removed your eyes from them.

Brian. Who would ever be called by such a name as that? The back fat of the buffalo!

Hunter. The Camanchees are famous on horse-back. There is no tribe among the Indians that can come up to them, to my mind, in the management of a horse, and the use of the lance: they are capital hunters. If you pay them a visit, you will find them, part in the provinces of Mexico, and part further north, near the Rocky Mountains. The name of their chief is *Eé-shah-kó-nee*, or "the bow and quiver." I hardly ever saw a bigger man among the Red Indians than *Ta-wáh-que-nah*, the second chief in power. Ta-wáh-que-nah means "the mountain of rocks;" a very fit name for a huge Indian living near the Rocky Mountains. When I saw *Kots-o-kó-ro-kó*, or "the hair of the bull's neck"—who is, if I remember right, the third chief—he had a gun in his right hand, and his warlike shield on his left arm.

Austin. If I go among the Indians, I shall stay a long time with the Camanchees; and then I shall, perhaps, become one of the most skilful horsemen, and one of the best hunters in the world.

Brian. And suppose you get thrown off your horse, or killed in hunting buffaloes, what shall you say to it then?

Austin. Oh, very little, if I get killed; but no fear of that. I shall mind what I am about. Tell us who is the head of the Sioux.

Hunter. When I was at the upper waters of the Mississippi-Missouri river, where the Sioux, or Dahcó-ta, reside, *Ha-wón-je-tah*, or "the one horn," was chief; but since then, being out among the buffaloes, a buffalo bull set on him, and killed him.

Basil. There, Austin! If an Indian chief was killed by a buffalo, what should *you* do among them? Why, they would toss you over their heads like a shuttlecock.

Hunter. Wee-tá-ra-sha-ro, the head chief of the Pawnee Picts, is dead now, I dare say; for he was a very old, as well as a very venerable-looking man. Many a buffalo hunt with the Camanchees had he in his day, and many a time did he go forth with them in their war parties. He had a celebrated brave of the name of *Ah'-sho-cole*, or "rotten foot," and another called *Ah'-re-kah-na-có-chee*, "the mad elk." Indians give the name of *brave* to a warrior distinguished for courage.

Brian. I wonder that they should choose such long names. It must be a hard matter to remember them.

Hunter. There were many famous men among the Sacs. *Kee-o-kuk* was the chief. Kee-o-kuk means "the running fox." One of his boldest braves was *Má-ka-tai-me-she-kiá-kiák*, "the black hawk." The history of this renowned warrior is very curious. It was taken down from his own lips, and has been published. If you should like to listen to the adventures of Black Hawk I will relate them to you some

day, when you have time to hear them, as well as those of young Nik-ka-no-chee, a Seminole.

Austin. We will not forget to remind you of your promise. It will be capital to listen to these histories.

Hunter. When I saw *Wa-sáw-me-saw*, or "the roaring thunder," the youngest son of Black Hawk, he was in captivity. *Náh-se-ús-kuk*, "the whirling thunder," his eldest son, was a fine-looking man, beautifully formed, with a spirit like that of a lion. There was a war called The Black Hawk war, and Black Hawk was the leader and conductor of it; and one of his most famous warriors was *Wah-pe-kée-suck*, or "white cloud;" he was, however, as often called the Prophet as the White Cloud. *Pam-a-hó*, "the swimmer;" *Wah-pa-ko-lás-kuk*, "the track of the bear;" and *Pash-ce-pa-hó*, "the little stabbing chief," were, I think, all three of them warriors of Black Hawk.

Basil. The little stabbing chief! He must be a very dangerous fellow to go near, if we judge by his name: keep away from him, Austin, if you go to the Sacs.

Austin. Oh! he would never think of stabbing me. I should behave well to all the tribes, and then I dare say they would all of them behave well to me. You have not said anything of the Crow Indians.

Hunter. I forget who was at the head of the Crows, though I well remember several of the warriors among them. They were tall, well-proportioned, and dressed with a great deal of taste and care. *Pa-ris-*

ka-roó-pa, called "the two crows," had a head of hair that swept the ground after him as he walked along.

Austin. What do you think of that, Basil? No doubt the Crows are fine fellows. Please to mention two or three more.

Hunter. Let me see; there was *Eé-heé-a-duck-chée-a*, or "he who binds his hair before;" and *Hó-ra-tó-ah*, "a warrior;" and *Chah-ee-chópes*, "the four wolves;" the hair of these was as long as that of Pa-ris-ka-roó-pa. Though they were very tall, Eé-heé-a-duck-chée-a being at least six feet high, the hair of each of them reached and rested on the ground.

Austin. When I go to North America, the Crow Indians shall not be forgotten by me. I shall have plenty to tell you of, Brian, when I come back.

Brian. Yes, if you ever do come back; but what with the sea, and the rivers, and the swamps, and the bears, and the buffaloes, you are sure to get killed. You will never tell us about the Crows, or about anything else.

Hunter. There was one of the Crows called The Red Bear, or *Duhk-pits-o-hó-shee.*

Brian. Duhk-pitch, a—Duck-pits—I cannot pronounce the word: why, that is worse to speak than any.

Austin. Hear me pronounce it then, *Duhk-pits-o-hoot-she.* No; that is not quite right, but very near it.

Basil. You must not go among the Crows yet, Austin; you cannot talk well enough.

Hunter. Oh, there are much harder names among some of the tribes than those I have mentioned; for

instance, there is *Aú-nah-kwet-to-hau-páy-o*, "the one sitting in the clouds;" and *Eh-tohk-pay-she-peé-shah*, "the black mocassin;" and *Lay-loó-ah-pee-ái-shee-kaw*, or "grass, bush, and blossom;" and *Kay-ée-qua-da-kúm-ée-gish-kum*, "he who tries the ground with his foot;" and *Shón-ga-tón-ga-chésh-en-day*, "the horse dung;" and *Mah-to-rah-rish-nee-éeh-ée-rah*, "the grizzly bear that runs without regard."

Brian. Why, these names are as long as from here to yonder. Set to work, Austin! set to work!—for, if there are many such names as these among the Indians, you will have enough to do without going buffalo hunting.

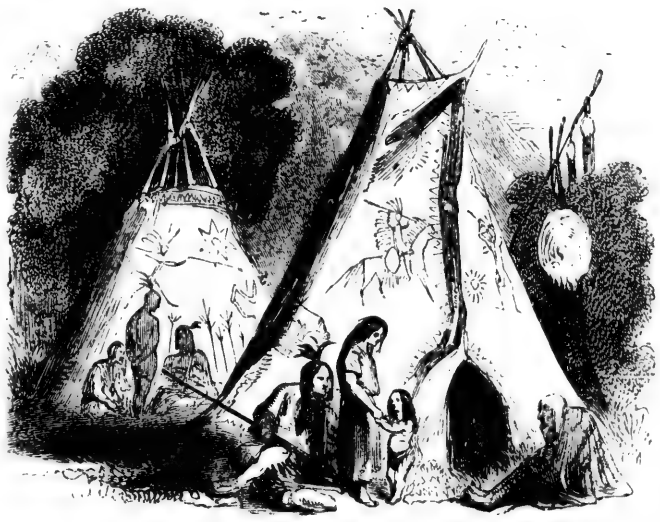
Austin. I never dreamed that there were such names as those in the world.

Basil. You will have enough of them then, Austin, if you go abroad. You will never be able to learn them, do what you will. Give it up, Austin; give it up at once.

Though Brian and Basil were very hard on Austin, on their way home, about the long names of the Indians, and the impossibility of his ever being able to learn them by heart, Austin defended himself stoutly. "Very likely," said he, "after all, they call these long names in short, just as we do; Nat for Nathaniel, Kit for Christopher, and Elic for Alexander."

Wigwams—Cro
blanche—Pe
tóh-pa, "the
shields, and
Warfare of
buffalo, and
signing treat

It was not
again lister
their friend



WIGWAMS.

CHAPTER IV.

Wigwams—Crow Indians quitting an encampment—Villages—Food—Pomme blanche—Pemican—Marrow fat—Fruit—Dress—Full Dress of Máh-to-tóh-pa, "the four bears"—Bows and arrows, quivers, tomahawks, spears, shields, and scalping knives—Scalping—War-clubs—Indian warfare—Warfare of white men—Language—Names of the sun and moon, a buffalo, and the Great Spirit, in different languages—Indian method of signing treaties.

It was not long before Austin, Brian, and Basil were again listening to the interesting accounts given by their friend, the hunter, and it would have been a

difficult point to decide if the listeners derived most pleasure from their occupation, or the narrator. Austin began without delay to speak of the Red Indians, the Aborigines of North America. "We want to know," said he, "a little more about what these people were when they were first found out."

Hunter. When America was first discovered, the inhabitants, though for the most part partaking of one general character, were not without variety. The greater part, as I told you, were, both in hot and cold latitudes, red men with black hair, and without beards.

They, perhaps, might have been divided into four parts: the Mexicans and Peruvians, who were, to a considerable extent, civilized; the Caribs, who inhabited the fertile soil and luxuriant clime of the West Indies; the Esquimaux, who were then just the same people as they are now, living in the same manner by fishing; and the Red Men, or North American Indians.

Austin. Then the Esquimaux are not Red Indians.

Hunter. No; they are more like the people who live in Lapland, and in the north of Asia; and for this reason, and because the distance across Behring's Straits is so short, it is thought they came from Asia, and are a part of the same people. The red men are, however, different; and as we agreed that I should tell you about the present race of them, perhaps I may as well proceed.

Austin. Yes. Please to tell us first of their wigwams, and their villages, and how they live.

Brian. And what they eat, and what clothes they wear.

Basil. And how they talk to one another.

Austin. Yes; and all about their spears and tomahawks.

Hunter. The wigwams of the Red Indians are of different kinds: some are extremely simple, being formed of high sticks or poles, covered with turf or the bark of trees; while others are very handsome. The Sioux, the Assinaboins, the Blackfeet, and the Crows, form their wigwams nearly in the same manner; that is, by sewing together the skins of buffaloes, after properly dressing them, and making them into the form of a tent. This covering is then supported by poles. The tent has a hole at the top, to let out the smoke, and to let in the light.

Austin. That is a better way of making a wigwam than covering over sticks with turf.

Hunter. The wigwams, or lodges, of the Mandans are round. A circular foundation is dug about two feet deep; timbers six feet high are set up all round it, and on these are placed other long timbers, slanting inwards, and fastened together in the middle, tent fashion, leaving space for light, and for the smoke to pass. This tent-like roof is supported by beams and upright posts, and it is covered over outwardly by willow boughs and a thick coating of earth; then comes the last covering of hard tough clay. The sun bakes this, and long use makes it solid. The outside of a Mandan lodge is almost as useful as the inside·

for there the people sit, stand, walk, and take the air. These lodges are forty, fifty, or sixty feet wide.

Brian. The Mandan wigwam is the best of all.

Hunter. Wigwams, like those of the Mandans, which are always in the same place, and are not intended to be removed, are more substantial than such as may be erected and taken down at pleasure. Some of the wigwams of the Crow Indians, covered as they are with skins dressed almost white, and ornamented with paint, porcupine quills, and scalp-locks, are very beautiful.

Austin. Yes; they must look even better than the Mandan lodges, and they can be taken down and carried away.

Hunter. It would surprise you to witness an encampment of Crows or Sioux strike their tents or wigwams. Before now, I have seen an encampment of several hundred lodges all standing; which, in two or three minutes after, were flat upon the prairie.

Austin. Why, it must be like magic.

Hunter. The time has been fixed, preparations made, the signal given, and all at once the poles and skin coverings have been taken down.

Brian. How do they carry the wigwams away with them?

Hunter. The poles are dragged along by horses and by dogs; the smaller ends being fastened over their shoulders, while on the larger ends, dragging along the ground, are placed the lodge coverings, rolled up together. The dogs pull along two poles, each with

a load, while the horses are taxed according to their strength. Hundreds of horses and dogs, thus dragging their burdens, may be seen slowly moving over the prairie, with attendant Indians on horseback, and women and girls on foot heavily laden.

Brian. What a sight! and what a length they must stretch out; such a number of them!

Hunter. Some of their villages are large, and fortified with two rows of high poles round them. A Pawnee Pict village on the Red River, with its five or six hundred beehive-like wigwams of poles, thatched with prairie grass, much pleased me. Round the village there were fields of maize, melons, and pumpkins growing. The villages of the Camanchees, the Keawas, and the Wicos, were interesting objects; and the dome-like wigwams of the Mandan villages, and the tent-like lodges of the Crows, had a most picturesque effect. The Red Indians hunt, fish, and some of them grow corn for food; but the flesh of the buffalo is what they most depend upon, unless it be the tribes which are nearest the white men; these, such as the Creeks, Osages, Otways, Otawas, Winnebagoes, and especially the Cherokees, are losing the character of Indians every day more and more, and adopting the manners and customs of the whites.

Austin. How do the Indians cook their food?

Hunter. They broil or roast meat and fish, by laying them on the fire, or on sticks raised above the fire. They boil meat also, making of it a sort of soup. I have often seated myself, squatting down on a robe

spread for me, to a fine joint of buffalo ribs, admirably roasted; with, perhaps, a pudding-like paste of the "pomme blanche," or prairie turnip, flavoured with buffalo berries.

Austin. That is a great deal like an English dinner —roast beef and a pudding.

Hunter. The Indians eat a great deal of green corn, pemican, and marrow fat. The pemican is buffalo meat, dried hard, and pounded in a wooden mortar. Marrow fat is what is boiled out of buffalo bones; it is usually kept in bladders. They eat, also, the flesh of the deer and other animals; that of the dog is reserved for feasts and especial occasions. They have, also, beans and peas, peaches, melons and strawberries, pears, pumpkins, chincapins, walnuts, and chestnuts. These things they can get when settled in their villages; but when wandering, or on their war parties, they take up with what they can get. They never eat salt with their food.

Basil. And what kind of clothes do they wear?

Hunter. Principally skins, unless they trade with the whites, in which case they buy cloths of different kinds. Some wear long hair, some cut their hair off and shave the head. Some dress themselves with very few ornaments, but others have very many. Shall I describe to you the full dress of *Máh-to-tóh-pa*, "the four bears?"

Austin. Oh, yes; everything belonging to him.

Hunter. You must imagine, then, that he is standing up before you, while I describe him, not a little proud of his costly attire.

Austin. I fancy that I can see him now.

Hunter. His robe was the soft skin of a young buffalo bull. On one side was the fur; on the other, the victories he had won were set forth. His shirt, or tunic, was made of the skins of mountain sheep, ornamented with porcupine quills and paintings of his battles. From the edge of his shoulder-band hung the long black locks that he had taken with his own hand from his enemies. His head-dress was of war-eagle quills, falling down his back to his very feet; on the top of it stood a pair of buffalo horns, shaven thin, and polished beautifully.

Brian. What a figure he must have been!

Hunter. His leggings were tight, decorated with porcupine quills and scalp locks; they were made of the finest deer skins, and fastened to a belt round the waist. His mocassins, or shoes, were buckskin, embroidered in the richest manner; and his necklace, the skin of an otter, had on it fifty huge claws, or rather talons, of the grizzly bear.

Austin. What a desperate fellow! Bold as a lion, I will be bound for it. Had he no arms about him?

Hunter. Oh yes! He held in his left hand a two-edged spear of polished steel, with a shaft of tough ash, and ornamented with tufts of war-eagle quills. His bow, beautifully white, was formed of bone, strengthened with the sinews of deer, drawn tight over the back of it; the bow-string was a threefold twist of sinews. Seldom had its twang been heard without an enemy or a buffalo falling to the earth; and

rarely had that lance been urged home without finding its way to some victim's heart.

Austin. I thought he was a bold fellow.

Hunter. He had a costly shield of the hide of a buffalo, stiffened with glue and fringed round with eagle quills and antelope hoofs; and a quiver of panther skin, well filled with deadly shafts. Some of their points were flint, and some were steel, and most of them were stained with blood. He carried a pipe, a tobacco sack, a belt, and a medicine bag; and in his right hand he held a war-club like a sling, being made of a round stone wrapped up in raw hide and fastened to a tough stick handle.

Austin. What sort of a pipe was it?

Basil. What was in his tobacco sack?

Brian. You did not say what his belt was made of.

Hunter. His pipe was made of red pipe-stone, and it had a stem of young ash, full three feet long, braided with porcupine quills in the shape of animals and men. It was also ornamented with the beaks of woodpeckers, and hairs from the tail of the white buffalo. One thing I ought not to omit; on the lower half of the pipe, which was painted red, were notched the snows, or years of his life. By this simple record of their lives, the red men of the forest and the prairie may be led to something like reflection. "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow," Job viii. 9.

Basil. What was in his tobacco sack?

Hunter. His flint and steel, for striking a light;

as well as his tobacco, which was nothing more than bark of the red willow. His medicine bag was beaver skin, adorned with ermine and hawks' bills; and his belt, in which he carried his tomahawk and scalping knife, were formed of tough buckskin, firmly fastened round his loins.

Austin. Please to tell us about the scalping knife. It must be a fearful instrument.

Hunter. All instruments of cruelty, vengeance, and destruction are fearful, whether in savage or civilized life. What are we, that wrath, and revenge, and covetousness should be fostered in our hearts! What is man, that he should shed the blood of his brother! Before the Indians had dealings with the whites, they made their own weapons; their bows were strung with the sinews of deer; their arrows were headed with flint; their knives were of sharpened bone; their war-clubs were formed of wood, cut into different shapes, and armed with sharp stones; and their tomahawks, or hatchets, were of the same materials: but now, many of their weapons, such as hatchets, spear-heads, and knives, are made of iron, being procured from the whites, in exchange for the skin they obtain in the chase. A scalping knife is oftentimes no other than a rudely formed butcher's knife, with one edge, made in this country, and sold to the Indians; others are made in America; and the Indians wear them in beautiful scabbards under their belts.

Austin. How does a Red Indian scalp his enemy?

Hunter. The hair on the crown of the head is seized

with the left hand; the knife makes a circle round it through the skin, and then the hair and skin together, sometimes with the hand and sometimes with the teeth, are forcibly torn off. The scalp may be, perhaps, as broad as my hand.

Brian. Terrible! Scalping would be sure to kill a man, I suppose.

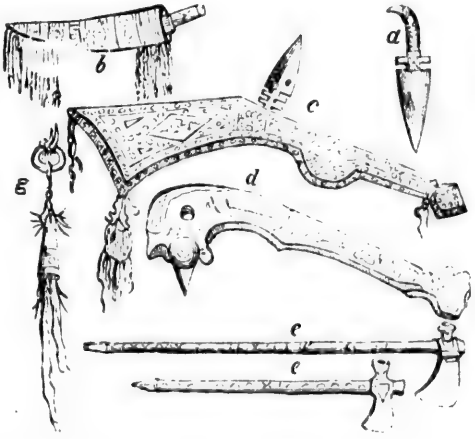
Hunter. Scalps are war trophies, and are generally regarded as proofs of the death of those who wore them; but an Indian inflamed with hatred and rage, and excited by victory, will not always wait till his foe has expired before he scalps him. The hair, as well as the scalp, of a fallen foe is carried off by the victorious Indian, and with it his clothes are afterwards ornamented. It is said that, during the old French war, an Indian slew a Frenchman who wore a wig. The warrior stooped down, and seized the hair for the purpose of securing the scalp. To his great astonishment the wig came off, leaving the head bare. The Indian held it up, and examining it with great wonder, exclaimed, in broken English, "Dat one big lie!"

Brian. How the Indian would stare!

Basil. He had never seen a wig before, I dare say.

Hunter. The arms of Indians, offensive and defensive, are, for the most part, those which I have mentioned—the club, the tomahawk, the bow and arrow, the spear, the shield, and the scalping knife; but the use of fire-arms is gradually extending among some of their tribes. Some of their clubs are merely massy pieces of hard, heavy wood, nicely fitted to the hand,

with, perhaps, a piece of hard bone stuck in the head part; others are curiously carved into all kinds of fanciful and uncouth shapes; while, occasionally, may be seen a frightful war-club, knobbed all over with brass nails, with a steel blade at the end of it a span long.



a, scalping knife. *b*, ditto, in sheath. *c*, *d*, war-clubs. *e*, *e*, tomahawks. *g*, whip.

Brian. I would not go among the Indians, with their clubs and tomahawks, if any one were to give me a thousand pounds.

Basil. Nor I: they would be sure to kill me.

Hunter. The tomahawk is often carved in a strange manner; and some of the bows and arrows are admirable. The bow, formed of bone and strong sinews, is

a deadly weapon; and some Indians have boasted of having sent an arrow from its strings right through the body of a buffalo.

Austin. Through a buffalo's body! How strong that Indian must have been!

Hunter. The quiver is made of the skin of the panther, or the otter; and some of the arrows it contains are usually poisoned.

Austin. Why, then, an arrow is sure to kill a person, if it hits him.

Hunter. It is not likely that an enemy, badly wounded with a poisoned arrow, will survive; for the head is set on loosely, in order that, when the arrow is withdrawn, the poisoned barb may remain in the wound. How opposed are these cruel stratagems of war to the precepts of the gospel of peace, which says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you!" Matt. v. 44.

Basil. What will you do, Austin, if you go among the Indians, and they shoot you with a poisoned arrow?

Austin. Oh, I shall carry a shield. You heard that the Indians carry shields.

Hunter. The shields of the Crows and Blackfeet are made of the thick skin of the buffalo's neck: they are made as hard as possible, by smoking them, and by putting glue upon them obtained from the hoofs of animals; so that they will not only turn aside an

arrow, but a musket ball, if they are held a little obliquely.

Austin. There, Basil! You see that I shall be safe, after all; for I shall carry a large shield, and the very hardest I can get, too.

Hunter. Their spears have long, slender handles, with steel heads: the handles are as much as a dozen feet long, or more, and very skilful are they in the use of them; and yet, such is the dread of the Indian when opposed to a white man, that, in spite of his war horse and his eagle plumes, his bow and well-filled quiver, his long lance, tomahawk, and scalping knife, his self-possession forsakes him. He has heard, if not seen, what the white man has done; and he thinks there is no standing against him. If he can surprise him, he will; but, generally, the red man fears to grapple with a pale face in the strife of war, for he considers him clothed with an unknown power.

Austin. I should have thought that a Red Indian would be sure to kill a white man.

Hunter. So long as he can crawl in the grass or brushwood, and steal silently upon him by surprise, or send a shaft from his bow from behind a tree, or a bullet from his rifle from the brow of a bluff, he has an advantage; but, when he comes face to face with the white man, he is superstitiously afraid of him. The power of the white man, in war, is that of bravery and skill; the power of the red man consists much in stratagem and surprise. Fifty white men, armed, on an open plain, would beat off a hundred red men.

Brian. Why is it that the red men are always fighting one another? They are all brothers, and what is the use of their killing one another?

Hunter. Most of the battles, among the Red Indians, are brought about by the belief that they are bound to revenge an injury to their tribe. There can be no peace till revenge is satisfied; they are almost always returning evil for evil. Then, again, the red men have too often been tempted, bribed, and, in some cases, forced to fight for the white man.

Brian. That is very sad, though.

Hunter. It is sad; but when you say red men are brothers, are not white men brothers too? And yet, though they have been instructed in the truths of Christianity and the gospel of peace, which red men have not, how ready they are to draw the sword! War springs from sin; and until sin is subdued in the human heart, war will ever be dear to it.

Austin. What do the Indians call the sun?

Hunter. The different tribes speak different languages, and therefore you must tell me which of them you mean.

Austin. Oh! I forgot that. Tell me what two or three of the tribes call it.

Hunter. A Sioux calls it *wee;* a Mandan, *menahka;* a Tuskarora, *hiday;* and a Blackfoot, *cristeque ahtose.*

Austin. The Blackfoot is the hardest to remember. I should not like to learn that language.

Brian. But you must learn it, if you go among them; or else you will not understand a word they say.

Austin. Well! I shall manage it somehow or other. Perhaps some of them may know English; or we may make motions one to another. What do they call the moon?

Hunter. A Blackfoot calls it *coque ahtose;* a Sioux, *on wee;* a Riccaree, *wetah;* a Mandan, *esto menahka:* and a Tuskarora, *autsunyehaw.*

Brian. I do not think you will be able to speak such hard words, Austin, if you become a wood-ranger, or a trapper. It will be quite a task to learn them all.

Austin. Oh! I shall learn a little at a time. We cannot do everything at once.—What do the red men call a buffalo?

Hunter. In Riccaree, it is *watash;* in Mandan, *ptemday;* in Tuskarora, *hohats;* in Blackfoot, *eneuh.*

Basil. What different names they give them!

Hunter. Yes. In some instances they are alike, but generally they differ. If you were to say, "How do you do?" as is the custom in England; you must say among the Indians, *How ke che wa? Chee na e num? Dati yoothay its?* or, *Tush hah thah mah kah hush?* according to the language in which you spoke. I hardly think these languages would suit you so well as your own.

Brian. No, I am sure they would not; but if Austin goes, he must learn them. I never heard such curious words before.

Hunter. The names given to the Great Spirit by the Sioux, the Tuskaroras, the Mandans, and the

Riccarees, are *Wokon shecha; Ye wunni yoh; Mah ho peneta;* and *Ka ke wa rooh teh.*

Austin. What strange names! And what do they call a bear and a beaver, bows and lances, pipes and tobacco, and such things?

Hunter. In Tuskarora, a bear is *jotakry yukuh;* a bow, *awrow;* and a quiver, *yonats ronar hoost pah.* In Sioux, a beaver is *chapa;* a pipe, *tehon de oopa;* and tobacco, *tchondee.* In Mandan, a wigwam is *ote;* a brave, *numohkharica;* and a lance, *monna etorook shoka.* In Riccaree, a white buffalo is *tohn hah tah ka;* a wolf, *steerich;* and a war eagle, *nix war roo.* And now I think that I have told you quite as much of the Indian languages as you will remember.

Brian. We shall never remember half nor a quarter of it!

Basil. I can remember that *chapa* is a beaver.

Austin. Well done, Basil; I had forgotten that. But please to tell us how to count ten, and then we will ask you no more about languages. Let it be in the language of the Riccarees.

Hunter. Very well. *Asco, pitco, tow wit, tchee tish, tchee hoo, tcha pis, to tcha pis, to toha pis won, nah e ne won, nah en.* I will just add, that *weetah* is twenty; *nahen tchee hoo* is fifty; *nah en te tcha pis won* is eighty; *shok tan* is a hundred; and *sho tan tera hoo* is a thousand.

Austin. Can the Red Indians write?

Hunter. Oh no; they have no use for pen and ink, excepting some of the tribes near the whites. In

many of the different treaties which have been made between the white and the red man, the latter has put, instead of his name, a rough drawing of the animal or thing after which he had been called. If the Indian chief was named "War hatchet," he made a rough outline of a tomahawk; if his name was "The great buffalo," then the outline of a buffalo was his signature.

Basil. Well, how curious!

Hunter. The *Big turtle*, the *Fish*, the *Scalp*, the *Arrow*, and the *Big canoe*, all drew the form represented by their names in the same manner. If you were to see these signatures, you would not run into the error of thinking that these Indian chiefs had ever taken lessons in the art of drawing.

Brian. I dare say their fish, and arrows, and hatchets, and turtles, and buffaloes, are odd-looking things.

Hunter. Yes: but the hands that make these feeble scrawls are strong, when they wield the bow or the tomahawk. A white man in the Indian country, according to a story that is told, met a Shawanos riding a horse, which he recognised as his own, and claimed it from him as his property. The Indian calmly answered: "Friend, after a little while I will call on you at your house, when we will talk this matter over." A few days afterwards, the Indian came to the white man's house, who insisted on having his horse restored to him. The other then told him: "Friend, the horse which you claim belonged to my uncle, who lately died; according to the Indian custom,

I have become heir to all his property." The white man not being satisfied, and renewing his demand, the Indian immediately took a coal from the fireplace, and made two striking figures on the door of the house; the one representing the white man taking the horse, and the other himself in the act of scalping him: then he coolly asked the trembling claimant whether he could read this Indian writing. The matter was thus settled at once, and the Indian rode off.

Austin. Ay; the white man knew that he had better give up the horse than be scalped.

After the hunter had told Austin and his brothers that he should be sure to have something to tell them on their next visit, they took their departure, having quite enough to occupy their minds till they reached home.

CHAPTER V.

The history of Black Hawk—Na-nà-ma-kee's dream—Black Hawk's birth-place—Becomes a brave—Fights against the Osages—His father killed—Destroys forty lodges of the Osages—Sac chiefs go to St. Louis—Strong drink given them, and they sign away land of the Sacs' nation—American whites deceive the Sacs, and Black Hawk joins the British—His battles—He returns home—Keé-o-kûk made chief—Black Hawk again goes to war—He gives himself up to the Americans—A buffalo hunt.

"BLACK HAWK! Black Hawk!" cried out Austin Edwards, as he came in sight of the hunter, who was

just returning to his cottage as Austin and his brothers reached it. "You promised to tell us all about Black Hawk, and we are come to hear it now."

The hunter told the boys that it had been his intention to talk with them about the prairies and bluffs, and to have described the wondrous works of God in the wilderness, of which it might literally be said, strown as they were with fruits and flowers, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," Isa. xxxv. 1. It appeared, however, that Austin's heart was too much set on hearing the history of Black Hawk, to listen patiently to anything else; and the hunter perceiving this, willingly agreed to gratify him. He told them that, in reading or hearing the history of Indian chiefs, they must not be carried away by false notions of their valour, for that it was always mingled with much cruelty. The word of God said truly, that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," Psa. lxxiv. 20. "With untaught Indians," continued he, "revenge is virtue; and to tomahawk an enemy, and tear away his scalp, the noblest act he can perform in his own estimation; whereas Christians are taught, as I said before, to forgive and love their enemies. But I will now begin the history of Black Hawk."

Austin. Please to tell us his history just as he would tell it himself. Speak to us as if you were Black Hawk, and we will not say a single word.

Hunter. Very well. Then, for a while, I will be Black Hawk, and what I tell you will be true, only the words will be my own, instead of those of the Indian chief. Now, then, I will be Black Hawk, and speak as if I spoke to American white men.—"I am an old man; the changes of many moons and the toils of war have made me old. I have been a conqueror, and I have been conquered: many moons longer I cannot hope to live.

"I have hated the whites, but have been treated well by them when a prisoner. I wish, before I go my long journey, at the command of the Great Spirit, to the hunting grounds of my fathers in another world, to tell my history; it will then be seen why I hated the whites. Bold and proud was I once, in my native forests, but the pale faces deceived me; it was for this that I hated them.

"Would you know where I was born? I will tell you. It was at the Sac village on Rock River. This was, according to white man's reckoning, in the year 1767, so that I am fifty years old, and ten and seven.

"My father's name was Py-e-sa; the father of his father was Na-nà-ma-kee, or Thunder. I was a brave, and afterwards a chief, a leading war-chief, carrying the medicine bag. I fought against the Osages. Did I fear them? No. Did I often win the victory? I did.

"The white men of America said to the Sacs and Foxes, to the Sioux, the Chippewas, and Winnebagoes, 'Go you to the other side of the Mississippi;' and

they said, 'Yes.' But I said, 'No: why should I leave the place where our wigwams stand, where we have hunted for so many moons, and where the bones of our fathers have rested? Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiah (Black Hawk) will not go.'

"My heart told me that my great white father, the chief of America, would not do wrong; would not make me go to the other side of the river. My prophet also told me the same. I felt my arm strong, and I fought. Never did the hand of Black Hawk kill woman or child. They were warriors that Black Hawk fought with.

"Many moons before I or my father hunted in the forest, or on the prairie, Na-nà-ma-kee, my great grandfather, had a dream many times, that he should some day meet with a white father. He believed the dream, and went with his brothers Pau-ka-hum-ma-wa (Sun-fish) and Na-mah (Sturgeon) to meet with his white father.

"They went on for five days to the left of sunrise, and then Na-nà-ma-kee told them to go on and listen, and if they heard anything to set up a pole with grass on it. They went on, heard a noise, set up the pole, and came back for Na-nà-ma-kee, who went with them. He then went on alone, and met his great white father.

"He was much astonished, for his white father told him that he was son of the king of France, and gave him presents; and said that, on their return to their tribe, he must be their chief, and his brothers under

chiefs. He gave Na-nà-ma-kee guns, and powder and lead, and spears; and told him how the guns were to be used against enemies and in hunting; and he gave his brothers cooking vessels and other things. 'It is the will of the Great Spirit,' said his great white father, 'that Na-nà-ma-kee shall be chief of his people, and a great general.'

"When Na-nà-ma-kee went back with his brothers, his tribe made him their chief, and gave him the medicine bag; and for many moons they had dealings with their great white French father, giving him their peltries and furs, and taking for them arms, and vessels, and other things.

"At last, the British white men beat away the French, and our people had a British white father, who gave them goods. But the other tribes went to war with our people, and the tomahawk, and the spear, and the gun had plenty to do. Our people joined with the Foxes, and at last, after being beaten to the river Wisconsin, they went down the Rock River, drove away the Kas-kas-kias, and built a village; in that village Black Hawk was born.

"Though I came down from the chief Na-nà-ma-kee, yet my people would not let me dress like a chief. I did not paint myself; I did not wear feathers; but I was bold and not afraid to fight, so I became a brave.

"The Osages were our enemies, and I went with my father and many more to fight. I saw my father kill an enemy, and tear away the scalp from his head.

I felt determined to do the same. I pleased my father; for, with my tomahawk and spear, I rushed on an enemy. I brought back his scalp in my hand.

"I next led on seven of our people against a hundred Osages, and killed one. After that, I led on two hundred, when we killed a hundred, and took many scalps. In a battle with the Cherokees my father was killed. I painted my face black, and prayed to the Great Spirit, and did not fight any more for five years; all that I did was to hunt and to fish.

"The Osages had done us great wrong, so we were determined to destroy them. I set off, in the third moon, at the head of five hundred Sacs and Foxes, and one hundred Iowas. We fell upon forty lodges. I made two of their squaws prisoners, but all the rest of the people in the lodges we killed. Black Hawk killed seven men himself. In a battle with the Cherokees, I killed thirteen of their bravest with my own hand.

"One of our people killed a pale-face American, and he was put in prison; so we sent Quash-quà-me, Pà-she-pa-ho, Où-che-quà-ka, and Ha-she-quar-hi-qua to St. Louis, to pay for the killed man, and to cover the blood. Did the pale faces do well? No, they did not; they set our man free, but when he began to run they shot him down; and they gave strong drink to our four people, and told them to give up the best part of our hunting ground for a thousand dollars every twelve moons. What right had they to give our men strong drink, and then cheat them? None

"American white faces came, with a great, big gun, to build a fort, and said it was to trade with us. They treated the Indians ill: we went against the fort. I dug a hole in the ground with my knife, so that I could hide myself with some grass. I shot with my rifle and cut the cord of their flag, so that they could not pull it up to fly in the air; and we fired the fort, but they put out the fire.

"The American pale faces and the British pale faces went to war. I knew not what to do when the British held talks with us. We did not like the Americans; they never did the same as they said; but the British did better.

"One of our people killed a white, and was taken. He was to die, but asked leave to go and see his squaw and children. They let him go, but he ran back through the prairies next day, in time to be shot down. He did not say he would come back, and then stay; he was an Indian, and not an American. I hunted and fished for his squaw and children when he was dead.

"Why was it that the Great Spirit did not keep the white men where he put them? Why did he let them come among my people with their fire-drink, sickness, and guns? It had been better for red men to be by themselves.

"Now hearken to Black Hawk, for he speaks the truth. Our great American father told some of our people, who went to him in Washington, that he wished us neither to fight for him, nor for the British.

They told him that the British let them have goods at the fall, that we might be able to hunt and pay for them after. 'You shall have goods,' said he, 'at Fort Madison, in the way the British let you have them. But, when we went to the fort, they would not let us have any. What could we do? Was not this deceiving us? Was not this making us go over to the British? It was.

"A British trader landed at Rock Island, and sent us word that he had p sents and good news for us, and he sent us pipes and tobacco. Often has Black Hawk seen the prairie on fire: this news was just like it; it ran fast. We went to the trader: he was not like the Americans; he did what he said; he gave us a keg of rum, and let us have all his goods, to be paid for with furs and peltries when the spring came. Guns were fired, the British flag was then run up high, flying in the wind.

"We went to a great English brave, Colonel Dixon, at Green Bay: there were many Potowatemies, Kickapoos, Ottowas, and Winnebagoes there. The great brave gave us pipes, tobacco, new guns, powder, and clothes. I held a talk with him in his tent; he took my hand. 'General Black Hawk,' said he, and he put a medal round my neck, 'you must now hold us fast by the hand; you will have the command of all the braves to join our own braves at Detroit.' I was sorry, because I wanted to go to Mississippi. But he said, 'No; you are too brave to kill women and children: you must kill braves.'

"We had a feast, and I led away five hundred braves to join the British. Sometimes we won, and sometimes we lost. The Indians were killing the prisoners, but Black Hawk stopped them. He is a coward who kills a brave that has no arms and cannot fight. I did not like so often to be beaten in battle, and to get no plunder. I left the British, with twenty of my braves, to go home, and see after my wife and children.

"I found an old friend of mine sitting on a mat in sorrow; he had come to be alone, and to make himself little before the Great Spirit: he had fasted long, he was hardly alive; his son had been taken prisoner, and shot and stabbed to death. I put my pipe to my friend's mouth; he smoked a little. I took his hand, and said, 'Black Hawk would revenge his son's death.' A storm came on; I wrapped my old friend in my blanket. The storm gave over; I made a fire. It was too late; my friend was dead. I stopped with him the balance of the night; and then my people came, and we buried him on the peak of the bluff.

"I explained to my people the way the white men fight. Instead of stealing on each other, quietly and by surprise, to kill their enemies and save their own people, they all fight in the sun-light, like braves; not caring how many of their people fall. They then feast and drink as if nothing had happened, and write on paper that they have won, whether they have won or been beaten. And they do not write truth, for they only put down a part of the people they have

lost. They would do to *paddle* a canoe, but not to *steer* it. They fight like braves, but they are not fit to be chiefs, and to lead war parties.

"I found my wife well, and my children, and would have been quiet in my lodge; for, while I was away, Kee-o-kuk had been made a chief: but I had to revenge the death of the son of my old friend. I told my friend so when he was dying. Why should Black Hawk speak a lie? I took with me thirty braves, and went to Fort Madison; but the American pale faces had gone. I was glad, but still followed them down the Mississippi. I went on their trail. I shot the chief of the party with whom we fought. We returned home, bringing two scalps. Black Hawk had done what he said.

"Many things happened. Old Wàsh-e-own, one of the Potowatemies, was shot dead by a war chief. I gave Wàsh-e-own's relations two horses and my rifles, to keep the peace. A party of soldiers built a fort at Prairie du Chien. They were friendly to us, but the British came and took the fort. We joined them; we followed the boats and shot fire-arrows, and the sails of one boat was burned, and we took it.

"We found, in the boats we had taken, barrels of whiskey; this was bad medicine. We knocked in the heads of the barrels, and emptied them of the bad medicine. We found bottles and packages, which we flung into the river, as bad medicine too. We found guns and clothes, which I divided with my braves. The Americans built a fort; I went towards it with

my braves. I had a dream, in which the Great Spirit told me to go down the bluff to a creek, and to look in a hollow tree cut down, and there I should see a snake; close by would be the enemy unarmed. I went to the creek, peeped into the tree, saw the snake, and found the enemy. One man of them was killed, after that we returned home: peace was made between the British and Americans, and we were to bury the tomahawk too.

"We went to the great American chief at St. Louis, and smoked the pipe of peace. The chief said our great American father was angry with us, and accused us of crimes. We said this was a lie; for our great father had deceived us, and forced us into a war. They were angry at what we said; but we smoked the pipe of peace again, and I first touched the goose quill; but I did not know that, in doing so, I gave away my village. Had I known it, I would never have touched the goose quill.

"The American whites built a fort on Rock Island; this made us sorry, for it was our garden, like what the white people have near their big villages. It supplied us with plums, apples, and nuts; with strawberries and blackberries. Many happy days had I spent on Rock Island. A good spirit had the care of it; he lived under the rock, in a cave. He was white, and his wings were ten times bigger than swan's wings: when the white men came there, he went away.

"We had corn, and beans, and pumpkins, and squashes. We were the possessors of the valley of

the Mississippi, full seven hundred miles from the Wisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, near the mouth of the Missouri. If another prophet had come to us in those days, and said, 'The white man will drive you from these hunting grounds, and from this village, and Rock Island, and not let you visit the graves of your fathers;' we should have said, 'Why should you tell us a lie?'

"It was good to go to the graves of our fathers. The mother went there to weep over her child: the brave went there to paint the post where lay his father. There was no place in sorrow like that where the bones of our forefathers lay. There the Great Spirit took pity on us. In our village, we were as happy as a buffalo on the plains; but now we are more like the hungry and howling wolf in the prairie.

"As the whites came nearer to us, we became more unhappy. They gave our people strong liquor, and I could not keep them from drinking it. My eldest son and my youngest daughter died. I gave away all I had, blackened my face for two years, lived alone with my family, to humble myself before the Great Spirit. I had only a piece of buffalo robe to cover me.

"White men came and took part of our lodges; and Kee-o-kuk told me I had better go west, as he had done. I said I could not forsake my village; the prophet told me I was right. I thought then that Kee-o-kuk was no brave, but a coward, to give up what the Great Spirit had given us.

"The white men grew more and more; brought

whiskey among us; cheated us out of our guns, our horses, and our traps, and ploughed up our grounds. They treated us cruelly; and, while they robbed us, said that we robbed them. They made right look like wrong, and wrong like right. I tried hard to get right, but could not. The white men wanted my village, and back I must go. Sixteen thousand dollars every twelve moons are to be given to the Potowatemies for a little strip of land, while one thousand dollars only were set down for our land signed away, worth twenty times as much. White man is too great a cheat for red man.

"A great chief, with many soldiers, came to drive us away. I went to the prophet, who told me not to be afraid. They only wanted to frighten us, and get our land without paying for it. I had a talk with the great chief. He said if I would go, well. If I would not, he would drive me. 'Who is Black Hawk?' said he. 'I am a Sac,' said I; 'my forefather was a Sac; and all the nation call me a Sac.' But he said I should go.

"I crossed the Mississippi with my people during the night, and we held a council. I touched the goose quill again, and they gave us some corn, but it was soon gone. Then our women and children cried out for the roasting ears, the beans, and squashes they had been used to. And some of our braves went back in the night to steal some corn from our own fields: the whites saw them, and fired upon them.

"I wished our great American father to do us

justice. I wished to go to him with others, but difficulties were thrown in the way. I consulted the prophet, and recruited my bands to take my village again: for I knew that it had been sold by a few, without the consent of the many. It was a cheat. I said, 'I will not leave the place of my fathers.'

"With my braves and warriors, on horseback, I moved up the river, and took with us our women and children in canoes. Our prophet was among us. The great war chief White Beaver (General Atkinson) sent twice to tell us to go back; and that, if we did not, he would come and drive us. Black Hawk's message was this, 'If you wish to fight us, come on.'

"We were soon at war; but I did not wish it: I tried to be at peace; but when I sent parties with a white flag, some of my parties were shot down. The whites behaved ill to me, they forced me into war, with five hundred warriors, when they had against us three or four thousand. I often beat them, driving back hundreds, with a few braves, not half their number. We moved on to the Four Lakes.

"I made a dog feast before I left my camp. Before my braves feasted, I took my great medicine bag, and made a speech to my people; this was my speech:—

"'Braves and warriors! these are the medicine bags of our forefather, Muk-a-tà-quet, who was the father of the Sac nation. They were handed down to the great war chief of our nation, Na-nà-ma-kee, who has been at war with all the nations of the lakes,

and all the nations of the plains, and they have never yet been disgraced. I expect you all to protect them.'

"We went to Mos-co-ho-co-y-nak, (Apple River,) where the whites had built a fort. We had several battles; but the whites so much outnumbered us, it was in vain. We had not enough to eat. We dug roots, and pulled the bark from trees, to keep us alive; some of our old people died of hunger. I determined to remove our women across the Mississippi, that they might return again to the Sac nation.

"We arrived at the Wisconsin, and had begun crossing over, when the enemy came in great force. We had either to fight, or to sacrifice our women and children. I was mounted on a fine horse, and addressed my warriors, encouraging them to be brave. With fifty of them I fought long enough to let our women cross the river, losing only six men: this was conduct worthy a brave.

"It was sad for us that a party of soldiers from Prairie du Chien were stationed on the Wisconsin, and these fired on our distressed women: was this brave? No. Some were killed, some taken prisoners, and the balance escaped into the woods. After many battles, I found the white men too strong for us; and, thinking there would be no peace while Black Hawk was at the head of his braves, I gave myself up, and my great medicine bag. 'Take it,' said I. 'It is the soul of the Sac nation; it has never been dishonoured in any battle. Take it; it is my life,

dearer than life; let it be given to the great American chief.'

"I understood afterwards, a large party of Sioux set upon our women, children, and people, who had crossed the Mississippi, and killed sixty of them: this was hard, and ought not to have been allowed by the whites.

"I was sent to Jefferson Barracks, and afterwards to my great American father at Washington. He wanted to know why I went to war with his people. I said but little, for I thought he ought to have known why before, and perhaps he did; perhaps he knew that I was deceived and forced into war. His wigwam is built very strong. I think him to be a good little man, and a great brave.

"I was treated well at all the places I passed through; Louisville, Cincinnati, and Wheeling; and afterwards at Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and the big village New York; and I was allowed to return home again to my people, of whom Kee-o-kuk, the Running Fox, is now the chief. I sent for my great medicine bag, for I wished to hand it down unsullied to my nation.

"It has been said that Black Hawk murdered women and children among the whites; but it is not true. When the white man takes my hand, he takes a hand that has only been raised against warriors and braves. It has always been our custom to receive the stranger, and to use him well. The white man shall ever be welcome among us as a brother. What

is done is past; we have buried the tomahawk, and the Sacs, and Foxes, and Americans will now be friends.

"As I said, I am an old man, and younger men must take my place. A few more snows, a few more sun-downs, and I shall go after my fathers to where they are. It is the wish of the heart of Black Hawk that the Great Spirit may keep the red men and pale faces in peace, and that the tomahawk may be buried for ever."

Austin. Thank you, thank you, hunter. I pity poor Black Hawk.

Hunter. Poor Black Hawk! He went through a great deal. And Kee-o-kuk, the Running Fox, was made chief instead of him. Kee-o-kuk was a man more inclined to peace than war; for, while Black Hawk was fighting, he kept two-thirds of the tribe in peace. The time may come when Indians may love peace as much as they now love war; and the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," may "keep their hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

Austin. Before we go, will you please to tell us about a buffalo hunt; just a little, and then we shall talk about it, and about Black Hawk, all the way home.

Hunter. Well, it must be a short account now; perhaps I may describe another hunt, more at length, another time. In hunting the buffalo, the rifle, the lance, and the bow and arrow are used, as the case may be. I have hunted with the Camanchees in the

Mexican provinces, who are famous horsemen; with the Sioux on the Mississippi, the Crows on the Yellow-stone River, and the Pawnees at the Rocky Mountains. One morning, when among the Crows, a muster took place for a buffalo hunt: you may be sure that I joined them, for at that time I was almost an Indian myself.

Austin. How did you prepare for the hunt?

Hunter. As soon as we had notice, from the top of a bluff in the distance, that a herd of buffaloes were seen on the prairie, we prepared our horses; while some Indians were directed to follow our trail, with one-horse carts, to bring home the meat.

Austin. You felt sure, then, that you should kill some buffaloes.

Hunter. Yes; we had but little doubt on that head. I threw off my cap; stripped off my coat, tying a handkerchief round my head, and another round my waist; rolled up my sleeves; hastily put a few bullets in my mouth, and mounted a fleet horse, armed with a rifle, and a thin long spear: but most of the Crows had also bows and arrows.

Basil. Your thin spear would soon be broken.

Hunter. No; these thin long spears are sometimes used in buffalo hunting for years without breaking. When an Indian chases a buffalo, if he does not use his rifle or bow and arrow, he rides on fast till he comes up with his game, and makes his horse gallop just the same pace as the buffalo. Every bound his horse gives, the Indian keeps moving his spear back-

wards and forwards across the pommel of his saddle, with the point sideways towards the buffalo. He gallops on in this way, saying, "Whish! whish!" every time he makes a feint, until he finds himself in just the situation to inflict a deadly wound; then, in a moment, with all his strength, he plunges in his lance, quick as lightning, near the shoulders of the buffalo, and withdraws it at the same instant: the lance, therefore, is not broken, though the buffalo may be mortally wounded.

Brian. The poor buffalo has no chance at all.

Austin. And then I suppose you rode off at full gallop?

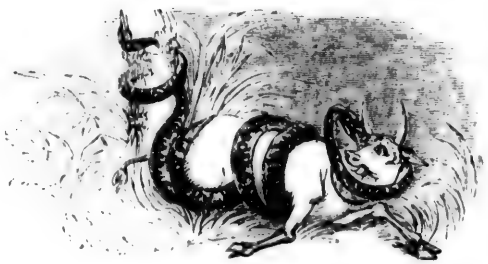
Hunter. No; we walked our steeds all abreast, until we were seen by the herd of buffaloes. On catching sight of us, in an instant they set off, and we after them as hard as we could drive, a cloud of dust rising from the prairie, occasioned by the trampling hoofs of the buffaloes.

Austin. I should like to have seen them scampering off.

Hunter. Rifles were flashing, bowstrings were twanging, spears were dashed into the fattest of the herd, and buffaloes were falling in all directions. Here was seen an Indian rolling on the ground, and there a horse gored to death by a buffalo bull. I brought down one of the biggest of the herd with my rifle at the beginning of the hunt; and before it was ended, we had as many buffaloes as we knew what to do with. Some of the party had loaded their rifles four

or five times, while at full gallop, bringing down a buffalo at every fire.

Very willingly would Austin have lingered long enough to hear of half a dozen buffalo hunts; but, bearing in mind what had been said about a longer account at another time, he cordially thanked the hunter for all he had told them, and set off home, with a light heart, in earnest conversation with his brothers.



BUFFALO HUNT.

CHAPTER VI.

Valleys and prairies—A flat prairie—Bluffs and square hills—Floyd's grave—Blackbird's grave—Fruit grounds in prairie—Prairie la Crosse—Prairie du Chien—Conteau des Prairies—Missouri prairies—Swan Lake River rice grounds—Lover's Leap—Salt meadows—Savannahs—Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

THE description of the buffalo hunt, given by the hunter, made a deep impression on the minds of the young people; and the manner of using the long, thin lance called forth their wonder, and excited their emulation. Austin became a Camanchee, from the Mexican provinces, the Camanchees being among the most

expert lancers and horsemen; Brian called himself a Sioux, from the Mississippi; and Basil styled himself a Pawnee, from the Rocky Mountains.

Many were the plans and expedients to get up a buffalo hunt upon a large scale, but the difficulty of procuring buffaloes was insurmountable. Austin, it is true, did suggest an inroad among the flock of sheep of a neighbouring farmer, maintaining that the scampering of the sheep would very much resemble the flight of a herd of buffaloes; but this suggestion was given up, on the ground that the farmer might not think it so entertaining an amusement as they did.

It was doubtful at one time, whether, in their extremity, they should not be compelled to convert the chairs and tables into buffaloes; but Austin, whose heart was in the thing, had a bright thought, which received universal approbation. This was to make buffaloes of their playfellow Jowler, the Newfoundland dog, and the black tom cat. Jowler, with his shining shaggy skin, was sure to make a capital buffalo; and Black Tom would do very well, as buffaloes were not all of one size. To work they went immediately, to prepare themselves for their adventurous undertaking, dressing themselves up for the approaching enterprise; and, if they did not succeed in making themselves look like Red Indians, they certainly did present a most grotesque appearance.

In the best projects, however, there is oftentimes an oversight, which bids fair to ruin the whole undertaking; and so it was on this occasion; for it never

occurred to them, until they were habited as hunters, to secure the attendance of Jowler and Black Tom. Encumbered with their lances, bows, arrows, and hanging dresses, they had to search the whole house, from top to bottom, in quest of Black Tom, and when he was found, it was equally necessary to sally forth in search of Jowler; but as young people very seldom lack perseverance in their sports, and as perseverance usually attains its end, both Jowler and Black Tom were at length found, and they were led forth to the lawn, which was considered to be an excellent prairie.

No sooner was the signal given for the hunt to commence, than Black Tom, being set at liberty, instead of acting his part like a buffalo, as he ought to have done, scampered across the lawn to the shrubbery, and ran up an acacia tree; while Jowler made a rush after him; so that the hunt appeared to have ended almost as soon as it was begun. Jowler was brought back again to the middle of the lawn, but no device could prevail on Black Tom to descend from the eminence he had attained.

Once more Jowler, the buffalo, was set at liberty; and Austin, Brian, and Basil, the Camanchee, Sioux, and Pawnee chieftains, brandished their long lances, preparing for the chase; but it seemed as though they were to be disappointed, for Jowler, instead of running away, as he was bound to do, according to the plan of the hunters, provokingly kept leaping up, first at one, and then at another of them; until, having overturned the Pawnee on the lawn, and put the Sioux and

Camanchee out of all patience, he lay down panting, with his long red tongue out of his mouth, looking at them just as though he had acted his part of the affair capitally.

At last, not being able to reduce the refractory Jowler to obedience, no other expedient remained than that of one of them taking the part of a buffalo on himself. Austin was very desirous that this should be done by Brian or Basil; but they insisted that he, being the biggest, was most like a buffalo. The affair was at length compromised, by each agreeing to play the buffalo in turn. A desperate hunt then took place, in the course of which their long lances were most skilfully and effectually used; three buffaloes were slain, and the Camanchee, Sioux, and Pawnee returned in triumph from the chase, carrying a buffalo-hide (a rug mat from the hall) on the tops of their spears.

On their next visit to the hunter, they reminded him that, the last time he saw them, he had intended to speak about the prairies; but that the history of Black Hawk, and the account of the buffalo hunt, had taken up all the time. They told him that they had come early, on purpose to hear a long account; and, perhaps, he would be able to tell them all about Nikkanochee into the bargain.

The hunter replied, if that were the case, the sooner he began his narrative the better; so, without loss of time, he thus commenced his account.

Hunter. Though in North America there are dull monotonous rivers, with thick slimy waters, stagnant

swamps, and pine forests almost immeasurable in extent; yet still, some of the most beautiful and delightful scenes in the whole world are there.

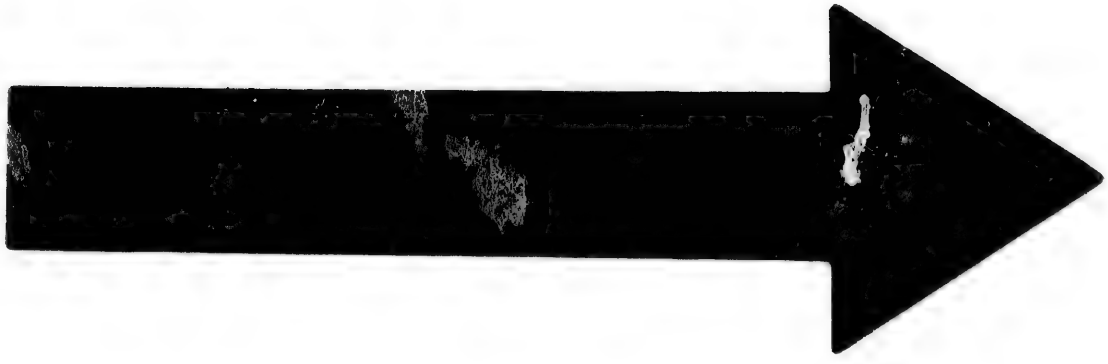
Austin. How big are the prairies? I want to know more about them.

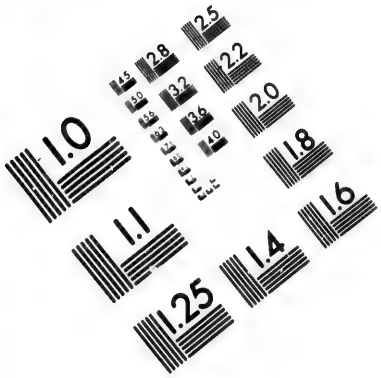
Hunter. They extend for thousands of miles, though not without being divided and diversified with other scenery. Mountains, and valleys, and forests, and rivers vary the appearance of the country. The valley of Connecticut is very fertile and beautiful; though often, in March or April, there is a freshet there, occasioned by the melting of the snow. The waters thus formed, swell suddenly, break lose from the valley, and sweep away everything before them.

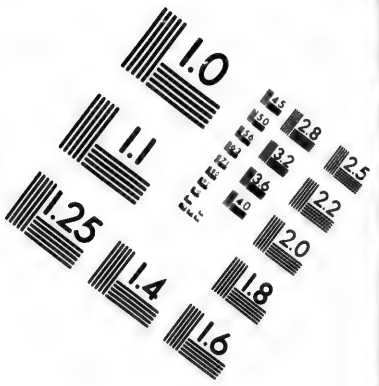
Basil. I shall remember the valley of Connecticut.

Hunter. The valleys of Missouri, Red River, Housatonic, Mohawk, Hudson, Susquehannah, and others, are full of interesting scenes; but the valley of Mississippi, with the exception of that of the Amazon, in South America, is the largest in the world. It reaches from cold Canada to the sunny tropics, and from Ohio eastward to Missouri westward. You must remember that a prairie is a plain. What are called, in the southern states, *savannahs;* in South America, *pampas;* in Europe, *heaths;* in Asia, *steppes;* and in Africa, *deserts;* in North America are called *prairies.*

Austin. Yes; we shall not forget that now. Remember, Brian and Basil, that now we shall always call Furze Common, Furze Prairie.







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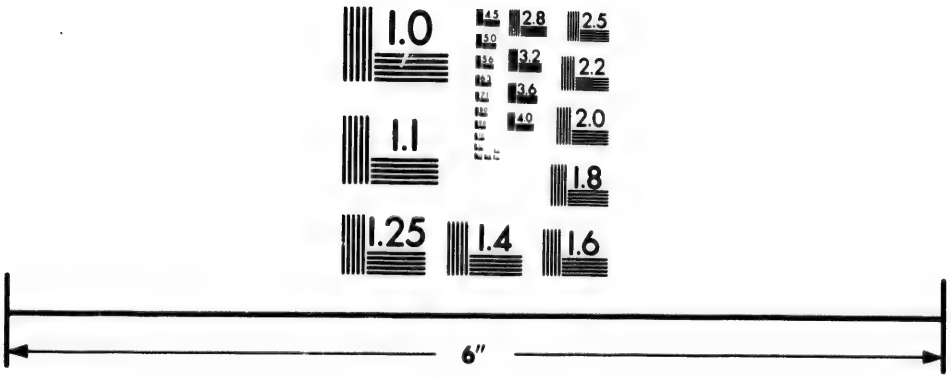

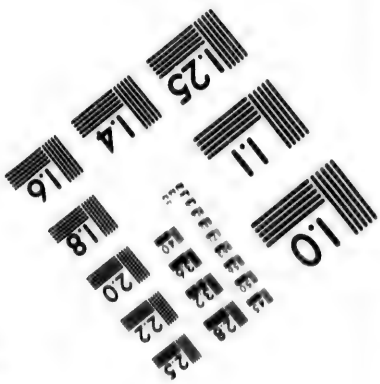

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Hunter. The name *prairie* was given to the plains of North America by the French settlers. Prairie is the French word for meadow. I will describe some prairie scenes which have particularly struck me. These vast plains are sometimes flat; sometimes undulated, like the large waves of the sea; sometimes barren; sometimes covered with flowers and fruit; and sometimes there is grass growing on them eight or ten feet high.

Brian. I never heard of such grass as that.

Hunter. A prairie on fire is one of the most imposing spectacles you can imagine. The flame is urged on by the winds, running and spreading out with swiftness and fury, roaring like a tempest, and driving before it deer, wolves, horses, and buffaloes, in wild confusion.

Austin. How I should like to see a prairie on fire!

Hunter. In Missouri, Arkansas, Indiana, and Louisiana, prairies abound; and the whole state of Illinois is little else than a prairie altogether. From the Falls of the Missouri to St. Louis, a distance of between two and three thousand miles, a constant succession of prairie and river scenes, of the most arresting kind, meet the eye. Here the rich green velvet turf spreads out immeasurably wide; breaking towards the river into innumerable hills and dales, bluffs and ravines, where mountain goats, and wolves, and antelopes, and elks, and buffaloes, and grizzly bears roam in unrestrained liberty. At one time, the green bluff slopes easily down to the water's edge; while, in other places,

the ground at the edge of the river presents to the eye an endless variety of hill, and bluff, and crag, taking

the shapes of ramparts and ruins, of columns, porticoes, terraces, domes, towers, citadels, and castles; while here and there rises a solitary spire, which might well pass for the work of human hands. But the whole scene, varying in colour, and lit up and gilded by the mid-day sun, speaks to the heart of the

spectator, convincing him that none but an Almighty hand could thus clothe the wilderness with beauty.

Austin. There, Brian! Do you not wish now to see the prairies of North America?

Brian. Yes; if I could see them without going among the tomahawks and scalping knives.

Hunter. I remember one part, where the ragged cliffs and cone-like bluffs, partly washed away by the rains, and partly crumbled down by the frosts, seemed to be composed of earths of a mineral kind, of clay of different colours, and of red pumice stone. The clay was white, brown, yellow, and deep blue; while the pumice stone, lit up by the sunbeam, was red as vermilion. The loneliness, the wildness, and romantic beauty of the scene I am not likely to forget.

Basil. I should like to see those red rocks very much.

Hunter. For six days I once continued my course, with a party of Indians, across the prairie, without setting my eyes on a single tree, or a single hill affording variety to the scene. Grass, wild flowers, and strawberries, abounded more or less through the whole extent. The spot where we found ourselves at sun-down, appeared to be exactly that from which we started at sun-rise. There was little variety, even in the sky itself; and it would have been a relief, so soon are we weary even of beauty itself, to have walked a mile over rugged rocks, or to have forced our way through a gloomy pine wood, or to have climbed the sides of a steep mountain.

Brian. I hardly think that I should ever be tired of green grass, and flowers, and strawberries.

Hunter. Oh yes, you would. Variety in the works of creation is a gift of our bountiful Creator, for which we are not sufficiently thankful. Look at the changing seasons; how beautifully they vary the same prospect! and regard the changing clouds of heaven; what an infinite and pleasurable variety they afford to us! If the world were all sunshine, we should long for the shade; and were we to feed on nothing but honey, we should soon dislike it as much as the bitterest gall.

Austin. What are bluffs?

Hunter. Round hills, or huge clayey mounds, often covered with grass and flowers to the very top. Sometimes they have a verdant turf on their tops, while their sides display a rich variety of many-coloured earths, and thousands of gypsum crystals imbedded in the clay. The romantic mixture of bluffs, and square hills, with summits of green grass as level as the top of a table, with huge fragments of pumice stone and cinders, the remains of burning mountains, and granite sand, and layers of different coloured clay, and cornelian, and agate, and jasper-like pebbles; these, with the various animals that graze or prowl among them, and the rolling river, and a bright blue sky, altogether are almost enough to make a spectator of quick feelings scream with joy. Few sights have afforded me more bewildering delight.

Austin. I should scream out, I am sure.

Basil. And then, perhaps, you would have a grizzly bear after you.

Hunter. Some of the hunters and trappers believe that the great valley of the Missouri was once level with the tops of the table hills, and that the earth has been washed away by the river, and other causes; but the subject is involved in much doubt. It has pleased God to put a boundary to the knowledge of man in many things. "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow," Job viii. 9. I think I ought to tell you of Floyd's grave.

Austin. Oh, yes! Who was Floyd?

Hunter. You shall hear. In the celebrated expedition of Clark and Lewis to the Rocky Mountains, they were accompanied by Serjeant Floyd, who died on the way. His body was carried to the top of a high, green-carpeted bluff, on the Missouri river, and there buried, and a cedar post was erected to his memory. As I sat on his grave, and looked around me, the stillness and the extreme beauty of the scene much affected me. I had endured much toil, both in hunting and rowing; sometimes being in danger from the grizzly bears, and, at others, with difficulty escaping the war parties of the Indians. My rifle had been busy, and the swan and the pelican, the antelope and the elk, had supplied me with food; and as I sat on the grassy and wild-flower grave, in that beautiful bluff in the wilderness—the enamelled prairie, the thousand grassy hills that were visible,

with their golden heads, and long deep shadows—for the sun was setting, the Missouri winding its serpentine course, and the whole scene together was of the most beautiful and tranquil kind. The soft whispering of the evening breeze, and the distant, subdued, and melancholy howl of the wolf, were the only sounds that reached my ears. It was a very solitary, and yet a very delightful scene.

Basil. I should not like to be by myself in such a place as that.

Hunter. There is another high bluff, not many miles from the cedar post of poor Floyd, that is well known as the burial-place of Blackbird, a famous chief of the O-ma-haw tribe; the manner of his burial was extremely strange.

Brian. Now for the burial of Blackbird, the chief of the O-ma-haws.

Hunter. As I was pulling up the river, a voyageur told me the story; and, when I had heard it, we pushed our canoe into a small creek, that I might visit the spot; climbing up the velvet sides of the bluff, I sat me down by the cedar post on the grave of Blackbird.

Austin. But what was the story? What was there strange in the burial of the chief?

Hunter. Blackbird, on his way home from the city of Washington, where he had been, died with the smallpox. Before his death, he desired his warriors to bury him on the bluff, sitting on the back of his favourite war-horse, that he might see, as he said, the

Frenchmen boating up and down the river. His beautiful white steed was led up to the top of the bluff, and there the body of Blackbird was placed astride upon him.

Brian. What a strange thing!

Hunter. Blackbird had his bow in his hand, his beautiful head-dress of war-eagle plumes on his head, his shield and quiver at his side, and his pipe and medicine bag. His tobacco pouch was filled, to supply him on his journey to the hunting grounds of his fathers; and he had flint and steel wherewith to light his pipe by the way. Every warrior painted his hand with vermilion, and then pressed it against the white horse, leaving a mark behind him. After the necessary ceremonies had been performed, Blackbird and his white war-horse were covered over with turf, till they were no more seen.

Austin. But was the white horse buried alive?

Hunter. He was. The turfs were put about his feet, then piled up his legs, then placed against his sides, then over his back, and lastly over Blackbird himself and his war-eagle plumes.

Austin. That was a very cruel deed! They had no business to smother that beautiful white horse in that way.

Brian. And so I say. It was a great shame, and I do not like that Blackbird.

Hunter. Red Indians have strange customs. Now I am on the subject of prairie scenes, I ought to speak a word of the prairies on the Red River. I

had been for some time among the Creeks and Choctaws, crossing, here and there, ridges of wooded lands, and tracts of rich herbage, with blue mountains in the distance, when I came to a prairie scene of a new character. For miles together the ground was covered with vines, bearing endless clusters of large delicious grapes; and then, after crossing a few broad valleys of green turf, our progress was stopped by hundreds of acres of plum trees, bending to the very ground with their fruit. Among these were interspersed patches of rose trees, wild currants, and gooseberries, with prickly pears, and the most beautiful and sweet-scented wild flowers.

Austin. I never heard of so delightful a place. What do you think of the prairies now, Basil? Should you not like to gather some of those fruits and flowers, Brian?

Hunter. And then, just as I was stretching out my hand to gather some of the delicious produce of that paradise of fruit and flowers, I heard the shake of a rattlesnake, that was preparing to make a spring, and I saw the glistening eyes of a copper-head, which I had disturbed beneath the tendrils and leaves.

Basil. What do you think of the prairie now, Austin?

Brian. And should you not like to gather some of those fruits and flowers?

Austin. I never expected that there would be snakes among them.

Hunter. The wild creatures of these delightful spots

may be said to live in a garden; here they pass their lives, rarely disturbed by the approach of man. The hunter and the trapper, however thoughtlessly they pursue their calling, are at times struck with the amazing beauty of the scenes that burst upon them. God is felt to be in the prairie. The very solitude disposes the mind to acknowledge him; earth and skies proclaim his presence; the fruits of the ground declare his bounty; and, in the flowers, ten thousand forget-me-nots bring his goodness to remembrance. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable," Psa. cxlv. 3.

Austin. I could not have believed that there had been such beautiful places in the prairies.

Hunter. Some parts are varied, and others monotonous. Some are beautiful, and others far from being agreeable. The Prairie la Crosse, the Prairie du Chien, and the Couteau des Prairies on the Mississippi, with the prairies on the Missouri, all have some points of attraction. I did intend to say a little about Swan Lake, the wild rice grounds, Lover's Leap, the salt meadows on the Missouri, the Savannah in the Florida pine woods, and Red Pipe-stone Quarry; but as I intend to give you the history of Nikkanochee, perhaps I had better begin with it at once.

Austin. We shall like to hear of Nikkanochee, but it is so pleasant to hear about the prairies, that you must, if you please, tell us a little more about them first.

Basil. I want to hear about those prairie dogs.

Brian. And I want to hear of Lover's Leap.

Austin. What I wish to hear the most is about Red Pipe-stone Quarry. Please just to tell us a little about them all.

Hunter. Well! so that you will be satisfied with a little, I will go on. Swan Lake is one of the most beautiful objects in the prairies of North America: it extends for many miles; and the islands with which it abounds are richly covered with forest trees. Fancy to yourselves unnumbered islands with fine trees, beautifully grouped together, and clusters of swans on the water in every direction. If you want to play at Robinson Crusoe, one of the islands on Swan Lake will be just the place for you.

Basil. Well it may be called Swan Lake.

Hunter. The first time that I saw wild rice gathered, it much surprised and amused me. A party of Sioux Indian women were paddling about, near the shores of a large lake, in canoes made of bark; while one woman paddled the canoe, the other gathered the wild rice, which flourished there in great abundance, by bending it over the canoe with one stick, and then striking it with another; the grains of rice fell in profusion into the canoe. In this way they proceeded, till they obtained full cargoes of wild rice to consume as food.

Brian. I wish we had wild rice growing in our pond.

Hunter. What I have to say of Lover's Leap is a little melancholy. On the east side of Lake Pepin,

on the Mississippi, stands a bold rock, lifting up its aspiring head some six or seven hundred feet above the surface of the lake. Some years since, as the story goes, an Indian chief wished his daughter to marry a husband that she did not like. The daughter declined, but the father insisted; and the poor distracted girl, to get rid of her difficulty, threw herself, in the presence of her tribe, from the top of the rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Basil. Poor girl! Her father was a very cruel man.

Hunter. The chief was cruel, and his daughter rash; but we must not be severe in judging those who have no better standard of right and wrong than the customs of their uncivilized tribe. Had that Indian chief and his daughter known the gospel of peace, and been influenced by the principles of Christianity, he would have been kind-hearted and merciful: "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy," Matt. v. 7: and she would have been patient and obedient. "If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God," 1 Pet. ii. 20. The best use to which we can put this account, is to look up for strength and grace, to enable us to avoid their errors. It was on the Upper Missouri river, towards the mouth of the Teton river, that I came all at once on a salt meadow. You would have thought that it had been snowing for an hour or two, for the salt lay an inch or two thick on the ground.

Austin. What could have brought it there?

Hunter. The same Almighty hand that spread out the wild prairie, spread the salt upon its surface. There are salt springs in many places, where the salt water overflows the prairie. The hot sun evaporates the water, and the salt is left behind.

Brian. Well, that is very curious.

Hunter. The buffaloes and other animals come by thousands to lick the salt, so that what with the green prairie round, the white salt, and the black buffaloes, the contrast in colour is very striking. Though Florida is, to a great extent, a sterile wilderness, yet, for that very reason, some of its beautiful spots appear the more beautiful. There are swamps enough, and alligators enough, to make the traverser of those weary wilds cheerless and disconsolate; but when, after plodding, day after day, through dreary morasses and interminable pine woods, listening to nothing but the cry of cranes and the howling of wolves, he comes suddenly into an open savannah of grouped palmettos, and a carpet of grass and myriads of wild flowers, his eye brightens, and he recovers his cheerfulness.

Brian. What do you think of being where there are alligators and howling wolves, Austin? You would soon wish yourself at home again, I think.

Austin. Oh, I need not be among them, for I should go where there is plenty of grass, and flowers, and tall palmettos.

Hunter. The Red Pipe-stone Quarry is in the Couteau du Prairie; it may be a hundred miles or more from the St. Peter's river, between the Upper

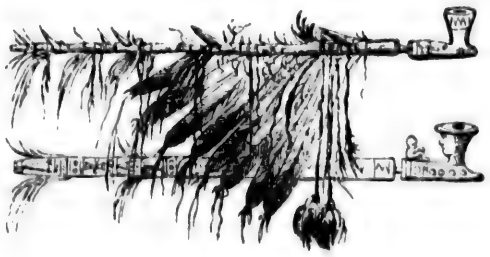
Mississippi and the Upper Missouri. It is the place where the Red Indians of North America procure the red stone with which they make all their pipes. The place is considered by them to be sacred. They say that the Great Spirit used to stand on the rock, and that the blood of the buffaloes which he ate there ran into the rocks below, and turned them red.

Austin. That is the place I want to see.

Hunter. If you go there, you must take great care of yourself; for the Sioux will be at your heels. As I said, they hold the place sacred, and consider the approach of a white man a kind of profanation. The Quarry is visited by all the neighbouring tribes for stone with which to make their pipes, whether they are at war or peace; for the Great Spirit, say they, always watches over it, and the war-club and scalping knife are there harmless. There are hundreds of old inscriptions on the face of the rocks; and the wildest traditions are handed down, from father to son, respecting the place. Some of the Sioux say, that the Great Spirit once sent his runners abroad, to call together all the tribes that were at war, to the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. As he stood on the top of the rocks, he took out a piece of red-stone, and made a large pipe; he smoked it over them, and told them that, though at war, they must always be at peace at that place, for that it belonged to one as much as to another, and that they must all make their pipes of the stone. Having thus spoken, a great cloud of smoke from his great red pipe rolled over them, and in it he vanished

away. Just at the moment that he took the last whiff of his great, long, red pipe, the rocks were wrapped in a blaze of fire, so that the surface of them was melted. Two squaws then, in a flash of fire, sunk under the two medicine rocks, and no one can take away red stone from the place without their leave. Where the gospel is unknown, there is nothing too improbable to be received. The day will no doubt arrive, when the wild traditions of Red Pipe-stone Quarry will be done away by the spread of the gospel of the Redeemer.

Here the hunter, having to attend his sheep, left the three brothers to amuse themselves for half an hour with the curiosities in his cottage; after which, he returned to redeem his pledge, by relating the history he had promised them.



INDIAN PIPES.

CHAPTER VII.

The Seminole Indians—King of the Red Hills—Oceola—A council—Agreement to an exchange of land—Oceola refuses to sign the contract, and dashes his dagger through it—Oceola made prisoner, and afterwards set at liberty—His message to the whites—Oceola treacherously made prisoner again—His death—Adventures of Nikkanochee, prince of Econchatti.

"And now," said the hunter, "for my account of Nikkanochee, prince of Econchatti. I met with him in Florida, his own country, when he was quite a child; indeed, he is even now but a boy, not being more than twelve or thirteen years of age. I saw him

latterly in London. His history will, I think, interest and amuse you. The Seminole Indians, a mixed tribe, from whom prince Nikkanochee is descended, were a warlike people, settled on the banks of the Chattahoochee and Coaeta, in Florida. In a battle which took place between the Indians and a party of whites, under Major Dade, out of a hundred and fourteen white men only two escaped the tomahawks of their opponents. A Seminole was about to despatch one of these two, when he suddenly called to mind that the soldier had once helped him in fitting a handle to his axe: this arrested his uplifted weapon, and the life of the soldier was spared."

Austin. That was very thoughtful of him. It shows that if you are kind to them they will be kind to you, Brian.

Hunter. Ay, and that is why I tell you this anecdote, because it affords another proof that the hardy Indian warrior, in the midst of all his relentless animosity against his enemy, is still alive to a deed of kindness. On another occasion, when the Seminoles, to avenge injuries which their tribe had received, wasted the neighbourhood with fire and tomahawk, they respected the dwelling of one who had shown kindness to some of their tribe. Even though they visited his house, and cooked their food at his hearth, they did no injury to his person or his property. Other dwellings around it were burned to the ground, but for years his habitation remained secure from any attack on the part of the grateful Seminoles.

Austin. When I go abroad, I will always behave kindly to the poor Indians.

Hunter. That is right; "do unto others as you would they should do unto you." But I will go on with my relation. The father of Nikkanochee was king of the Red Hills, in the country of the Seminoles; but not being very much distinguished as a warrior, he gave up the command of his fighting men to his brother Oceola, a chief famous for bodily strength and courage. Before the war broke out between the Seminoles, Oceola was kind and generous; but when once the war-cry had rung through the woods, and the tomahawk had been raised, he became stern and unyielding. He was the champion of his nation, and the terror of the pale faces opposed to him.

Brian. He must have done a great deal of mischief with his tomahawk!

Hunter. No doubt he did, for he was bold, and had never been taught to control his passions; the command of the Saviour had never reached his ears, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44. The red man of the forest and the prairie has had much to embitter his spirit against his enemies: but I will proceed. It was in the year 1835 that between two and three hundred red warriors assembled at Camp King, to hold a "talk," or council. They were met by a battalion of white soldiers, who had two generals with them. At this council, it was proposed by the

whites that a contract should be made between the two parties, wherein the Seminoles should give up their lands in Florida in exchange for other lands at a great distance from the place. Some of the red warriors were induced to make a cross on the contract as their signature, showing that they agreed therewith; but Oceola saw that such a course was bartering away his country, and sealing the ruin of his nation.

Austin. I hope he did not put his cross to it.

Brian. And so do I. I hope he persuaded all the rest of the red warriors not to sign it.

Hunter. When they asked him in his turn to sign the contract, his lip began to curl with contempt, and his eye to flash with fiery indignation. "Yes!" said he, drawing a poniard from his bosom, with a haughty frown on his brow; "Yes!" said he, advancing and dashing his dagger while he spoke, not only through the contract, but also through the table on which it lay; "there is my mark!"

Austin. Well done, brave Oceola!

Brian. That is just the way that he ought to have acted.

Hunter. Hush, boys: do not use such language; for that is just the spirit which led this poor Indian, whose heart God had not changed, to seek revenge. Remember these words, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," Rom. xii. 19.

Austin. But what did the generals say to him?

Hunter. His enemies the whites, for they were enemies, directly seized him, and bound him to a tree.

This was done in a cruel manner, for the cords cut deep into his flesh. After this his hands were chained, and he was kept as a prisoner in solitary confinement. When it was thought that his spirit was sufficiently tamed, and that what he had suffered would operate as a warning to his people, he was set at liberty.

Austin. The whites acted a cruel part, and they ought to have been ashamed of themselves.

Brian. Yes, indeed. But what did Oceola do when he was free?

Hunter. Hasting to his companions, he made the forest echo with the wild war-whoop that he raised in defiance of his enemies.

Brian. I thought he would! That is the very thing that I expected he would do.

Hunter. Many of the principal whites fell by the rifles of the Indians; and Oceola sent a proud message to General Clinch, telling him that the Seminoles had a hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder, every grain of which should be consumed before they would submit to the whites. He told him, too, that the pale faces should be led a dance for five years for the indignities they had put upon him. Oceola and the Seminoles maintained the war until the whites had lost eighteen hundred men, and expended vast sums of money. At last, the brave chieftain was made prisoner by treachery.

Austin. How was it? How did they take him prisoner?

Hunter. The whites, under the American General

Hernandez, invited Oceola to meet them, that a treaty might be made, and the war brought to an end. Oceola went with his warriors; but no sooner had he and eight of his warriors placed their rifles against a tree, protected as they thought by the flag of truce, than they were surrounded by a large body of soldiers, and made prisoners. This act of the general was unjust and treacherous: he ought not to have touched one of them while the flag of truce was there.

Basil. And what did they do to Oceola? Did they kill him?

Hunter. They at first confined him in the fort at St. Augustine, and afterwards in a dungeon at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. It was in the latter place that he died, his head pillowed on the faithful bosom of his wife, who never forsook him, and never ceased to regard him with homage and affection. He was buried at Fort Moultrie, where he has a monument, inscribed "Oceola." His companions, had they been present at his grave, would not have wept. They would have been glad that he had escaped from his enemies. They would have said—"The red man hath no tear to shed."

"We do not weep—
The red man hath no tear to shed for thee—
Smiling, we gaze upon the dreamless sleep,
The fortress broken, and the captive free."

Austin. Poor Oceola!

Hunter. This is only one instance among thousands in which the red man has fallen a victim to the

treachery and injustice of the whites. It is a solemn thought, that, when the grave shall give up its dead, and the trumpet shall call together, face to face, the inhabitants of all nations to judgment, the deceitful, the unjust, and the cruel will have to meet those whom their deceit, their injustice, and cruelty have destroyed. Well may the oppressor tremble. "The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" Isa. xiv. 27.

Basil. But you have not yet told us of Nikkanochee. Please to let us hear all about him.

Brian. I had forgotten Nikkanochee.

Hunter. I will now tell you all that I know of him; but I thought you would like to hear of his uncle, he being so famous a warrior. Nikkanochee is called Oceola Nikkanochee, prince of Econchatti; in order that he may bear in mind Oceola, his warlike uncle, and Econchatti-mico, king of the Red Hills, in Florida, his father. It is thought that Nikkanochee was born on the banks of the river Chattahoochee. He can just remember the death of his mother, when he was left alone with her in a wigwam; but whether his father died in battle or captivity he cannot tell. What I have to tell you about Nikkanochee took place during the lifetime of his father and his uncle Oceola. The white men, the Americans, being at war with the Seminoles, the war-men of the latter were obliged to band themselves together to fight, leaving their squaws (wives) and children to travel as well as they could

to a place of safety. Nikkanochee, child as he was, travelled with the women through the pine forests night and day; but a party of horse soldiers overtook them, and drove them as captives towards the settlements of the whites. The mothers were almost frantic. The wigwams they saw on the road had been destroyed by fire, and the whole country had been laid waste. At nightfall they came to a village; and here, when it grew dark, Nikkanochee, a little girl, and two Indian women, made their escape. For some days they fled, living on water melons and Indian corn, till they fell in with a party of their own war-men.

Austin. I hope they were safe then, and that their friends took care of them.

Hunter. The party not being numerous, they were all obliged to retreat. Pursued by their enemies, they fled, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes on foot. A part of the way, through the swamps, thickets, and pine forests, Nikkanochee rode on the back of his father. At night, while the party were sitting round a fire, in the act of preparing for refreshment some dried meat, and a wild root of the woods reduced into flour, an alarm was given. In a moment they were obliged once more to fly, for their enemies were upon their track, accompanied with bloodhounds.

Basil. Bloodhounds!

Hunter. Yes, bloodhounds! fierce and strong dogs, bred up on purpose to hunt the Red Indians.

Brian. Oh! how cruel, to be sure.

Hunter. The fire was put out by the Indians, their

blankets hastily rolled up, and the squaws and children sent to hide themselves in the tangled reeds and brushwood of a swamp, while the war-men turned against the dogs and soldiers. The Indians beat off their enemies, but Econchatti-mico was wounded in the wrist, a musket ball having passed through it. Nikkanochee found his father, faint from loss of blood, lying on the ground.

Austin. How shocking it seems that there should have been so much fighting between white men and red men! Why cannot they live at peace, and not act so cruelly?

Brian. Did Econchatti die of his wound?

Hunter. No; but he and the war-men, expecting that their enemies would return in greater numbers, were again forced to fly: the dreary pine forest, the weedy marsh, and the muddy swamp, were once more passed through. Brooks and rapid rivers were crossed by Econchatti, wounded as he was, with his son on his back. He swam with one hand, for the other was of little use to him.

Austin. Econchatti seems to be as brave a man as Oceola. Did they escape from their enemies?

Hunter. While they were sitting down to partake of some wild turkey and deer, with which their bows and arrows had furnished them during their flight, their enemies again burst upon them. The Seminoles had, perhaps, altogether two thousand warriors, with Oceola at their head; but then the whites had at least ten thousand, to say nothing of their being much

better armed. Besides, there were also their ferocious bloodhounds. No wonder that the Seminoles were compelled to fly, and only to fight when they found a favourable opportunity. But I must not dwell longer than necessary on my account; suffice it to say, that, after all the bravery of the warriors, and all the exertions of Econchatti, Nikkanochee once more fell into the hand of the enemy.

Basil. Oh, I am so sorry. I hoped he would get away from them.

Brian. So did I. I thought the white men would be tired of following them into those dreary forests and muddy swamps.

Hunter. The human heart is bitter and implacable, until it is changed by Divine grace. Then, and not before, the lion becomes a lamb, and cruelty gives way to kindness. If all men trully feared God, and humbly obeyed the commands of the Redeemer, there would be no more heart-burnings, and strife, and bloodshed; but human beings would, in thought, word, and deed, "love one another."

Austin. How was it that Nikkanochee was taken?

Hunter. He was captured on the 25th of August, 1836, by some soldiers who were scouring the country, and brought by them the next day to Colonel Warren, at Newnansville. Poor little fellow, he was so worn, emaciated, and cast down, that he could not be looked upon without pity. For several weeks he hardly spoke a word. No tear, no sob, no sigh escaped him; but he appeared to be continually on the watch to make

his escape. The soldiers who had taken him prisoner, declared that they had followed his track full forty miles before they came up to him. From the rising to the setting of the sun they hurried on, and still he was before them. Nikkanochee must then have been only about five or six years old.

Brian. Why, I could not walk so far as forty miles to save my life. How did he manage it?

Hunter. You have not been brought up like an Indian. Fatigue, and hardship, and danger are endured by red men from their earliest youth. The back to the burden, Brian. You have heard the saying, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." When the soldiers came up to Nikkanochee, he darted into the bushes and long grass, where they found him. At first, he uttered a scream; but, soon after, he offered the soldiers a peach which he had in his hand, that they might let him go. Placed on horseback behind one of the troopers, he was brought to the military station at Newnansville.

Brian. They had him now, then, fast enough. I wonder what became of his father.

Hunter. That is not known. I should have told you that, in the Seminole language, "Econ" means hill or hills; "chatti" is red; and the signification of "mico" is king; so that Econchatti-mico is, all together, King of the Red Hills. The soldiers who captured Nikkanochee disputed among themselves whether he ought not to be killed. Most of them were for destroying every Indian man, woman, or

child they met; but one of them, named James Shields, was determined to save the boy's life, and it was owing to his humanity that Nikkanochee was not put to death.

Brian. That man deserves to be rewarded. I shall not forget James Shields.

Hunter. When Nikkanochee had afterwards become a little more reconciled to his situation, he gave some account of the way in which he was taken. He said, that as he was travelling with his father and the Indians, the white men came upon them. According to Indian custom, when a party is surprised, the women and children immediately fly in different directions, to hide in the bushes and long grass, till the war-men return to them after the fight or alarm is over. Poor little Nikkanochee, in trying to cross a rivulet, fell back again into it. Besides this misfortune, he met with others, so that he could not keep up with the party. He still kept on, for he saw an old coffee pot placed on a log; and Indians, in their flight, drop or place things in their track, as well as break off twigs from the bushes, that others of their tribe may know how to follow them. Nikkanochee came to a settlement of whites, but he struck out of the road to avoid it. He afterwards entered a peach orchard, belonging to a deserted house, and here he satisfied his hunger. It was then getting dark, but the soldiers saw him, and set off after him at full gallop. In vain he hid himself in the grass, and lay as still as a partridge, for they discovered him and took him away.

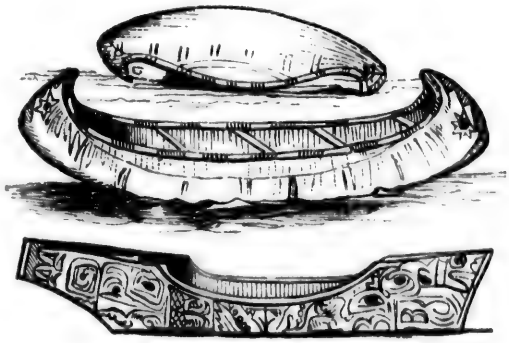
Austin. I wonder that his father or his uncle did not rescue him.

Hunter. It is thought that they did return upon the back trail, for Newnansville was shortly after surrounded by Indians, with Oceola at their head; but just then a reinforcement of soldiers arrived, and the Indians were obliged to retire. Had not the soldiers come up just in time, the whole garrison might have fallen by the rifles and scalping knives of enraged Seminoles. Nikkanochee passed a year with the family of Colonel Warren, and was beloved by them all. There was, no doubt, much sympathy felt for him, as the nephew of a well-known warrior, and the son of the king of a warlike people. Nikkanochee was afterwards taken under the protection of a gentleman, who became much attached to him. He was educated with other children, and taught to bend his knee in prayer, and to offer praise to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Thus, in the providence of God, was Nikkanochee brought from being a heathen to be a worshipper of the true God and Jesus Christ.

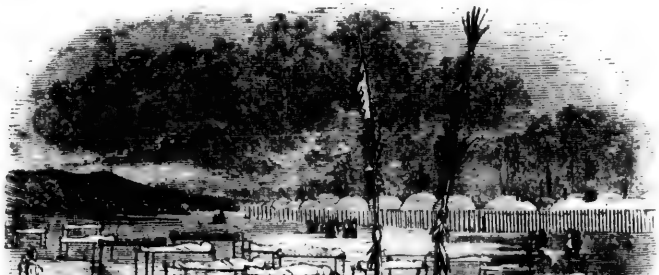
Brian. How much longer did he remain abroad?

Hunter. A very few years, during which he became expert in climbing, swimming, loading the rifle, and using the spear. He was bold enough to attack the racoon and otter, and was not afraid even of the alligator; few of his years were more hardy, or could bear an equal degree of fatigue. His kind protector, who adopted him as his own child, brought him over to England in the year 1840, since which time he has

written an interesting history of his young charge. In the first page, is an animated figure of Nikkanochee, dressed up as a Seminole warrior, with his cap, feathers, shield, bow, arrows, quiver, pendent ornaments, and mocassins. You cannot look at it without feeling an interest in the welfare of the young Seminole. But I have given you a long account. May Nikkanochee grow up to know Him whom to know is life eternal, and become as celebrated for virtue and piety as his ancestors and relations were for valour and war.



INDIAN CANOES.



RESTING-PLACE FOR THE DEAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

The religion of the Red Indians—Medicine, or Mystery—Rain-making—Marriage—Flattening the heads of children—Cradles—Practice of shaving the head—Exposure of the aged—The Leaping Rock—Catching white fish—Fasts, feasts, and sacrifices—Runners—Indian squaws, with their customary employments—Pipe smoking—Dog feast—A common life scene among the Indians—Smoking a shield—Pipes—Pipe of peace—Indian burial—Resting-place for the dead.

In the next visit of the three brothers to the hunter, he pointed out to them the great influence that religion had on the character of a people and a country. A

false religion brought with it a train of unnumbered evils; while a knowledge of the true God, and a living faith in the Saviour who died for sinners, continually promoted among mankind principles of justice and kindness, and communicated to their hearts the blessings of peace and joy. "True it is," said he, "that among professedly Christian people there is much of evil; much of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness; of injustice, covetousness, and cruelty: but this proceeds not from Christianity, but from the fallen state of human nature, which nothing but the grace of God can renew, and from the great number of those who profess to be Christians, while they are uninfluenced by the gospel of the Redeemer. Christianity will neither allow us to dishonour God by bowing down to idols, nor to injure man by injustice and oppression. The Red Indians of North America are not found bowing down to numberless idols, as the inhabitants of many countries are: they worship what they call 'the Great Spirit' with a deep reverence, humbling themselves before him, and undergoing self-imposed torments, to gain his goodwill, which the generality of Christians, in the manifestation of their faith, would find it hard to endure. They believe also in an Evil Spirit, as well as in a future state; and that they shall be happy or unhappy, just as they have done good or evil, according to their estimate of those qualities; but this belief is mixed up with mysteries and superstitions without number. I speak of Red Indians

in the forest and the prairie, who know nothing of God's word, and who have never heard the voice of a missionary."

Austin. You told us what some of the Indians called the Great Spirit. Please to tell us again.

Hunter. The Mandans call him *Mah-ho-peneta;* the Riccarees, *Ka-ke-wa-rooh-teh;* the Sioux, *Wo-kon-ske-cha;* and the Tuskaroras, *Ye-wunni-yoh.* The different tribes believe, that if they are expert in the chase, bold in battle, and slay many of their enemies, they shall live for ever, after death, in beautiful hunting grounds, enjoying the pleasures of the chase continually. You know that we, as Christians, are enjoined to forgive our enemies; but untutored Indians delight in revenge: they love to boast, and to shed blood; but we are taught, by God's holy word, to be humble and merciful. There is one thing that mingles much with the Indian character; and that is, medicine, or mystery. I must try if I can make you understand it.

Austin. Yes; I should like to know all about that very well.

Hunter. Go where you may, among the Ojibbeways and Assinaboins of the north, the Choctaws and the Seminoles of the south, or the Crows, the Blackfeet, and the Shiennes of the west, every Indian has his medicine or mystery bag, which he regards with reverence, and will not part with for any price. He looks upon it as a kind of charm, or guardian spirit, that is to keep him from evil. He

takes it with him to battle, and when he dies it is his companion.

Austin. But what is it? Is there anything in the bag? What is it that makes medicine?

Hunter. Everything that is mysterious or wonderful to an Indian, he regards as medicine. I do not mean such medicine as you get from a doctor; but he regards it as something awful, and connected with spirits. This is a strong superstition, which has laid hold of the red man throughout the whole of North America.

Brian. But is there anything in the medicine bag?

Hunter. The medicine bag is usually the skin of some animal, such as the beaver, otter, polecat, and weasel; or of some bird, as the eagle, the magpie, and hawk; or of some reptile, as the snake and the toad. The skin is stuffed with anything the owner chooses to put into it, such as dry grass or leaves; and it is carefully sewn up into some curious form, and ornamented in a curious manner. Some medicine bags are very large, and form a conspicuous part of an Indian's appendages; while others are very small, and altogether hidden.

Basil. Why, it is very foolish of the red men to carry such things about with them.

Hunter. It certainly is so; but their fathers and their tribes have done so for many generations, and it would be a disgrace to them, in their own estimation, if they neglected to do the same. A young

Indian, before he has his medicine bag, goes perhaps alone on the prairie, or wanders in the forest, or beside some solitary lake. Day after day, and night after night, he fasts, and calls on the Great Spirit to help him to medicine. When he sleeps, the first animal, or bird, or reptile, that he dreams of, is his medicine. If it be a weasel, he catches a weasel, and it becomes his medicine for ever. If it be a toad or snake, he kills whichever it may be; and if it be a bird, he shoots it, and stuffs its skin.

Austin. This is one of the most wonderful things you have told us yet.

Hunter. What is called a medicine man, or a mystery man, is one who ranks high in his tribe for some supposed knowledge: he can either make buffaloes come, or cure diseases, or bring rain, or do some other wonderful things, or persuade his tribe that he can do them. Indeed, among Red Indians, hardly anything is done without the medicine man. A chief in full dress would as soon think of making his appearance without his head as without his medicine bag. There is a saying among the Indians, that "a man lying down, is medicine to the grizzly bear;" meaning, that in such a position, a bear will not hurt him.

Basil. Is that true? Will not the grizzly bear hurt a man when he is lying down?

Hunter. So many people say; but I should be very sorry to trust the grizzly bear. I am afraid that he would be paying his respects to me in a very rough way.

Austin. What was it that you said about the medicine man bringing rain?

Hunter. Some of the mystery men are famous for bringing rain in a dry season.

Austin. But they cannot really bring rain, can they?

Hunter. The matter is managed in this way:—when once they undertake to bring rain, they keep up their superstitious ceremonies, day after day, till the rain comes. Oftentimes it is very long before they succeed. It was in a time of great drought that I once arrived at the Mandan village on the Upper Missouri. At the different Indian villages, peas and beans, wild rice, corn, melons, squashes, pumpkins, peaches, and strawberries were often found in abundance; but, on this occasion, the Mandans had a very poor prospect of gathering anything that required rain to bring it to perfection. The young and the old were crying out that they should have no green corn.

Austin. Why did they not tell the medicine men to make the rain come?

Hunter. They did so: but it was not quite convenient to the medicine men; for they saw clearly enough that there was not the slightest appearance of rain; and thus they put it off, day after day. One afternoon the sky grew a little cloudy to the west, when the medicine men assembled together in great haste to make it rain.

Hunter. No sooner was it known that the medicine men were met together in the mystery lodge,

than the village was all in commotion. They wanted rain, and they were very sure that their medicine men could bring it when they pleased. The tops of the wigwams were soon crowded. In the mystery lodge a fire was kindled, round which sat the rain makers, burning sweet-smelling herbs, smoking the medicine pipe, and calling on the Great Spirit to open the door of the skies, and to let out the rain.

Austin. That is the way they make it rain, is it?

Hunter. At last one of the rain makers came out of the mystery lodge, and stood on the top of it with a spear in his hand, which he brandished about in a commanding and threatening manner, lifting it up as though he were about to hurl it up at the heavens. He talked aloud of the power of his medicine, holding up his medicine bag in one hand, and his spear in the other; but it was of no use, neither his medicine nor his spear could make it rain; and, at the setting of the sun, he came down from his elevated position in disgrace.

Brian. Poor fellow! He had had enough of rain-making for one day.

Hunter. For several days the same ceremony was carried on, until a rain maker, with a head-dress of the skins of birds, ascended the top of the mystery lodge, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver at his back. He made a long speech, which had in it much about thunder and lightning, and black clouds, and drenching rain; for the sky was growing dark, and it required no great knowledge of the weather to

foretell rain. He shot arrows to the sun-rise and the sun-down points of the heavens, and others to the north and the south, in honour of the Great Spirit who could send the rain from all parts of the skies. A fifth arrow he retained, until it was almost certain that rain was at hand. Then, sending up the shaft from his bow, with all his might, to make a hole, as he said, in the dark cloud over his head, he cried aloud for the waters to pour down at his bidding, and to drench him to the skin. He was brandishing his bow in one hand, and his medicine in the other, when the rain came down in a torrent. The whole village was clamorous with applause, he was regarded as a great mystery man, whose medicine was very powerful, and he rose to great distinction among his tribe. You see, then, the power of a mystery man in bringing rain. Does it not astonish you?

Austin. I could make it rain myself as well as he did, for he never shot his arrow to pierce the cloud till it was over his head. It was all a cheat.

Hunter. To be a mystery man is regarded as a great honour; and some Indians are said to have suspended themselves from a pole, with splints through their flesh, and their medicine bags in their hands, looking towards the sun, for a whole day, to obtain it.

Austin. When I go among the Red Indians, I will not be a mystery man.

Hunter. There is very little ceremony in an Indian marriage. The father may be seen sitting among his

friends, when the young Indian comes in with presents, to induce him to give him his daughter for a wife. If the presents are not liked, they are not accepted; if they are approved, the father takes the hand of his daughter, and the hand of the young Indian, and slaps them together; after which a little feasting takes place.

Austin. Why, that is like buying a wife.

Hunter. It is; but the young Indian has already gained the good-will of his intended wife; not by his fine clothes, and his wealth, for he has neither the one nor the other, but by showing her the skins of the bears he has killed, and the scalps and scalp-locks of the foes he has slaughtered; and by telling her that he will hunt for her, that she may be kept from want, and fight for her, that she may be protected from the enemies of her tribe. Indians have strange customs: the Chinock Indians flatten the heads of their young children, by laying them in a cradle, with a pillow for the back of the head, and then pressing the forehead, day after day, with a board, that lets down upon it, till the nose and forehead form a straight line.

Brian. I should not like my head to be flattened in that manner.

Hunter. Children are carried about in these cradles on the backs of their mothers, wherever they go; and when children die, they are often left, in their cradles, floating on the water of a brook or pool, which their superstition teaches them to regard as sacred. A cluster of these little arks or cradles, or coffins as they

may be called, of different forms, in a lone pool, is a very picturesque and affecting sight.

Basil. I shall often think of the pool, and the little cradles swimming on it. Why, it is just like the picture of Moses in the bulrushes.

Hunter. The Kowyas, the Pawnees, the Sacs and Foxes, the Osages, and the Iowas, all shave their heads, leaving a tuft on the crown two or three inches in length, and a small lock in the middle of it, as long as they can get it to grow. By means of this small lock of hair braided, they ornament the tuft with a crest of the deer's tail dyed scarlet, and sometimes add to it a war-eagle's feather.

Austin. How different to the Crow Indians! You told us that they do not shave off their hair, but let it grow till it hangs down to the very ground.

Hunter. You have not forgotten that, I see. There is a cruel custom among the Red Indians, of exposing their aged people, that is, leaving them alone to die. If a party are obliged to remove from one place to another in search of food, and there is among them an aged man, who can no longer fight, nor hunt, nor fish, nor do anything to support himself, he is liable, although in his time he may have been a war chief, to be left alone to die. I have seen such a one sitting by a little fire left him by his tribe, with perhaps a buffalo skin stretched on poles over his head, and a little water and a few bones within his reach. I have put my pipe to his mouth, given him pemican, and gathered sticks, that he might be able to recruit his

fire; and when, months after, I have returned to the spot, there has been nothing left of him but his skeleton, picked clean by the wolves, bleaching in the winds that blew around.

Austin. This is one of the worst things we have heard of the Red Indians.

Basil. Oh, it is very sad indeed!

Hunter. You would not forsake your father, in old age, in that manner, would you?

Austin. No! As long as we could get a bit or a drop he should have part of it, and we would die with him rather than desert him.

Brian and *Basil.* Yes, that we would!

Hunter. I hope so. This is, I say, a cruel custom; but it forms a part of Indian manners, so that the old men expect it, and, indeed, would not alter it. Indians have not been taught, as we have, to honour their parents, at least not in the same way; but I can say nothing in favour of so cruel and unnatural a custom. Among the Sioux of the Mississippi, it is considered great medicine to jump on the Leaping Rock, and back again. This rock is a huge column or block, between thirty and forty feet high, divided from the side of the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. It is about seven feet broad, and at a distance from the main rock of about six or eight feet. Many are bold enough to take the leap, and to leave their arrows sticking in one of its crevices; while others, equally courageous, have fallen from the top in making the attempt, and been dashed to pieces at its base.

Brian. When you go to Pipe-stone Quarry, Austin, have nothing to do with the Leaping Rock. You must get your medicine in some other way.

Austin. I shall leave the Leaping Rock to the Leaping Indians, for it will never suit me.

Hunter. There is a very small fish caught in the river Thames, called white bait, which is considered a very great luxury; but to my taste, the white fish, of which the Chippeways take great abundance in the rapids near the Sault de St. Mary's, are preferable. The Chippeways catch them in the rapids with scoop-nets, in the use of which they are very expert. The white fish resemble salmon, but are much less in size.

Austin. The white fish of the Chippeways will suit me better than the Leaping Rock of the Sioux.

Hunter. Among the Red Indians, feasting, fasting, and sacrifices of a peculiar kind, form a part of their religious or superstitious observances. Some of the Pawnees, in former times, offered human sacrifices; but this cruel custom is now no more. The Mandans frequently offered a finger to the Good, or Evil Spirit; and most of the tribes offer a horse, a dog, a spear, or an arrow, as the case may be. Over the Mandan mystery lodge used to hang the skin of a white buffalo, with blue and black cloth of great value. These were intended as a sacrifice or an offering to the Good and Evil Spirits, to avert their anger and to gain their favour.

Brian. How many things you do remember!

Hunter. All the chiefs of the tribes keep runners—men swift of foot, who carry messages and commands, and spread among the people news necessary to be communicated. These runners sometimes go great distances in a very short space of time.

Brian. You must have your runners, Austin.

Austin. Oh yes, I will have my runners: for I shall want pipe-stone from Red Pipe-stone Quarry, and white fish from the Chippeways; and then I shall send messages to the Cherokees and Choctaws, the Camanchees, the Blackfeet, and the Crows.

Hunter. The squaws, or wives of the Indians, labour very contentedly, seeming to look on servitude as their proper calling. They get in wood and water; they prepare the ground for grain, cook victuals, make the dresses of their husbands, manufacture pottery, dress skins, attend to the children, and make themselves useful in a hundred other ways.

Brian. I think the squaws behave themselves very well.

Hunter. The smoking of the pipe takes place on all great occasions, just as though the Indians thought it was particularly grateful to the Good and Evil Spirits. In going to war, or in celebrating peace, as well as on all solemn occasions, the pipe is smoked. Oftentimes, before it is passed round, the stem is pointed upwards, and then offered to the four points—east, west, north, and south. In the hands of a mystery man, it is great and powerful medicine. If ever you go among the red men, they will expect you to

draw a whiff through the friendly pipe offered to you; and if you did not, you would be regarded as a sad affront.

Basil. What will you do now, Austin? You never smoked a pipe in your life.

Austin. And I do not mean to learn; for I need only take a very little whiff, and I could easily do that.

Hunter. You must learn to eat dog's flesh, too; for when the Indians mean to confer a great honour on a chief or a stranger, they give him a dog feast, in which they set before him their most favourite dogs, killed and cooked. The more useful the dogs were, and the more highly valued, the greater is the compliment to him in whose honour the feast is given; and if he were to refuse to eat of the dog's flesh, thus prepared out of particular respect to him, no greater offence could be offered to his hospitable entertainers.

Brian. You have something to do now, however, Austin, to learn to eat dog's flesh.

Austin. You may depend upon it, that I shall keep out of the way of a dog feast. I might take a little whiff at their big pipe; but I could not touch their dainty dogs.

Hunter. In some of the large lodges, I have seen very impressive common life scenes. Fancy to yourselves a large round lodge, holding ten or a dozen beds of buffalo skins, with a high post between every bed. On these posts hang the shields, the war-clubs, the spears, the bows and quivers, the eagle-plumed

head-dresses, and the medicine bags, of the different Indians who sleep there; and on the top of each post the buffalo mask, with its horns and tail, used in the buffalo dance. Fancy to yourselves a group of Indians in the middle of the lodge, with their wives and their little ones around them, smoking their pipes, and relating their adventures, as happy as ease and the supply of all their wants can make them. While you gaze on the scene, so strange, so wild, so picturesque, and so happy, a rush of friendly feeling for the red man thrills through your bosom, a tear of pleasure starts into your eye; and before you are aware, an ejaculation of thankfulness has escaped your lips, to the Father of mercies, that, in his goodness and bounty to mankind, he has not forgotten the inhabitants of the forest and the prairie.

Austin. It is worth going to North America to see such a scene!

Hunter. The Indians have a method of hardening their shields, by smoking them over a fire, in a hole in the ground; and usually, when a warrior thus smokes his shield, he gives a feast to his friends. Some of the pipes of the Red Indians are beautiful. The bowls are all of the red stone, from Pipe-stone Quarry, cut into all manner of fantastic forms; while the stems, three or four feet long, are ornamented with braids of porcupine's quills, beaks of birds, feathers, and red hair. The calumet, or, as it is called, "the peace pipe," is indeed, as I have before said, great medicine. It is highly adorned with quills of the

war-eagle, and never used on any other occasion than that of making and solemnizing peace, when it is passed round to the chiefs. It is regarded as altogether a sacred utensil. An Indian's pipe is his friend through the pains and pleasures of life; and when his tomahawk and medicine bag are placed beside his poor, pallid remains, his pipe is not forgotten.

Austin. When a Red Indian dies, how do they bury him?

Hunter. According to the custom of his tribe. Some Indians are buried under the sod; some are left in cots, or cradles, on the water; and others are placed on frames raised to support them. You remember what I told you of Blackbird's grave.

Austin. Yes, he was buried on horseback, on the top of a high bluff, sitting on his horse. He was covered all over with sods.

Hunter. And I told you of the Chinock children floating on the solitary pool.

Brian. Yes; but you did not tell us what they do with the grown-up Chinocks when they die.

Hunter. Grown-up Chinocks are left floating in cradles, just in the same manner; though oftener they are tied up in skins, and laid in canoes, with paddles, pipes, and provisions, and then hoisted up into a tree, and left there to decay. In the Mandan burial-place, the dead were ranged in rows, on high slender frames, out of the way of the wolf, dressed in their best robes, and wrapped in a fresh buffalo skin, with all their

arms, pipes, and every necessary provision and comfort to supply their wants in their journey to the hunting grounds of their fathers. In English burial grounds, there are always some monuments grander than the rest, to set forth the wealth, the station, or the talents of those who slumber below; and, as human nature is the same everywhere, so in the resting-place of the Red Indians, here and there are spread out a few yards of red or blue cloth, to signify that beneath it a chief, or a superior brave, is sleeping. The Mandan dead occupied a spot on the prairie. Here they mouldered, warrior lying by the side of warrior, till they fell to the ground from their frames, when the bones were buried, and the skulls ranged with great care, in round rings, on the prairie, with two buffalo skulls and a medicine pole in the centre.

Austin. It would be of no use for the wolf to come then, for there would be nothing for him. I should very much like to see an Indian burying-place.

Hunter. Were you to visit one, you would see that the heart and affections are at work under a red skin, as well as under a white one; for parents and children, husbands and wives, go there to lament for those who are dear to them, and to humble themselves before the Great Spirit, under whose care they believe their departed relatives to be. The skulls, too, are visited, and every one is placed carefully, from time to time, on a tuft of sweet-smelling herb or plant. Life is but

a short season with both the white and the red man, and ought to be well spent. It is as a flower that flourishes: "For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more," Psa. ciii. 16. But I have now told you enough for the present. Come again as soon as you will; I shall have some anecdotes of Red Indians ready for you.

INDIAN CRADLE.

CHAPTER IX.

Anecdotes of the Red Indians—Indian observation and sagacity—Indian conscientiousness—Indian honesty—Indian ignorance—Indian shrewdness—Indian cunning and deceit—Indian heroism—Adventures of an American trapper.

With willing feet, sparkling eyes, and happy hearts, Austin and his two brothers again set off for the cottage near the wood. On an ordinary occasion, they might have found time for a little pleasant loitering; but the Indian anecdotes they expected to hear excited their curiosity too much to allow a single minute to be lost. A pin might have been heard falling on the

ground, when, seated in the cottage, they listened to the following anecdotes of the hunter.

Hunter. It has pleased God to endue Indians with quick perceptions. They are amazingly quick in tracing an enemy, both in the woods and the prairie; a broken twig or leaf, or the faintest impression on the grass, is sufficient to attract their attention. The anecdotes I am about to relate are believed to be true, but I cannot myself vouch for their correctness, having only read them, or heard them related by others.

An Indian, upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After going some distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little*, *old*, *white man*, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob tail. They replied in the affirmative; and, upon the Indian's assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:—

"The thief I know is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones in order to reach the venison, from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does; his gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle

made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned; that the dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a bob tail, I discovered by the mark of it in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

Brian. Well done, Indian! Why, no one could get away from a man like that.

Austin. An Englishman would never have been able to describe the thief without seeing him.

Hunter. You shall have another instance of the quick perceptions of the red men. A most atrocious and shocking murder was once committed, by a party of Indians, on fourteen white settlers, within five miles of Shamokin. The surviving whites, in their rage, determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian, who happened to be in those parts, and who was far from thinking himself in any danger. He was a great friend to the whites, was loved and esteemed by them, and, in testimony of their regard, had received from them the name of Duke Holland, by which he was generally known.

This Indian, satisfied that his nation were incapable of committing such a foul murder in a time of profound peace, told the enraged settlers that he was sure the Delawares were not in any manner concerned in it, and that it was the act of some wicked Mingoes or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars with each other, by secretly committing murders, so that they might appear to be the work of others. But all his representations were vain; he could not

convince exasperated men, whose minds were fully bent on revenge.

At last, he offered that, if they would give him a party to accompany him, he would go with them in quest of the murderers, and was sure that he could discover them by the prints of their feet, and other marks well known to him, by which he would convince them that the real perpetrators of the crime belonged to the Six Nations.

His proposal was accepted. He marched at the head of a party of whites, and led them into the tracks. They soon found themselves in the most rocky part of a mountain, where not one of those who accompanied him could discover a single track, nor would they believe that men had ever trodden on this ground, as they had to jump from rock to rock, or to crawl over them. They began to believe that the Indian had led them across these rugged mountains in order to give the enemy time to escape. They threatened him with instant death the moment they should be convinced of the fraud.

The Indian, true to his promise, took pains to make them perceive that an enemy had passed along the places through which he was leading them. Here, he showed them that the moss on the road had been trodden down by the weight of a human foot; there, that it had been torn and dragged forward from its place. Again, he would point out to them that pebbles, or small stones on the rocks, had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them;

that dry sticks, by being trodden upon, were broken; and, in one particular place, that an Indian's blanket had been dragged over the rocks, and had removed or loosened the leaves lying there, so that they did not lie flat as in other places. All these marks the Indian could perceive as he walked along, without even stopping.

At last, arriving at the foot of the mountain, on soft ground, where the tracks were deep, he found that the enemy were eight in number; and from the freshness of the footprints, he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance.

This proved to be the exact truth; for, after gaining the eminence on the other side of the valley, the Indians were seen encamped; some having already lain down to sleep, while others were drawing off their leggings, or Indian stockings, for the same purpose, and the scalps they had taken were hanging up to dry.

"See," said Duke Holland to his astonished companions, "there is the enemy; not of my nation, but Mingoes, as I truly told you. They are in our power. In less than half an hour they will be all fast asleep. We need not fire a gun, but go up and tomahawk them. We are nearly two to one, and need apprehend no danger. Come on, and you will now have your full revenge.

But the whites, overcome with fear, did not choose to follow the Indian's advice, but desired him to take them back by the nearest and best way. This he did; and when they arrived at home, they reported the

enemy to have been so great that they durst not venture to attack him.

Austin. Well, I cannot think how he managed to find them out so easily.

Brian. I would not have an Indian after me for the world; he would be sure to find me out.

Hunter. Red men often act very conscientiously. One day, an Indian solicited a little tobacco of a white man, to fill his pipe. Having some loose in his pocket, the white man gave him a handful. The next day, the Indian returned in search of the man who had given him the tobacco.

"Me wish to see him," said the Indian.

"Why so?" inquired some one.

"Why, me find money with the tobacco."

"Well! what of that? Keep it; it was given to you."

"Ah!" said the Indian, shaking his head, "me got good man and bad man here," pointing to his breast. "Good man say, 'Money not yours; you must return it:" bad man say, ''*Tis* yours; it was given to you.' Good man say, 'That not right; *tobacco* yours, *money* not yours.' Bad man say, 'Never mind, nobody know it; go buy rum.' Good man say, 'Oh no; no such thing.' So poor Indian know not what to do. Me lie down to sleep, but no sleep; good man and bad man talk all night, and trouble me. So now me bring money back; now me feel good."

Basil. That was very good of the Indian.

Austin. It was doing as he would be done by.

Hunter. Whatever the Red Indians may be, when oppressed, wronged, and deceived by the whites; and however they may act towards their enemies, they are usually honest towards their own tribe. While I was residing on the Big Beaver, says one who lived much among them, I passed by the door of an Indian, who was a trader, and had, consequently, a quantity of goods in his house. He was going with his wife to Pittsburg, and they were shutting up the house, as no person remained in it during their absence. This shutting up was nothing else than putting a large hominy pounding-block, with a few sticks of wood, outside against the door, so as to keep it closed. As I was looking at this man with attention, while he was so employed, he addressed me in these words:—

"See, my friend, this is an Indian lock that I am putting to my door."

I answered, "Well enough; but I see you leave much property in the house: are you not afraid that those articles will be stolen while you are gone?"

"Stolen! by whom?"

"Why, by Indians, to be sure."

"No, no," replied he; "no Indian would do such a thing. Unless a white man, or white people, should happen to come this way, I shall find all safe on my return."

Basil. If we were to leave our doors in that way, our houses would be sure to be robbed.

Hunter. No doubt they would; but Indians have good and bad qualities. The Holy Scriptures say,

that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," Jer. xvii. 9; and therefore we must not expect too much from the poor red men, especially as they have been brought up in ignorance of God's word and will: but such instances as those I have related are by no means uncommon. The notion entertained by the Iroquois Indians respecting the creation of mankind, will show how ignorant they are with respect to the Creator of all things: but, indeed, if the blessed book of truth were not in our hands, we should be equally ignorant ourselves. Before man existed, say they, there were three great and good spirits; of whom one was superior to the other two, and is emphatically called the Great Spirit, and the Good Spirit. At a certain time this exalted being said to one of the others, "Make a man." He obeyed; and, taking chalk, formed a paste of it, and moulding it into the human form, infused into it the animating principle, and brought it to the Great Spirit. He, after surveying it, said, "This is too white."

He then directed the other to make a trial of his skill. Accordingly, taking charcoal, he pursued the same process, and brought the result to the Great Spirit; who, after surveying it, said, "It is too black."

Then said the Great Spirit, "I will now try myself;" and taking red earth, he formed an Indian. On surveying it, he said, "This is a proper or perfect man."

After relating the strange opinion of the Iroquois Indians, the hunter advised the young people, on their return home, to look over the account of the creation

of the world and mankind, in the first chapter of Genesis; telling them that they could not be too thankful for the opportunity of reading God's word, which was not only sufficient to keep them from error in such things, but was able also to make them "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," 2 Tim. iii. 15. He told them that though the Red Indians were ignorant in holy things, they did not want shrewdness and sagacity. "When General Lincoln," said he, "went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log; he was then desired to move, and, in a few minutes, to move still further. The request was repeated, until the general got to the end of the log. The Indian still said, 'Move further;' to which the general replied, 'I can move no further.' 'Just so it is with us,' said the chief. 'You have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move further.'"

Austin and his brothers were so pleased with the Indian's shrewdness, that the hunter went on thus:—

Hunter. "Why do you not go to work, and get something to purchase some clothes with?" said Colonel Dudley, one day, to an idle, ragged Indian, who, like himself was standing observing some men employed upon a house which he was erecting.

"And why you do no work, if you please, Mr. Governor?" asked the Indian, by way of reply.

"I no work! I do work," answered the governor.

"I'm sure you no work," said the Indian; "you see others work."

"But I work with my head," said the governor; at the same time laying his finger upon his forehead.

"Well," said the Indian, "me work too, if any one employ me."

Go, then," said the governor, "and kill me a calf, and you shall have a shilling."

The Indian seemed well pleased, and having killed the animal, came and wanted his pay.

"But you have not skinned and dressed it."

"Calf *killed*, governor," said the Indian. "Me kill calf for a shilling; give another shilling, and me skin and dress it."

The governor did so; and after skinning and dressing the animal, the Indian repaired to a neighbouring tavern, and laid out a part of his money in rum. He then came back, and told the governor that one of the shillings which he had given him was bad, and the man no take it.

The governor, though satisfied of the cheat, gave the Indian another shilling, and he departed.

In a few days the Indian came again to see the workmen. The governor, in the mean time, had written a letter to the keeper of the Bridewell in Boston, requesting him to give the bearer of it a sound whipping.

While the Indian was idly looking at the workmen, as in the former instance, the governor drew the letter from his pocket, and offered the Indian half a crown to carry and deliver it.

"Will you carry it?" inquired the governor.

"Me will," said the Indian, quite pleased; and at the same time holding out his hand for the letter and the money.

Pretty soon after starting he met another Indian, who lived with the governor as a servant.

"Here," said he to the servant, "here a letter."

"Well, what of that?" asked the servant.

"Why," said the Indian, "governor say me meet you—give you the letter—you carry it to Boston." Taking the letter as directed, the servant turned back, and, on delivering it, took the flogging himself, much to his surprise and indignation.

On his return, he complained most bitterly. The governor bit his lips, told him how the matter was, and determined some day to have the lazy fellow punished.

But the Indian took good care to keep out of the way. At length, however, happening to see him, the governor inquired why he served him such a trick.

"Oh!" said the Indian, looking him full in the face, "governor say *me* no work, but *he* work—he work with the head; me think me work with the head too."

"Famous! famous!" cried out Austin.

"Famous! famous!" echoed Brian and Basil. But the hunter told them that the conduct of the Indian did not appear to him at all commendable. "We should always distinguish," said he, "between the sagacity of an upright intention, and the low cunning of deceit and dishonesty. 'Bread of deceit is sweet to

a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel,'" Prov. xx. 17. The following instance of heroism in a Pawnee brave, related by the hunter, highly delighted Austin.

Hunter. In the account of his expedition to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in 1821, Major Long relates the following anecdote of a Pawnee brave, son of Red Knife, who, the succeeding winter, visited the city of Washington, during the session of Congress.

This brave, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about twenty-five years old. At the age of twenty-one, his heroic deeds had acquired for him in his nation the rank of the bravest of the braves. The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, of the Paduca nation, taken in war, was destined to this horrid death.

The fatal hour had arrived. The trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake. The whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plains to witness the awful scene.

Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, having, unnoticed, prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive.

The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village.

The released captive was accompanied three days through the wilderness towards her home. Her deliverer then gave her the horse on which she rode, and the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted.

On his return to the village, such was his popularity, that no inquiry was made into his conduct, and no censure was passed upon it. Since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any other of the Pawnee tribes; the practice is abandoned. How influential is one bold act in a good cause!

The publication of this anecdote at Washington, led some young ladies, in a manner highly creditable to their good sense and good feeling, to present this brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, with appropriate inscriptions, as a token of their sincere commendation of the noble act of rescuing one of their sex, an innocent victim, from a cruel death. Their address, delivered on this occasion, is sensible and appropriate, closing as follows:—

"Brother—Accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief and rescue."

To this the Pawnee made the following reply:—

"Brothers and sisters—This, the medal, will give me ease more than I ever had; and I will listen more than I ever did to white men.

"I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good deed that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I have done it in ignorance, but I know what I have done.

"I did it in ignorance, and I did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

The cruelty of torturing and burning a captive, the great danger of the female Indian, and the noble daring of the Pawnee brave, formed the subject of conversation for some time among the young people; and Austin was unbounded in his approbation of the Pawnee. Willingly would he have contributed towards another silver medal for him, and Brian and Basil would not have been backward in doing their part; but the affair appeared hardly practicable, inasmuch as a reasonable doubt existed whether the Pawnee brave was still alive; and, even if he were, there seemed to be no direct way of communicating with him. The hunter proposed to conclude his anecdotes for the present, by relating some adventures of an American trapper. This proposal being warmly seconded by the young people, the hunter thus proceeded:—

Hunter. On the arrival of the exploring party of Lewis and Clarke at the head waters of the Missouri, one of their number, of the name of Colter, was desirous of joining a trapper, of the name of Potts, who

was in that neighbourhood for the purpose of hunting beavers, an abundance of which were to be found in that part of the country. The offer was a very advantageous one; and, as Colter had always performed his duty, it was agreed that he might go. Accordingly, he was supplied with ammunition, and took leave of the party for the solitude of the woods.

Aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, Colter and his companion set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early in the morning, in a creek, about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view.

Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was occasioned by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come on shore.

As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong

man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on recovering it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!"

Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but correct reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to have been tortured to death, according to the Indian custom.

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time among the Kée Catsa, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians. He cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, led Colter out on the prairie three or four

hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At that instant the war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised.

He proceeded towards Jefferson's Fork, having to travel a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer.

Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, sur-

prised by the suddenness of the action, and, perhaps, at the bloody appearance of Colter, who attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell while endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join him, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees on the border of the Fork, to which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above water, amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling in a most frightful manner. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, till the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night; when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful. He was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and he had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and he was at a great distance from the nearest settlement.

Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter, however, remained unshaken. After seven days' sore travel, during which he had nothing but roots for his sustenance, he at length arrived in safety at Lisa's Fort, on the Bigthorn branch of the Roche Jaune river.

During the walk home of the young people, an animated discussion arose among them respecting the Indians. Brian and Basil urged many things against them, especially their cruelty; but Austin, who seemed to see everything with an Indian eye, upheld them through thick and thin. They had, to be sure, he said, some bad qualities, which he doubted not might soon be corrected; but as for honesty, quickness of perception, and bravery, he would match them against all the world.

INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP

CHAPTER X.

Buffaloes—Bisons—A grand surround of buffaloes—A buffalo wallow—Bears—Adventure with a grizzly bear—Anecdote of a common bear—Wild horses—Catching horses with the lasso—Creasing horses—Cougers—Wolves—White, black, and clouded wolves—Deer—Moose deer—Elk—Common deer—the Wapiti deer—Black-tailed deer—Cariboo—Mountain sheep—Prairie dogs—Musk rats—Taking musk rats—Fearful adventure of the prairie on fire.

"REMEMBER," said Austin, as he urged his brothers to quicken their pace on their way to the cottage, "we have hardly heard anything yet about buffaloes

and grizzly bears, and other animals which are found in the woods and the prairie. Let us make haste, that we may hear all about them."

Brian and Basil, being almost as anxious as their brother to hear all about bears and buffaloes, quickened their pace as he desired them, so that no long period had passed, before the hunter, at the request of his youthful visitors, was engaged in giving them the desired account.

"The different animals and birds," said he, "that inhabit different countries, for the most part roam backwards and forwards, according to the season. Creatures that love the cold move northerly in summer, and such as delight in a warmer clime move southerly in winter. It is, however, principally to obtain food that they remove from one place to another. I must here explain to you, that though I have, in common with most others who talk of North America, spoken of buffaloes, the animal which abounds in the prairie is not the buffalo, but the bison.

Austin. But if they are bisons, why are they called buffaloes?

Hunter. That is a question that I hardly know how to answer. From whatever cause it may have arisen, certain it is, that the name of buffalo has become common; and that being the case, it is used in conversation, and oftentimes in books, as being more easily understood.

Brian. What is the difference between a buffalo and a bison?

Hunter. A buffalo is an animal that abounds in Africa, resembling an ugly cow, with a body long, but rather low; it has very long horns: but the bison stands very high in front, has a hump on the back part of the neck covered with long hair, short horns, and a profusion of long shaggy hair hanging from its head, neck, and fore legs.

Austin. A bison must look much fiercer than a buffalo.

Hunter. He does; and from the circumstance of his fore parts standing high, while he carries his head low, he always appears as if he were about to run at you. Bisons abound throughout the whole of North America, west of the Mississippi; but the reckless way in which they are slaughtered, and the spread of civilization, are likely, in a few years, greatly to decrease their numbers. Indians suffer much from hunger, but they are very reckless when buffaloes are plentiful. On one occasion, when among the Minatarees, I witnessed a grand surround of buffaloes. This was effected by different parties taking different directions, and then gradually approaching each other; the buffalo herd was thus hemmed in on all sides, and the slaughter was terrible. The unerring rifle, the sharp spear, and the winged arrow, had full employ; and so many buffaloes were slain, that, after taking their tongues and other choice parts of them for food, hundreds of carcases were left for the prairie wolves to devour. Thus it is that man, whether savage or civilized, too often becomes prodigal of the abundance

he enjoys, and knows not the value of what he possesses, till taught it by that want into which his thoughtless waste has plunged him.

Austin. They will soon kill all the buffaloes if they go on in that manner.

Hunter. At present, they are to be seen on the prairie in droves of many thousands; the woods, also, abound with them; and often, in the heat of summer, an incalculable number of heads and horns are visible in the rivers, the bodies of the bisons being under the water.

Brian. What, because they are so hot?

Hunter. Yes; the bison suffers very much from heat. It is no uncommon thing to see a bison bull lay himself down in a puddle of water, and turn himself round and round in it, till he has half-covered his body with mud. The puddle hole which he thus makes is called a bison wallow, or more commonly a buffalo wallow. The puddle cools him while he is in it, and when he quits it, the mud plastered on his sides defends him from the burning heat of the sun.

Basil. What a figure a bison bull must look, with his shaggy hair, and his sides plastered all over with mud!

Hunter. Bears are often most formidable foes to the hunter; but there is this striking difference between the common bear and the grizzly bear, that while the former eats mostly vegetables, and will do his best to get out of your way, the latter eats nothing but flesh, and is almost sure to attack you. Hunters and Indians make it a rule never to fire at a grizzly bear,

unless in self-defence; except in cases when they have a strong party, or can fire from a tree; for, when he is wounded, his fury knows no bounds.

Austin. How can you escape from a grizzly bear, if he is so very fierce?

Hunter. The common bear can climb a tree, as I have already told you: but the grizzly bear is no climber. If you have time to get up into a tree, you are safe; if not, you must reserve your shot till the animal is near you, that you may take a steady aim. You must then fight it out in the best way you can. Grizzly bears are sometimes of a very large size, measuring from nine to ten feet in length. It was on the Upper Missouri that I was once chased by one of these terrible fellows, and a narrow escape I had.

Austin. How was it? Tell us all about it.

Hunter. I had just fired off my rifle at a bird which I took for an eagle, little thinking how soon my wasted bullet, for I did not strike the bird, would be wanted in defence of my life. The crack of my piece reverberated among the rocky fragments, and blocks of pumice stone, that lay scattered on the broken ground, between the green-topped bluffs that rose from the prairie; and I suppose it was this that brought Sir Bruin upon me. He came on with huge strides, and I had nothing but a hunting knife to use in my defence, my discharged rifle being of no use. There was no tree near, so throwing down my piece, I drew my knife as a forlorn hope in my extremity.

Austin. A hunting knife against a grizzly bear!

Hunter. When the huge monster was within a few yards of me, to my amazement, I heard the report of two rifles, and in the same instant my tremendous foe fell, with two bullets in his head. This timely assistance was rendered me by two of our party, who, having followed my track, were near me when I thought myself alone.

Austin. Never was any one in greater danger.

Hunter. I will tell you an anecdote that I have read of a common bear. A boy, about eight years old, was sent by his mother into the woods to bring home the old cow. At the distance of somewhat more than a half a mile, he found her, attended by some young cattle. He began to drive them home; but had not proceeded far, when a bear came out of the bushes, and seemed disposed to make his acquaintance.

The boy did not like his company; so he jumped upon the old cow's back, and held on by her horns. She set out at full speed, and the bear after her. The young cattle, lifting their tails in the air, brought up the rear. Thus they proceeded, the young ones behind frequently coming up to the bear, and giving him a thrust with their horns.

This compelled him to turn round, and thus the old cow, with her brave rider, got somewhat in advance. The bear then galloped on, and approaching the boy, attempted to seize him; but the old cow cantered along, and finally brought the boy to his mother's house in safety. The bear, thinking he should not be

welcome there, after approaching the house, turned about, and scampered back to the forest. Sir Bruin knew when he was well off: a whole skin is the best covering a bear can have; but, if he ventures among mankind, he is likely enough to have it stripped over his ears.

Austin. Famous! famous! That was a capital old cow, for she saved the boy's life.

Basil. But the young cattle helped her, for they pushed the bear with their horns.

Brian. Please to tell us about wild horses.

Hunter. The hordes or bands of wild horses that abound in some of the prairies, are not considered to be natives of America, but the offspring of Spanish horses brought to Mexico by Europeans. They are extremely shy, keen in their sight, and swift of foot, so that to come up with them, except by surprise, is no easy thing. I have seen them in great numbers from the brow of a bluff, or when peeping at them cautiously from a ravine.

Austin. What kind of horses are they; and of what colour?

Hunter. Some of them are fine animals, but in general they are otherwise. Stunted and coarse in appearance, they are of various colours—bay, chestnut, cream, grey, piebald, white, and black, with long tails, fetlocks, top-knots, and manes.

Brian. How do they catch them?

Hunter. In different ways. Sometimes a well-mounted Indian, armed with his rifle, follows a horde

of horses, until he can get a fair shot at the best among them. He aims at the top of the neck, and if he succeeds in striking the high gristle there, it stuns the animal for the moment, when he falls to the ground without being injured. This is called *creasing* a horse; but a bad marksman would kill, and not crease, the noble animal he seeks to subdue.

Austin. What other way is there of catching wild horses? for that seems a very bad one.

Basil. It is a very bad way. They ought not to shoot them.

Hunter. They are much more commonly taken with the *lasso*; which is a thong at least a dozen yards long, ending in a noose. This the Indians throw, at full gallop, over the head of the flying steed they wish to secure. Rarely do they miss their aim. When a horse is thus caught, the hunter leaps from his steed, and lets out the lasso gradually, choking his captive till he is obliged to stop: he then contrives to hopple or tie his fore legs; to fasten the lasso round his lower jaw; to breathe in his nostrils, and to lead him home.

Austin. Breathe in his nostrils! Why, what does he do that for?

Hunter. Because experience has taught him, that it does much towards rendering his captive more manageable. It is said, that if an Indian breathes freely into the nostrils of a wild young buffalo on the prairie, the creature will follow him with all the gentleness and docility of a lamb.

Brian. Well, that does appear strange!

Hunter. There is one animal, which the Indians, the hunters, and trappers sometimes meet with, that I have not mentioned. It is the couger, or panther, or painter, or American lion; for it goes by all these names. Now and then, it is to be seen in the thick forests of the west; but, being a sad coward, it is not so much dreaded as it otherwise would be.

Brian. I should not much like to meet a couger.

Hunter. The common wolf of America is as big as a Newfoundland dog, and a sulky, savage-looking animal he is. So long as he can feed in solitary places he prefers to do so, but, when hunger-pressed, he attacks the fold; after which, Mr. Grizzly-skin loses no time in getting to a place of shelter, for he knows that should he outrun the stanch hounds that will soon be on his track, yet will a rifle ball outrun him.

Brian. Yes, yes; Mr. Grizzly-back is very cunning.

Hunter. The prairie wolf is smaller than the common wolf. Prairie wolves hunt after deer, which they generally overtake; or keep close to a buffalo herd, feeding on such as die, or on those who are badly wounded in fighting with one another. The white, black, and clouded wolves are in the northern parts.

Austin. I cannot bear those wolves.

Hunter. There are many kinds of deer. I told you that sometimes a deer hunt took place on a large scale, by inclosing a circle, and driving the deer into it. In shooting antelopes, the hunter has only to stick up his ramrod in the ground in their neighbourhood,

and throw over it his handkerchief; while he, with his rifle ready loaded, lies on the grass near at hand. The antelopes will soon approach the handkerchief to see what it is, when the hunter may send a bullet through two or three of them. The largest deer is the moose deer, which is often seen seven feet high. He is an awkward, overgrown-looking creature, with broad horns; but, awkward as he is, I question if any of you could outrun him. Mountain and valley, lake and river, seem alike to him, for he crosses them all. In the snow, to be sure, the unwearied and persevering hound will overtake him; but let him beware of his horns, or he will be flying head over heels in the air in a twinkling. The moose deer, however, cannot successfully strive with the hunter, for a bullet from his rifle overtakes him, and brings him to the ground.

Austin. Nothing can stand against man.

Hunter. And yet what is man opposed to his Maker? His strength is perfect weakness! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he "changes his countenance, and sends him away," Job xiv. 20.

Basil. What other kinds of deer do Indians catch?

Hunter. The elk, with his large branching horns, who would despise a palace as a dwelling place. Nothing less than the broad sky above his head, and the ground of the boundless forest beneath his feet, will satisfy him. After the elk, come the Virginia, or common deer, the wapiti deer, the black-tailed deer, and the cariboo. All these are the prey of the hunter. Their savoury flesh supplies him with food, and their

soft skins are articles of merchandise. On the rugged edge of pumice stone rocks, and the wild front of pre-

THE WAPITI DEER.

cipitous clayey cliffs, may often be seen mountain sheep skipping from one ledge to another, giving life to the solitary place, and an added interest to the picturesque beauty of lonely spots.

Austin. You have told us all the animals now, I think, that the hunter chases; for you spoke before about beavers, badgers, foxes, racoons, squirrels, and some others.

Basil. You have never told us, though, how they catch the musk rat. I should like to know that.

Hunter. Well, then, I will tell you how they take the musk rat, and speak a word about the prairie dog. Prairie dogs are a sort of marmot, ' t their bark is somewhat like that of a small dog. Rising from the level prairie, you may sometimes see, for miles together, small hillocks of a conelike form, thrown up by the prairie dogs, which burrow some eight or ten feet in the ground. On a fine day, myriads of these dogs, not much unlike so many rats, run about, or sit barking on the tops of their hillocks. The moment any one approaches them, they disappear, taking shelter in their burrows.

Austin. Oh, the cunning little rogues.

Hunter. The musk rat builds his burrow, which looks like a hay-stack, of wild rice stalks; so that, while he has a dry lodging, a hole at the bottom enables him, when he pleases, to pass into the shallow water beneath his burrow or lodge. In taking a musk rat, a person strikes the top of the burrow, and out scampers the tenant within; but no sooner does he run through his hole into the shallow water, than he is instantly caught with a spear. Myriads of these little animals are taken in this manner for their fur.

Brian. They must be a good deal like prairie dogs,

though one has his house on the land, and the other in the water.

Hunter. These wide prairies, on which roam bisons, and horses, and deer innumerable, and these shallow waters, where musk rats abound, will most likely, in succeeding years, assume another character. White men will possess them; civilized manners and customs will prevail, and Christianity spread from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; for the kingdoms of the world are to become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of his Christ.

Brian. What are prairie fires?

Hunter. I mean the burning grass, set on fire by accident, or purposely, for the double advantage of obtaining a clearing path and an abundant crop of fresh grass: but I must relate an adventure of my own, of a kind not likely to be forgotten. So long as a prairie fire is confined to the high grounds, there is very little danger from it; for, in such situations, the grass being short, the fire never becomes large, though the line of flame is a long one. Birds and beasts retire before it in a very leisurely manner; but in places where the grass is long, it is very different.

Austin. I should like to see a prairie on fire. It must make a fine blaze.

Hunter. That would depend upon circumstances. If the fire were on a bluff there would not be much of a blaze, for, as I have already told you, the grass is short on the bluffs. To be sure, the sight of a bluff on fire, on a dark night, is very singular; for as you can

only see the curved line of flame, the bluff being hidden by the darkness, so it seems as though the curved lines of flame were up in the air, or in the sky.

Basil. They must look very beautiful.

Hunter. They do: but when a fire takes place in a low bottom of long grass, sedge, and tangled dry plants, more than six feet high; and when a rushing wind urges on the fiery ruin, flashing like the lightning and roaring like the thunder; the appearance is not beautiful, but terrible. I have heard the shrill war-whoop, and the clash of contending tomahawks in the fight, when no quarter has been given. I have witnessed the wild burst where Niagara, a river of waters, flings itself headlong down the Horseshoe Fall; and I have been exposed to the fury of the hurricane. But none of these are half so terrible as the flaming ocean of a long grass prairie fire.

Austin. Oh! it must be terrible.

Hunter. The trapper is bold, or he is not fit for his calling; the hunter is brave, or he could never wage war as he does with danger; and the Indian from his childhood is familiar with peril: yet the Indian, the hunter, and the trapper tremble, as well they may, at a prairie meadow fire. But I must relate my adventure.

Brian. Do; I like to hear about what you have seen. "And so do I," cried Basil, "and I will be quite still while you tell us."

Hunter. A party of five of us, well mounted, and having with us our rifles and lances, were making the best of our way across one of the low prairie bottoms,

where the thick coarse grass and shrubs, even as we sat on our horses, were often as high as our heads; when we noticed, every now and then, a flight of prairie hens, or grouse, rapidly winging their way by us. Two of our party were of the Blackfoot tribe; their names were Ponokah (elk) and Moeese (wigwam.) These Indians had struck into a buffalo trail, and we had proceeded for a couple of hours as fast as the matted grass and wild pea-vines would allow, when suddenly the wind that was blowing furiously from the east became northerly, and in a moment, Moeese, snuffing the air, uttered the words, "Pah kapa," (bad;) and Ponokah, glancing his eyes northward, added, "Eehcooa pah kaps," (very bad.)

Austin. I know what is coming.

Brian. And so do I.

Hunter. In another instant a crash was heard, and Ponokah, who was a little a-head, cried out, "Eneuh!" (buffalo!) when three bisons came dashing furiously along another trail towards us. No sooner did they set eyes on us, than they abruptly turned southward. By this time, we all understood that, to the north, the prairie was on fire; for the air smelt strong. Deer, and bisons, and other animals, sprang forward in different directions from the prairies, and a smoke, not very distant, like a cloud, was visible.

Austin. I hope you set off at full gallop.

Hunter. We were quite disposed to urge our horses onward; but the trail took a turn towards the burning prairie, and we were obliged to force our way

into another, in doing which my horse got his feet entangled, and he fell, pitching me over his head some yards before him. I was not hurt by the fall, for the thick herbage protected me; but the worst of it was, that my rifle, which had been carelessly slung, fell from my shoulder among the long grass, and being somewhat confused by my fall, I could not find it.

Brian. You ought not to have stopped a moment.

Hunter. Perhaps not; but to a hunter, a rifle is no trifling loss, and I could not make up my mind to lose mine. Time was precious, for the smoke rapidly increased; and both Ponokah and Moeese, who knew more about burning prairies than I did, and were therefore more alive to our danger, became very impatient. By the time my rifle was found, and we were ready to proceed, the fire had gained upon us in a crescent form, so that before and behind we were hemmed in. The only point clear of the smoke was to the south; but no trail ran that way, and we feared that, in forcing a road, another accident might occur like that which had befallen us.

Austin. What did you do then?

Basil. Oh, I should have been so frightened.

Hunter. Our disaster had come upon us so unexpectedly, and the high wind had so hurried on the flaming ruin, that there seemed to be no time for a moment's thought. Driven by necessity, we plunged into the thick grass to the south; but our progress was not equal to that of the fire, which was now fast approaching, blackening the air with smoke, and roar-

ing every moment louder and louder. Our destruction seemed almost certain; when Ponokah, judging, I suppose, by the comparative thinness of the smoke eastward, that we were not far from the boundary of the prairie bottom, dashed boldly along a trail in that direction, in the face of the fire, crying out to us to follow. With the daring of men in extremity, we put our horses to their speed, broke through the smoke, fire, grass, and flame, and found ourselves almost instantly on a patch of ground over which the fire had passed; but, as the grass had evidently been scanty, we were free from danger. From a neighbouring bluff, which the smoke had before hidden from our view, we saw the progress of the flame—a spectacle that filled me with amazement. The danger we had escaped seemed increased by the sight of the fearful conflagration, and I know not whether terror, amazement, or thankfulness most occupied my mind.

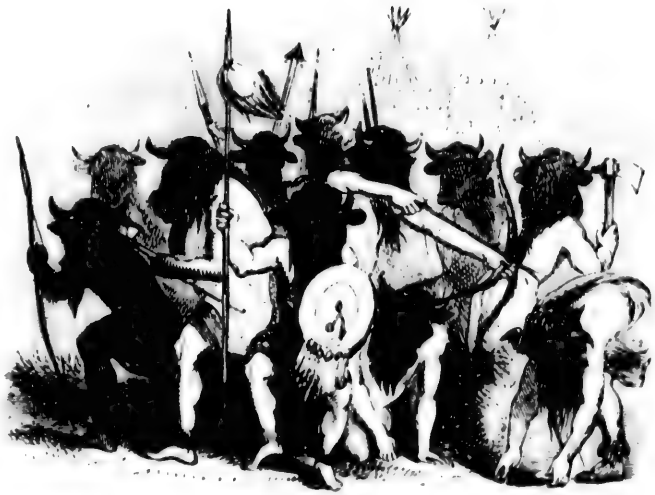
Austin. That was indeed a narrow escape.

Hunter. As we stood on the bluff, dismounted, to gaze on the flying flames—which appeared in the distance like a huge fiery snake of some miles in length, writhing in torture—my wonder increased. The spectacle was fearful and sublime, and the conflagration nearest to us resembled the breakers of the deep that dash on a rocky shore, only formed of fire, roaring and destroying, preceded by thick clouds of smoke. Before then, I had been accustomed to sights and scenes of peril, and had witnessed the burning of short grass to some extent; but this was the first

time I had been in such fearful danger—the first time I felt the awfulness of such a situation—the first time that I had really seen the prairie on fire.

Brian. There is nothing in the world that is like a burning prairie, unless it be a burning mountain.

Hunter. A burning prairie, when we are near it, is a vast and overwhelming spectacle; but every rising and setting sun exhibits Almighty wisdom, power, and goodness, on a scale infinitely beyond that of a hundred burning prairies. It is a good thing to accustom ourselves to regard the works of creation around us with that attention and wonder they are calculated to inspire, and especially to ponder on the manifestation of God's grace set forth in his holy word. When burning prairies and burning mountains shall be all extinguished; when rising and setting suns and all earthly glory shall be unknown; then shall the followers of the Redeemer gaze on the brighter glories of heaven, and dwell for ever with their Leader and their Lord.



BUFFALO DANCE.

CHAPTER XI.

Games—Ball play among the Choctaws—Ball play by the women of the Prairie du Chien—Horsemanship—Foot races—Canoe races—Wrestling—The game of tchung-kee among the Mandans—Archery—The game of the arrow—Swimming—Mode of swimming customary among the Indians—Prank of the Minetarees children on the Knife River—Buffalo dance—The poor Indian woman.

BUFFALOES, bears, wild horses, wolves, deer, prairie dogs, and musk rats, were a fruitful source of conversation to the young people in their leisure hours, until such time as they could again visit their interesting friend at the cottage. Various plans were formed

to attack grizzly bears, to catch wild horses, and to scare away half-famished wolves; in all of which, Jowler, notwithstanding his bad behaviour at the buffalo hunt, was expected to act a distinguished part. Black Tom was scarcely considered worth thinking about, he being too wild by half for a wild horse, and too faint-hearted for a grizzly bear. At one time, it was so far determined for him to play the part of a prairie dog, that Austin set about digging a hole for him: before it was finished, however, the plan was abandoned; Brian and Basil both feeling positive that, let Austin dig a hole as deep as he would, Black Tom would never be persuaded to run into it.

After much deliberation, catching wild horses being given up—on the score that Black Tom would run away too fast, and Jowler would not run away at all—a bear hunt was resolved on, having, as Brian observed, two especial advantages: the first, that all of them could enjoy the sport at once; and the second, that Jowler would be sure to attack them all, just like a grizzly bear.

No time was lost in preparing their long spears, and in dressing themselves as much like renowned chiefs as their knowledge and resources would allow. And, in order that Jowler might the more closely resemble a grizzly bear, a white pinafore was spread over his broad back, and tied round his neck. The lawn was, as before, the scene of their high exploits, the prairie on which the fearful monster was to be overcome; and, to the credit of their courage be it

spoken, neither Austin, Brian, nor Basil manifested the slightest token of fear.

Jowler was led by them among the bushes of the shrubbery, that he might burst out upon them all at once; and this part of the arrangement answered excellently well, only that Jowler arrived on the prairie first instead of last; add to which, the bushes having so far despoiled him of his grizzly hide, the white pinafore, as to have pulled it off his back, he set to work mouthing and tearing at it, to get it from his neck. At last, in spite of a few untoward and unbearlike actions on the part of Jowler, the attack took place. With undaunted resolution, Austin sustained Jowler's most furious charges; Brian scarcely manifested less bravery; and little Basil, though he had broken his lance, and twice fallen to the earth, made a desperate and successful attack on his fearful antagonist, and caught him fast by the tail. It was on the whole a capital adventure; for though they could not with truth say that they had killed the bear, neither could the bear say that he had killed them.

The bear hunt being at an end, they set off for the cottage; for the hunter had promised to describe to them some of the games of the Indian tribes. He was soon engaged in giving them an account of the ball play of the Choctaws. "The Choctaws," said he, "are perhaps about fifteen thousand in number; they were removed from the northern parts of Alabama, and from the Mississippi, and are now south of the Arkansas. At the Choctaw ball play thousands of

spectators attend, and sometimes a thousand young men are engaged in the game."

Austin. A thousand men playing at ball! What a sight!

Hunter. The game is played in the open prairie, and the players have no clothes on but their breech-clothes, a beautiful belt formed of beads, a mane of dyed horsehair of different colours, and a tail sticking out behind like the tail of a horse; this last is either formed of white horsehair or of quills.

Brian. And how do they play?

Hunter. Every man has two sticks, with a kind of hoop at the end, webbed across, and with these they catch and strike the ball. The goal on each side, consisting of two upright posts and a pole across the top, is set up twenty-five feet high; these goals are from forty to fifty rods apart. Every time either party can strike the ball through their goal, one is reckoned, and a hundred is game.

Basil. What a scuffle there must be among so many of them!

Hunter. When everything is ready for the game to begin, a gun is fired; and some old men, who are to be the judges, fling up the ball in the middle, halfway between the two goals.

Brian. Now for the struggle.

Hunter. One party being painted white, every man knows his opponent. No sooner is the ball in the air, than a rush takes place. Every one with his webbed stick raised above his head; no one is allowed to

strike or touch the ball with his hands. They cry out aloud at the very top of their voices, rush on, leap up to strike the ball, and do all they can to help their own side and hinder their opponents. They leap over each other, dart between their rivals' legs, trip them up, throw them down, grapple with two or three at a time, and often fall to fisty-cuffs in right earnest. There they are, in the midst of clouds of dust, running, striking, and struggling with all their might; so that, what with the rattle of the sticks, the cries, the wrestling, the bloody noses, the bruised shins, the dust, uproar, and confusion, such a scene of excitement is hardly to be equalled by any other game in the world.

Brian. How long does the game last?

Hunter. It begins about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes is scarcely finished by sunset. A minute's rest is allowed every time the ball is urged beyond the goal, and then the game goes on again till it is finished. There is another ball play somewhat resembling this, which is played by the women of the Prairie du Chien, while the men watch the progress of the game, or lounge on the ground, laughing at them.

Austin. Do they ever run races?

Hunter. Yes, and very expert they are; many of the tribes are extravagantly fond of horses. When you see a Red Indian, with his shield and quiver, his ornamented shirt, leggings, and mocassins; his long hair flowing behind him, or his head-dress of the war-

eagle falling gracefully nearly to his heels; his lance in his hand; and his dress ornamented with ermine, shells, porcupine quills, and a profusion of scalp-locks —when you see him thus standing on the ground, you see him out of character. He should spring on a horse wild as the winds; and then, as he brandishes his lance, with his pendent plumes, and hair and scalp-locks waving in the breeze, you see him in his proper element. Horse racing among the Indians is an exciting scene. The cruel custom, of urging useful and noble animals beyond their strength, is much the same in savage as in civilized life; but the scene is oftentimes more wild, strange, and picturesque than you can imagine.

Austin. Yes, I remember you told us that the Camanchees are capital riders. I was a Camanchee in our buffalo hunt. Brian, you have not forgotten that?

Brian. But you had no horse to ride. I was a Sioux; and the Sioux are capital riders too.

Basil. And so are the Pawnees. I was a Pawnee in the buffalo hunt.

Hunter. I was informed that the Camanchees—and, indeed, some of the Pawnees also—were able, while riding a horse at full gallop, to lie along on one side of him, with an arm in a sling from the horse's neck, and one heel over the horse's back; and that, while the body was thus screened from an enemy, they could use their lances with effect, and throw their arrows with deadly aim. The Camanchees are so much on their horses, that they never seem so much

at their ease as when they are flying across the prairie on horseback.

Austin. It would be worth going to the prairies, if it were only to see the Camanchees ride.

Hunter. Besides horse races, the Indians have foot races, and canoe races, and wrestling. Among the Mandans, the game of *tchung-kee* was very popular, quite as much as cricket is on fine summer days in England.

Austin. Tchung-kee! What a strange name that is for a game.

Brian. But that is nothing to what you will have to learn, Austin, if you go to live among the Indians. Do you remember *Duhk-pits-o-hó-shee*, "the red bear;" and *Mah-to-rah-rish-nee-éeh-ée-rah*, or something like it, "the grizzly bear that runs without regard?"

Austin. Yes; those names are much harder. How do the Indians play at tchung-tee, or thung-kee, or whatever it is?

Hunter. The game is played by one rolling a stone ring along, and then running after it, and sliding his tchung-kee for it to fall upon.

Basil. I cannot think what a tchung-kee is.

Hunter. A tchung-kee is a stick—it may be, perhaps, six or seven feet long—on which are fastened bits of leather; and he who slides his tchung-kee along the ground, tries so to place it, that the ring, when it stops, may fall with one of the bits of leather through it. Perhaps you might not find much amusement in the game, but the Mandans used to practise it continually.

Brian. I think we might soon make some tchung-kees, and bowl the ring across the lawn, Austin.

Hunter. That would never do; the game is played on a hard clayey ground; for neither the ring nor the tchung-kee would run far enough along the grass.

Brian. Then it must be on the broad gravel walk; that will do capitally.

Hunter. The Indians are very fond of archery, in which, using their bows and arrows so much as they do, it is no wonder they are very clever. The game of the arrow is a very favourite amusement with them.

Austin. That is a much easier name than tchung-kee. How do they play at it?

Hunter. It is played on the open prairie, where the best bowmen assemble, to strive one with another. There is no target set up to shoot at, as there is in English archery; but every archer sends his first arrow as high as he can into the air.

Austin. I see! He who shoots the highest in the air wins the game.

Hunter. Not exactly so. It is not he who shoots highest that is the victor; but he who can get the greatest number of arrows into the air at the same time. Picture to yourselves a hundred well-made, active young men, on the open prairie, each carrying a bow, with eight or ten arrows, in his left hand. He sends an arrow into the air with all his strength, and then, instantly, with a rapidity that is truly surprising, shoots arrow after arrow upwards, so that, before the first arrow has reached the ground, half a dozen others

have mounted into the air. Often have I seen seven or eight shafts from the same bow in the air at once.

Austin. Brian, we will try what we can do to-morrow; but we shall never have so many as seven or eight up at once.

Hunter. The Indians are famous swimmers, and indeed, if they were not, it would often go hard with them. They are taught when very young to make their way through the water, and though they do it usually in a manner different from that adopted by white men, I hardly think many white men would equal them, either as to their speed, or the length of time they will continue in the water.

Austin. But how do they swim, if their way is different to ours? I can swim a little, and I should like to learn their way, if it is the best.

Hunter. I am not quite prepared to say that; for, though red men are more expert swimmers than white men, that may be owing to their being more frequently in the water. They fish a great deal in the lakes; and they have often to cross brooks and rivers in too much haste to allow them to get into a canoe. A squaw thinks but very little of plunging into a rolling river with a child on her back; for the women swim nearly, if not quite, as well as the men.

Austin. But how do they swim?

Hunter. Whites swim by striking out their legs and both arms at the same time, keeping their breasts straight against the water; but the Indian strikes

out with one arm only, turning himself on his side every stroke, first on one side and then on the other, so that, instead of his broad chest breasting the water in front, he cuts through it sideways, finding less resistance in that way than the other. Much may be said in favour of both these modes. I always considered myself to be a good swimmer, but I was no match for the Red Indians. I shall not soon forget a prank that was once played me on the Knife river, by some of the Minetarees; it convinced me of their adroitness in the water.

Basil. What was it? Did they dip your head under the water?

Hunter. No; but you shall hear. I was crossing the river in a bull boat, which is nothing more than a tub, made of buffalo's skin, stretched on a framework of willow boughs. The tub was just big enough to hold me, and the few things which I had with me; when suddenly a group of young swimmers, most of them mere children, surrounded me, and began playfully to turn my tub round and round in the stream. Not being prepared to swim, on account of my dress, I began to manifest some fear lest my poor tub should be overturned; but the more fearful I was, the better pleased were my mirthful tormentors.

Austin. Ha! ha! ha! I fancy I can see it spinning round like a peg top, in the middle of the river.

Brian. And did they upset the tub?

Hunter. No. After amusing themselves for some time at my expense, now and then diving under the

tub, and then pulling down the edge of it level with the water, on receiving a few beads, or other trifles which I happened to have with me, they drew me and my bull boat to the shore in safety. They were beautiful swimmers, and, as I told you, not soon shall I forget them.—The dances among the Indians are very numerous; some of them are lively enough, while others are very grave; and, then, most of the tribes are fond of relating adventures.

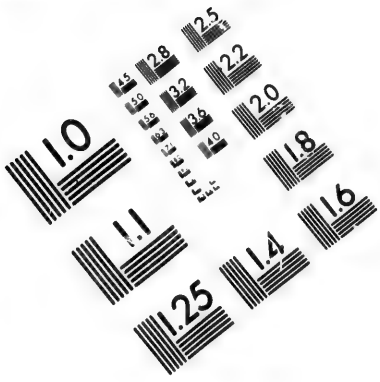
Basil. Please to tell us the names of all the dances.

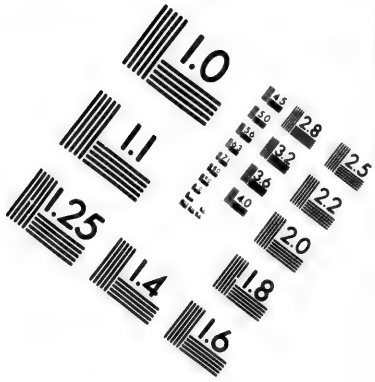
Hunter. That would not be a very easy undertaking. Let me see; there are the buffalo dance, the bear dance, the dog dance, and the eagle dance. And then there are the ball-play dance, the green-corn dance, the beggars' dance, the slave dance, the snow-shoe dance, and the straw dance; and, besides these, there are the discovery dance, the brave dance, the war dance, the scalp dance, the pipe of peace dance, and many others that I do not at this moment remember.

Brian. You must please to tell us about them all.

Austin. But not all at once, or else we shall have too short an account. Suppose you tell us of two or three of them now.

Hunter. To describe every dance at length would be tiresome, as many of them have the same character. It will be better to confine ourselves to a few of the principal dances. I have known a buffalo dance continue for a fortnight or longer, day and night, without intermission. When I was among the Mandans, every Indian had a buffalo mask ready to put on whenever





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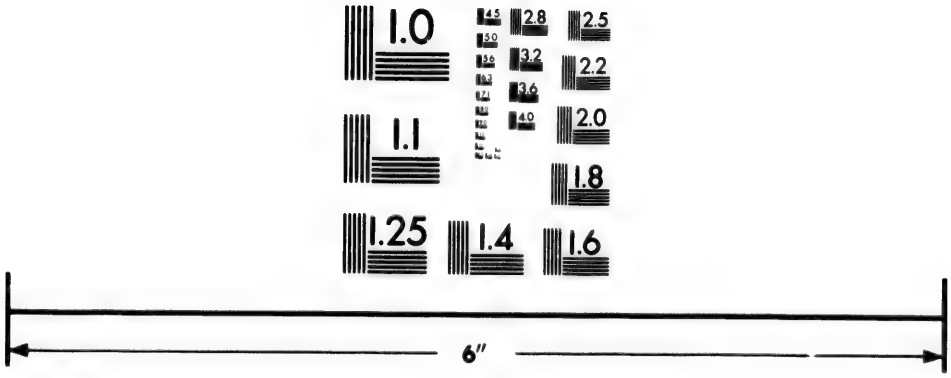

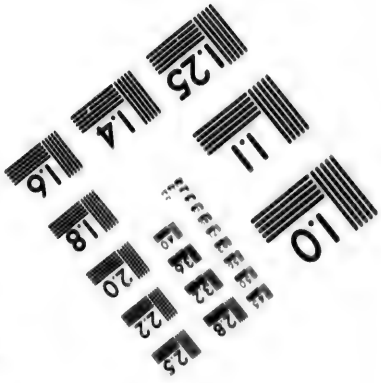

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he required it. It was composed of the skin of a buffalo's head, with the horns to it; a long thin strip of the buffalo's hide, with the tail at the end of it, hung down from the back of the mask.

Austin. What figures they would look with their masks on! Did you say that they kept up the dance day and night?

Hunter. Yes. The Mandans were strong in their village, but comparatively weak whenever they left it, for then they were soon in the neighbourhood of their powerful enemies. This being the case, when the buffaloes of the prairie wandered far away from them, they were at times half starved. The buffalo dance was to make buffaloes come back again to the prairies near them.

Brian. But how could that bring them back again?

Hunter. The buffalo dance was a kind of homage paid to the Great Spirit, that he might take pity on them, and send them supplies. The dancers assembled in the middle of the village, each wearing his mask, with its horns and long tail, and carrying in his hand a lance, or a bow and arrows. The dance began, by about a dozen of them, thus attired, starting, hopping, jumping, and creeping in all manner of strange uncouth forms; singing, yelping, and making odd sounds of every description, while others were shaking rattles and beating drums with all their might; the drums, the rattles, the yelling, the frightful din, with the uncouth antics of the dancers, altogether presented such a scene, that, were you once

to be present at a buffalo dance, you would talk of it all the days of your lives after.

Basil. And do they keep that up for a fortnight?

Hunter. Sometimes much longer, for they never give over dancing till the buffaloes come. Every dancer, when he is tired, and this he makes known by crouching down quite low, is shot with blunt arrows, and dragged away, when his place is supplied by another. While the dance is going on, scouts are sent out to look for buffaloes, and as soon as they are found, a shout of thanksgiving is raised to the Great Spirit, to the medicine man, and to the dancers, and preparation is made for a buffalo hunt. After this, a great feast takes place; all their sufferings from scarcity are forgotten, and they are as prodigal, and indeed wasteful, of their buffalo meat, as if they had never known the want of it.

Austin. Well, I should like to see the buffalo dance. Could not we manage one on the lawn, Brian?

Brian. But where are we to get the buffalo masks from? The buffalo hunt did very well, but I hardly think we could manage the dance. Please to tell us of the bear dance.

Hunter. I think it will be better to tell you about that, and other dances, the next time that you visit me; for I want to read to you a short account, which I have here, of a poor Indian woman of the Dog-ribbed tribe. I have not said much of Indian women, and I want you to feel kindly towards them. It was Hearne, who went with a party from Hudson's Bay

to the Northern Ocean, many years ago, who fell in with the poor woman.

Basil. Oh yes; let us hear all about her; and you can tell us of the dances when we come again.

Hunter. Now, then, I will begin. One day in January, when they were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow shoe, which they followed, and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. On examination, she proved to be one of the Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians, in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this place, she had escaped from them, intending to return to her own country. But the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which she was found, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

Brian. What, all by herself? How lonely she must have been!

Hunter. From her account of the moons passed since her escape, it appeared that she had been nearly seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supplied herself very well, by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels: she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines.

She did not seem to have been in want, and had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered. She was in good health and condition, and one of the finest Indian women in North America.

Austin. I should have been afraid that other Indians would have come and killed her.

Hunter. The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and furnish proof that necessity is indeed the mother of invention. When a few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were expended, in making snares and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet. These she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The animals which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving and executing anything that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there was sufficient proof that she had extended her care much further, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasant, though rather romantic appearance.

Brian. Poor woman! I should have liked to have seen her in the hut of her own building, and the clothes of her own making.

Hunter. Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her. With these she intended to make a fishing net, as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of the willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Basil. I like that poor woman very much indeed.

Hunter. Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

Austin. Capital! Why, she seems able to do everything.

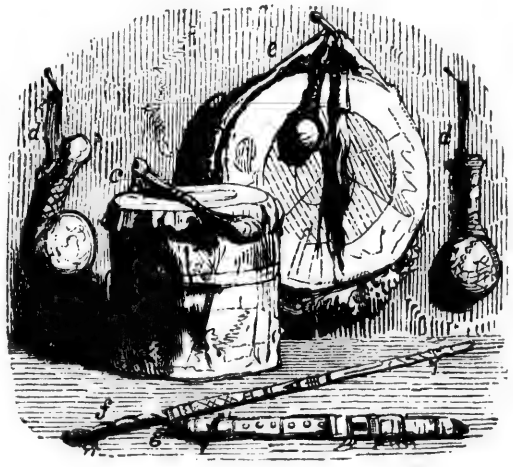
Hunter. Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphureous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touch-wood. But as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always successful, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter.

Brian. That must have been a trouble to her. I hardly know how she could have managed that.

Hunter. When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every person in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took it with her undiscovered in the night. But when she arrived at the place where her captors had left their wives, which was not far distant, they began to examine the bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

Basil. Oh, how shocking!

Hunter. This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that, notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkably kind to her, and very fond of her, she was so far from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to want and misery, than to live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.



c, drum. *d*, *d*, rattles. *e*, drum. *f*, mystery whistle. *g*, deer-skin flute.

CHAPTER XII.

Musical instruments—Whistles, flutes, rattles, and drums—War whistle and deer-skin flute—The beggars' dance—The doctors' dance—The pipe dance—The black drink—The green-corn dance—The dog dance—The discovery dance—The slave dance—The scalp dance—The sham scalp dance—The eagle dance—The snow-shoe dance—The straw dance—the bear dance—The war dance—Sham fight with the Mandan boys.

NEVER sure, did young people cut a more grotesque appearance, than did Austin, Brian, and Basil Edwards, in their attempt to get up a buffalo dance. Each had a mat over his shoulders, and a brown paper mask over his face; two wooden pegs on a string made a very

respectable pair of horns; bows and arrows were in abundance; a child's rattle and a drum, with the addition of an iron spoon and a wooden trencher, supplied them with music; and neither Mandan, Pawnee, Crow, Sioux, Blackfoot, nor Camanchee, could have reasonably complained of the want of either noise or confusion.

Then again, they were very successful in bringing buffaloes, without which the dance, excellent as it was, would have been but an unsatisfactory affair. Black Tom had been prudently shut up in the tool house, and Jowler tied up to a tree hard by, so that, when it became expedient for buffaloes to appear, the prison house of Black Tom was opened, and Jowler was set at liberty. All things considered, the affair went off remarkably well.

"We are come to hear of the bear dance, and the dog dance, and the beggars' dance, and the green-corn dance," said Austin to the hunter, on the following day, when a visit was paid to the cottage. The hunter, with his accustomed kindness to the young people, lost no time in entering on his narrative. "You must not forget," said he, "that many of the dances of the Indians partake of a religious character, for in them reverence and adoration are freely offered. The Indians' worship of the Great Spirit, as I have already told you, is mingled with much of ignorance and superstition, whether in dances or in other observances; yet do they at times so heartily humble themselves before him, as to leave a deep impression of

their sincerity. I have not as yet described their music, and therefore will do it now."

Austin. Yes. Now for the music of the Red Indians.

Hunter. If you ever go among them, and mingle in their dances, you must not expect to have a band of music such as you have in England. Whistles, flutes, rattles, and drums are almost all their musical instruments. You would be surprised at the music that some of the young Indians produce with the mystery whistle.

Austin. Why is it called the mystery whistle?

Hunter. I have already told you that the red man calls everything mystery, or medicine, that is surprising; and as the notes of this whistle are particularly sweet, it may be called mystery whistle on this account. There is another whistle that is very much in request among the Indians, and that is the war whistle. The onset and the retreat in battle are sounded on this instrument by the leading chief, who never goes on an expedition without it. It is made of bone, and sometimes it is formed of the leg bone of a large bird. The shrill scream-like note, which is the signal for rushing on an enemy, would make you start.

Brian. What sort of a drum do they use? Is it a kettle drum?

Hunter. No. It is merely a piece of raw hide, stretched as tight as it can be pulled over a hoop. Some of their drums have but one end, or surface, to beat upon, while others have two. What they would do in their dances without their drums I do not know,

for in them you hear the rub, dub, dub, dub, continually. The rattles are of different kinds, some much larger than others; but the principle on which they are formed is the same, that is, of inclosing stones of different sizes in hard, dry, raw hide.

Austin. Have they no trumpets, and cymbals, and clarionets, and violins?

Hunter. No, nothing of the kind. They have a deer-skin flute, on which very tolerable music is made; but, after all, it must be admitted that Red Indians are much better buffalo hunters than they are musicians.

Austin. I dare say they are quite at home in hunting buffaloes.

Hunter. Yes; and they are at home, too, in dancing, being extremely agile. Some of their dances are so hideous that you would be disgusted with them, while others would keep you laughing till you knew not what to do with yourselves.

Brian. You must please to tell us about these dances.

Hunter. Dancing is a very favourite amusement of the Indians; though it is, for the most part, of a character so different from that of dancing in civilized life, that few people, ignorant of its meaning and allusions, would like it. The body is so continually in a stooping attitude, and the gestures and grimaces appear to be so unmeaning, that at first it leaves an impression that they are making game of dancing, rather than entering into it in right earnest. There is such creeping, and jumping, and starting, that a spectator can make but little of it.

Austin. I can fancy that I see a party joining in the buffalo dance now, with their masks over their faces. Please to tell us of the bear dance.

Hunter. By and by. I will describe a few other dances first. The beggars' dance is undertaken to prevail on such of the spectators as abound in comforts to offer gifts to those who are more scantily provided with them. It is danced by the young men who stand high in the tribe. These shake their rattles, hold up their pipes, and brandish their lances, while they dance; chanting in an odd strain, at the top of their voices, in praise of the Great Spirit, and imploring him to dispose the lookers-on to give freely. The dancers are all naked, with the exception of a sort of kilt formed of quills and feathers; and a medicine man keeps on all the time beating furiously on a drum with a rattle, and hallooing out as loud as he can raise his voice.

Austin. That ought to be called the begging dance, and not the beggars' dance; for the dancers do not beg for themselves, but for others.

Hunter. You see that the object of the dance is a good one; for many a skin, or pouch, or pipe, or other necessary article, is given by the spectators to those of their tribe who need them. It is not common among the Indians for their aged men and mystery men to mingle in the dance; and yet I have seen, on special occasions, a score of them jumping and capering in a way very creditable to their agility. The Sioux have a dance that ought to be called the doctor's dance, or the dance of the chiefs.

Brian. What, do the doctors dance in it?

Hunter. Yes; while a medicine man beats his drum, and a party of young women sing, the chiefs of the tribe and the doctors make their appearance, splendidly attired in their costliest head dresses, carrying a spear in one hand and a rattle in the other. Every movement is strictly regulated by the beat of the drum, and the dance by degrees becomes more and more spirited, until you would suppose the party must be exhausted; but men so much in the open air, and whose limbs are so little restrained by bandages and tight clothing, can bear a great deal of fatigue. The pipe dance of the Assinaboins is one of their most animated amusements.

Basil. Oh! do tell us about the pipe dance.

Hunter. In the ground in the centre of the village a fire is lighted, and a party assemble round it; every one smoking his pipe, as he sits on his buffalo skin, as though nothing was further from his thoughts than dancing. While these are whiffing away at a distance from the fire, a mystery man, who sits nearer to the flame, smokes a longer pipe, grunting at the same time a kind of tune. Suddenly is heard the rub-a-dub of a drum, or the beat of some other instrument of the same kind; when instantly starts to his feet one of the smokers, hopping like a parched pea, spinning round like a top, and starting and jumping, at every beat of the drum, in a very violent manner. In this way he goes round the smokers, seemingly threatening them all, and at last pounces upon one of them, whom he

compels to dance in the same manner as himself. The new dancer acts his part like the former one, capering and jumping round the smokers, and compelling another to join them. Thus the dance continues, till all of them are occupied, when the hopping, the jumping, the frightful postures into which they throw themselves, together with the grunting, growling, singing, hooting, and hallooing, are beyond all belief. There are few dances of the Red Indians more full of wild gestures and unrestrained turbulence than the pipe dance.

Basil. I hope you have a good many more dances to tell us of.

Hunter. The green-corn dance of the Minetarees must be described to you. Among Indian tribes, green corn is a great luxury, and the time when it arrives is a time of rejoicing. Dances, and songs of thanksgiving, are abundant; and the people give way not only to feasting, but also to gluttony; so that often, by abusing the abundance in their possession, they bring upon themselves the miseries of want. The Red Indians have very little forethought; to enjoy the present, and to trust the future to the Great Spirit, is their constant practice.

Austin. How long does the green corn dance last?

Hunter. For eight or ten days, during which time there is the most unbounded prodigality. Among many of the tribes, the black drink, a very powerful medicine, is taken two or three days before the feast, that the green corn may be eaten with a sharp appetite and an empty stomach.

Brian. How does the green-corn dance begin?

Hunter. As soon as the corn is in a proper state—and this is decided by the mystery men—runners are despatched through the village, that all may assemble on the following day to the dance and the feast. Sufficient corn for the required purpose is gathered by the women, who have the fields under their care, and a fire is made, over which a kettle, with green corn in it, is kept boiling; while medicine men, whose bodies are strangely painted, or bedaubed with clay of a white colour, dance round it in very uncouth attitudes, with corn-stalks in their hands.

Austin. I dare say, while the pot is boiling, they are all longing to begin the feast.

Hunter. The first kettle-full is not for themselves, it is an offering to the Great Spirit. There are many customs among the Red Indians which cannot but bring the Jews to our remembrance; and this offering of the first kettle-full of green corn does so very forcibly. The medicine men round the fire shake their rattles, hold up their corn-stalks, and sing loudly a song of thanksgiving, till the corn is sufficiently boiled; it is then put over the fire, and consumed to a cinder. Before this offering is made, none of the Indians would dare to taste of the luxurious fare; but, afterwards, their appetite is unrestrained.

Austin. Then they begin to boil more corn, I suppose.

Hunter. A fresh fire is made, a fresh kettle of corn is prepared, and the dance goes on; the medicine men

keeping close round the fire, and the others capering and shouting in a larger circle, their energy increasing as the feast approaches nearer and nearer. The chiefs and medicine men then sit down to the feast, followed by the whole of the tribe, keeping up their festivity day after day, till the corn-field has little more grain remaining in it than what is necessary for seed. You have heard the saying, "Wilful waste brings woful want." The truth of this saying is often set forth, not only in civilized life, but also among the Red Indians of North America.

Basil. I wonder what dance will come next.

Hunter. I need not describe many others. If I run rapidly through half a dozen more, and dwell a little on the bear dance and the war dance, you will then have heard quite enough about dances. One of the most favourite dances of the Sioux is the dog dance, though I shall say but a few words on the subject, for it is a disgusting scene. The hearts and livers of dogs, cut into shreds, are hung up, bleeding, about as high as a man's mouth; and the dancers, after boasting loudly of their courage and valorous exploits, approach the livers and hearts, biting off a piece and eating it, every action agreeing to the time beat by the music. None but such as have taken scalps from their enemy are allowed to join in this dance. They boast that they have eaten of the hearts of their foes, as they then do of the heart and liver of the dogs.

Brian. I do not like that dance at all.

Basil. They have no business to kill their poor dogs in that way.

Hunter. The discovery dance of the Sacs and Foxes is of a different kind, for that is agreeable. While the dance is going on, the dancers pretend to discover an enemy, or some kind of game, such as a buffalo, a bear, or a deer; and their attitudes, in such cases, are very striking and appropriate. It is also among the Sacs and Foxes that the slave dance prevails.

Austin. What, have the Red Indians slaves among them?

Hunter. Not exactly in the way in which you imagine; but there are slavish duties to be performed for the tribe, and such young men as wish to be free from the performance of them, agree to become slaves for the space of two years, after which time they are exempt from such servitude, and are allowed to join in war-parties. The slave dance is performed by young men of this description. The scalp dance is in use among the Sioux or Dahcótas.

Brian. I am afraid the scalp dance is a very horrid one.

Hunter. It is rather a fearful exhibition; for women, in the centre of a circle, hold up and wave about the scalps which have been torn from the slaughtered foes of the tribe, while the warriors draw around them in the most furious attitudes, brandishing their war-clubs, uttering the most hideous howls and screams. The Red Indians have many good qualities, but cruelty seems to mingle with their very nature; every-

thing is done among them that can be done to keep alive the desire to shed blood. The highest act a red man can perform, and that which he thinks the most useful to his tribe, and the most acceptable to the Great Spirit, is to destroy an enemy, and to tear away his scalp as a trophy of his valour. If it were only for this one trait in the Indian character, even this would be sufficient to convince every humane person, and especially every Christian, of the duty and great advantage of spreading among them the mercy-loving principles of Christianity. A holy influence is necessary to teach the untutored red man to forgive his enemies, to subdue his anger, to abate his pride, and to stay his hand in shedding human blood. The new commandment must be put in his heart: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another," John xiii. 34. The Mandan boys used to join in a sham scalp dance, in which they conducted themselves just like warriors returning from a victorious enterprise against their enemies.

Brian. They are all sadly fond of fighting.

Hunter. In the brave dance, of the Ojibbeways, there is plenty of swaggering; the dancers seem as if they knew not how to be proud enough of their warlike expoits. The eagle dance, among the Choctaws, is an elegant amusement; and the snow-shoe dance, of the Ojibbeways, is a very amusing one.

Basil. Please to tell us about them both.

Hunter. I must not stay to describe them particularly: it will be enough to say, that, in the one,

the dancers are painted white, and that they move about waving in their hands the tail of the eagle; in the other—which is performed on the first fall of snow, in honour of the Great Spirit—the dancers wear snow shoes, which, projecting far before and behind their feet, give them in the dance a most strange and laughable appearance.

Brian. I should very much like to see that dance; for there is nothing cruel in it at all.

Basil. And I should like to see the eagle dance.

Hunter. The straw dance is a Sioux dance of a very curious description. Loose straws are tied to the bodies of naked children; these straws are then set on fire, and the children are required to dance, without uttering any expression of pain. This practice is intended to make them hardy, that they may become the better warriors.

Brian. That is one of the strangest dances of all. Why, the poor children must be sadly burned.

Hunter. I will now say a little about the bear dance, and the war dance. The bear dance is performed by the Sioux before they set off on a bear hunt. If the bear dance were left unperformed, they would hardly hope for success. The Bear spirit, if this honour were not paid to him, would be offended, and prevent their success in the chase.

Austin. What! do the Sioux think there is a Bear spirit?

Hunter. Yes. The number of spirits of one kind or other, believed in by the Indians, is very great. In

the bear dance, the principal performer has a bear-skin over him, the head of it hanging over his head, and the paws over his hands. Others have masks of bears' faces; and all of them, throughout the dance,

BEAR DANCE.

imitate the actions of a bear. They stoop down, they dangle their hands, and make frightful noises, beside singing to the Bear spirit. If you can imagine twenty bears dancing to the music of the rattle, whistle, and drum, making odd gambols, and yelling out the most frightful noises, you will have some notion of the bear dance among the Dahcótas.

Brian. Now for the war dance: that is come at last.

Hunter. It is hardly possible to conceive a more arresting spectacle than that of the war dance among the Sioux: it exhibits Indian manners on the approach of war. As among civilized people, soldiers are raised either by recruiting or other means; so, among the Red Indians, something like recruiting prevails. The red pipe is sent through the tribe, and every one who draws a whiff up the stem, thereby declares he is willing to join the war party. The warriors then assemble together, painted vermilion and other colours, and dressed in their war clothes, with their weapons and their war-eagle head-dresses.

Austin. What a sight that must be!

Hunter. When the mystery man has stuck up a red post in the ground, and begun to beat his drum, the warriors advance, one after another, brandishing their war-clubs, and striking the red post a violent blow, while the mystery man sings their death song. When the warriors have struck the post, they blacken their faces, and all set to dancing around it. The shrill war-whoop is screamed aloud, and frantic gestures and frightful yells show, but too plainly, that there will be very little mercy extended to the enemy that falls into their hands.

Brian. That war dance would make me tremble.

Hunter. The Mandan boys used to assemble at the back of their village, every morning, as soon as the sun was in the skies, to practise sham fighting. Under the guidance and directions of their ablest and most

courageous braves and warriors, they were instructed in all the mysteries of war. The preparation, the ambush, the surprise, the combat, and the retreat were made familiar to them: thus were they bred up from their youth to delight in warfare, and to long for opportunities of using their tomahawks and scalping knives against their foes.

When you next come to the cottage, I will give you an account of the cruel customs of the mystery lodge of the Mandans; with the hope that it will increase your abhorrence of cruelty and bloodshed, render you more than ever thankful for the blessings of peace, and more anxious for that peace of God that passeth all understanding. The hardest of all lessons now, to a red man, is, as I have before intimated, to forgive his enemies; but when, through Divine mercy, his knowledge is extended, and his heart opened to receive the truths of the gospel, he will be enabled to understand, to love, and to practise the injunction of the Saviour, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44.

INTERIOR OF A MYSTERY LODGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

The mystery lodge of the Mandans, to appease the Good and Evil Spirits—The Great Canoe—The unknown man from the prairie—The old mystery man—The bull dance—Preparing young warriors for hardships and dangers—The tortures inflicted—The self-possession of the young men—The last run—Fainting and recovery of the tortured Indians—The speech of Logan, an Indian chief—Address of the Seneca Indians to Governor Clinton—Address of the chiefs of the same tribe—Speech of a warrior—Speech of Red Jacket, in reply to a missionary.

It was well for Austin Edwards and his brothers that their acquaintance with their friend, the hunter,

commenced during one of their holidays, so that they were enabled to pay him a visit more frequently than they otherwise could have done. The life led by the hunter would have been far too solitary for most people; but his long wanderings in the extended prairies, and his long sojournings in places remote from society, had rendered the quiet tranquillity of country scenes pleasant to him: yet still, as variety has its charms, it afforded him a pleasant change whenever the three brothers visited the cottage.

In his younger days he had entered on the life of a hunter and trapper with much ardour. To pursue the buffalo, or, more properly speaking, the bison, of the prairie, the deer, and other animals, and to mingle with the different tribes of Red Indians, was his delight. With wild animals and wild men he became familiar, and even the very dangers that beset his path gave an added interest to his pursuits; but his youth was gone, his manhood was declining into years, and the world that he once looked upon as an abiding dwelling-place, he now regarded as the pathway to a better home.

Time was when to urge the arrow or the spear into the heart of the flying prey for mere diversion, and to join in the wild war-whoop of contending tribes, was congenial to his spirit; but his mind had been sobered, so that now to practise forbearance and kindness was far more pleasant than to indulge in cruelty and revenge. He looked on mankind as one great family, which ought to dwell in brotherly love; and he regarded

the animal creation as given by a Heavenly Hand for the use, and not the abuse, of man.

In relating the scenes in which he had mingled in earlier years, he was aware that he could not avoid calling up, in some measure, in the youthful hearts of his auditors, the natural desire to see what was new, and strange, and wonderful, without reflecting a moment on the good or the evil of the thing set before them: but he endeavoured to blend with his descriptions such remarks as would lead them to love what was right, and to hate what was wrong. Regarding the Indian tribes as an injured people, he sought to set before his young friends the wrongs and oppressions practised on the red man; that they might sympathize with his trials, and feel interested for his welfare.

The few words that had dropped from his lips, about the ordeal through which the Red Indians pass before they are allowed to join war parties, had awakened Austin's curiosity. Nor was it long before, seated with his brothers in the cottage, he was listening to the whole account. "Please to begin at the very beginning," said he, "and I shall not lose a single word."

Hunter. The Sioux, the Crows, the Sacs, the Ojibbeways, the Camanchees, and the Chippeways, all exhibit astonishing proofs of patience and endurance under pain; but in none of the tribes has ever such torture been inflicted, or such courage witnessed, in enduring torment, as among the Mandans.

Brian. Now we shall hear.

Hunter. The Mandans, who, as I have already told you, lived, when I was a hunter, on the Upper Missouri, held a mystery lodge every year; and this was indeed a very solemn gathering of the tribe. I was never present in the lodge on this occasion, but will give you the description of an eye-witness.

Basil. Why did they get together? What did they do?

Hunter. You shall hear. The mystery lodge, or it may be called the religious meeting, was held, first, to appease the wrath, and secure the protection, of the Good and the Evil Spirits; secondly, to celebrate the great flood, which they believed took place a long time ago; thirdly, to perform the bull dance, to bring buffaloes; and, fourthly, to try the strength, courage, and endurance of their young men, that they might know who were the most worthy among them, and the most to be relied on in war parties.

Austin. How came the Mandans to know anything about the flood, if they have no Bibles?

Hunter. That I cannot tell. Certain it is that they had a large high tub, called the Great Canoe, in the centre of their village, set up in commemoration of the flood; and that they held the mystery lodge when the willow leaves were in their prime under the river bank, because, they said, a bird had brought a willow bough in full leaf to the Great Canoe in the flood.

Austin. Why, it is just as if they had read the Bible.

Hunter. The fact of the deluge, however they came by it, had undoubtedly been handed down among them by tradition for many generations: but I must go on with my account of the Mandan gathering. The mystery lodge was opened by a strange-looking man, whom no one seemed to know, and who came from the prairie. This odd man called for some edge tool at every wigwam in the village; and all these tools, at the end of the ceremonies, were cast into the river from a high bank; as an offering, I suppose, to the Water spirit. After opening the mystery lodge, and appointing a medicine man to preside, he once more disappeared on the prairie.

Brian. What an odd thing!

Hunter. There were fifty or sixty young men in the lodge, candidates for reputation among the tribe, having presented themselves to undergo the prescribed tortures. As they reclined in the lodge, every one had hung up over his head his shield, his bow and quiver, and his medicine bag. The young men were painted different colours. The old mystery man appointed to superintend the ceremonies sat by a fire in the middle of the lodge, smoking leisurely with his medicine pipe in honour of the Great Spirit; and there he sat for four days, and as many nights, during which the young men neither tasted bit nor drop, nor were they allowed to close their eyes.

Basil. It was enough to kill them all.

Hunter. On the floor of the lodge were buffalo and human skulls, and sacks filled with water, shaped like

turtles, or rather tortoises, with sticks by them. During each of the four days the bull dance was performed over and over again by Indians, painted, and wearing over them whole buffalo skins, with tails, and hoofs, and horns, while in their hands they carried rattles and long thin white wands, and bore on their backs bundles of green boughs of the willow. Some of the dancers were painted red, to represent the day; and others black, with stars, to resemble the night. During these bull dances, which took place round the Great Canoe, the tops of the wigwams were crowded with people.

Brian. I want to hear about the young Indians in the lodge, and that old fellow the mystery man.

Hunter. The superstitious and cruel practices of the mystery lodge are too fearful to dwell upon. I shall only just glance at them, that you may know, in some degree, the kind of trials the young Indians have to endure. While the bull dances were going on, mystery men inside the lodge were beating on the water sacks with sticks, and animating the young men to act courageously, telling them that the Great Spirit was sure to support them. Splints, or wooden skewers, were then run through the flesh on the back and breasts of the young warriors, and they were hoisted up, with cords fastened to the splints, towards the top of the lodge. Not a muscle of their features expressed fear or pain.

Austin. Shocking! shocking!

Basil. It makes me shudder.

Hunter. After this, other splints were run through their arms, thighs, and legs; and on these were hung their shields, arms, and medicine bags. In this situation they were taunted, and turned round with poles till they fainted; and when, on being let down again, they recovered, each of them had the little finger of his left hand chopped off on the skull of a buffalo. After this, they were hurried along between strong and fleet runners: this was called "the last race," round and round the Great Canoe, till the weight of their arms having pulled the splints from their bodies, they once more fainted, and in this state, apparently dead, they were left to themselves, to live or die, as the Great Spirit might determine.

Austin. I should think that hardly any of them would ever come to life again.

Hunter. Nor would they, under common circumstances; but when we consider that these young men had fasted for four days, and lost much blood in their tortures, there was not much danger of inflammation from their wounds, and their naturally strong constitutions enabled them to recover. All these tortures were willingly undertaken; nor would any one of those who endured them on any account whatever have evaded them. To propitiate the Great Spirit, and to stand well in the estimation of his own tribe, are the two highest objects in the mind of a Red Indian.

Brian. I do not think that white men could bear so much.

Hunter. We may at least learn, from these super-

stitious cruelties, to feel shame when we manifest loss of temper and want of patience under our lighter trials. Surely, we should blush, with all our advantages, to be outdone by an unlettered Indian. The pale faces ought not to be severe in condemnation of red men, in the midst of all their superstition; for they have been brought up in ignorance of better things. With them, revenge is virtue; and the white man, instead of teaching them better, has taken advantage of their failings, setting them one against another, and robbing them and oppressing them without mercy.

Austin. When I go I will be a friend to the red men.

Hunter. We may all be friends to them, by encouraging in our hearts a desire to serve them, and by putting that desire into practice whenever we have the opportunity. I believe that you had rather pray for a red man than cheat him of his lands, and would give him a Bible rather than a tomahawk. The time may come when he will be better instructed, forsaking his wild superstitions, and embracing the truths of Christianity. Should you like to hear two or three speeches of the Red Indians? Many of them, in their wild way, are very eloquent.

Austin. The very thing. That will just please me.

Brian. Yes; I shall like that very well.

Basil. And I too. I shall fancy them dressed up in all their fine things.

Hunter. I will, then, first read to you a specimen of Indian eloquence. Logan, the celebrated Indian

chief who had long been a zealous partisan of the English, and had often distinguished himself in their service, was taken prisoner, and brought before the General Assembly of Virginia, who hesitated whether he should be tried before a court martial, or at the criminal bar for high treason. Logan interrupted their deliberations, and stated to the assembly that they had no jurisdiction to try him; that he owed no allegiance to the king of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation. In answer to their inquiries as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, he is said thus to have addressed the assembly:—

"I appeal to any white man, to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not harbour a thought

that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear: he will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This pathetic and affecting speech touched the sensibility of all who heard him. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments, and immediately set him at liberty. Every family in Virginia vied with each other which should entertain him the best, or show him the most respect; and he returned to his native country, loaded with presents and honours.

Austin. That is a famous speech, however.

Brian. Poor Logan! I am glad he was set at liberty.

Basil. And so am I.

Hunter. Here is an address of the Seneca Indians, to Governor Clinton, that I have in print. I will read it to you:—

"Father—We feel that the hand of our God has long been heavy on his red children. For our sins, he has brought us low, and caused us to melt away before our white brothers as snow before the fire. His ways are perfect; he regardeth not the complexion of men. God is terrible in judgment. All men ought to fear before him. He putteth down and buildeth up, and none can resist him.

"Father—The Lord of the whole earth is strong; this is our confidence. He hath power to build up, as well as to put down. Will he keep his anger for ever? Will he pursue to destruction the workmanship of his own hands, and strike off a race of men

from the earth, whom his care had so long preserved from so many perils?

"Father—We thank you that you feel anxious to do all you can for the perishing ruins of your red children. We hope, father, you will make a fence, strong and high, around us, that the wicked white men may not devour us at once, but let us live as long as we can. We are persuaded you will do this for us, because our field is laid waste and trodden down by every beast; we are feeble, and cannot resist them.

"Father—We are persuaded you will do this, for the sake of our white brothers, lest God, who has appeared so strong in building up white men and putting down Indians, should turn his hand and visit our white brothers for their sins, and call them to an account for all the wrongs they have done them, and all the wrongs they have not prevented that it was in their power to prevent, to their poor red brothers, who have no helper."

Brian. I like those speeches very much indeed.

Hunter. The following is an address of the chiefs of the same people, the Seneca tribes. I have it, you see, in the same printed book:—

'The sachems, chiefs, and warriors of the Seneca nation, to the sachems and chiefs assembled about the great council fire of the state of New York.

"Brothers—As you are once more assembled in council, for the purpose of doing honour to yourselves and justice to your country, we, your brothers, the

sachems, chiefs, and warriors of the Seneca nation, request you to open your ears, and give attention to our voice and wishes.

"Brothers—You will recollect the late contest between you and your father, the great king of England. This contest threw the inhabitants of this whole island into a great tumult and commotion, like a raging whirlwind, which tears up the trees, and tosses to and fro the leaves, so that no one knows from whence they come, or where they will fall.

"Brothers—This whirlwind was so directed, by the Great Spirit above, as to throw into our arms two of your infant children, Jasper Parrish and Horatio Jones. We adopted them into our families, and made them our children. We loved them, and nourished them. They lived with us many years. At length, the Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind; and it was still. A clear and uninterrupted sky appeared. The path of peace was opened, and the chain of friendship was once more made bright. Then those our adopted children left us to seek their relations. We wished them to remain among us, and promised, if they would return and live in our country, to give each of them a seat of land for them and their children to sit down upon.

"Brothers—They have returned, and have for several years past been serviceable to us as interpreters. We still feel our hearts beat with affection for them, and now wish to fulfil the promise we made them, and to reward them for their services. We have, therefore, made up our minds to give them a seat of

two square miles of land, lying on the outlet of Lake Erie, about three miles below Black Rock.

"Brothers—We have now made known to you our minds. We expect, and earnestly request, that you will permit our friends to receive this our gift, and will make the same good to them, according to the laws and customs of your nation.

"Brothers—Why should you hesitate to make our minds easy, with regard to this our request? To you it is but a little thing; and have you not complied with the request, and confirmed the gift, of our brothers the Oneidas, the Onondagas, and the Cayngas, to their interpreters? and shall we ask, and not be heard?

"Brothers—We send you this our speech, to which we expect your answer before the breaking up of your great council fire."

Austin. They seem to me to speak as well as white men do. How I should like to hear one of those speeches from a noble-looking chief, with his robes and war-eagle plumes, holding in his hand his spear, or his bow and arrow!

Hunter. I will now read you the speech of a warrior to a party of his tribe, who were with him among the whites when his chief died. It has long been known to the public:—

"Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What

has passed, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged or displeased, then, that, in visiting your father here, you have lost your chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befall you; but this would have attended you, perhaps, at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow everywhere. What a misfortune for me, that I could not have died this day, instead of the chief that lies before us! The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off everything like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home—instead of a noble grave and a grand procession, the rolling music and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head—I shall be wrapped in a robe, an old robe perhaps, and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones rattled on the plain by the wild beasts.

"Chief of the soldiers—Your labours have not been in vain. Your attention shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead. When I return, I will echo the sound of your guns."

Austin. Capital! capital!

Hunter. The speech about to be given you must be the last. It is said to have been spoken by the chief called Red Jacket, in reply to a missionary, and has been printed in many books:—

"Friend and brother—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

"Brother—Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, deer, and other animals, for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them on the earth, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion.

They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

"The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length, their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother—Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion among us.

"Brother—Continue to listen. You say, that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not

only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother—You say, there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

"Brother—We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and was handed down to their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favours we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother—The Great Spirit has made us all; but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

"Brother—We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only wish to enjoy our own.

"Brother—We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbours. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, and makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

"Brother—You have now heard our answer to your talk. This is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you in your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

Austin. I could not have believed that a Red Indian could have made such a speech.

Hunter. You see, by this speech, how deep an impression the bad conduct of the whites had made on the minds of the Indians; and yet, with all this, there is a spirit of forbearance and uprightness in the remarks of Red Jacket that we cannot but respect. The next time you visit me, I shall have a great deal to tell you about braves, and war parties, and encampments, and other things. In the mean time, think kindly of red men, and learn what you can from them, showing as much patience, courage, and untiring perseverance in the discharge of your duties, as they do in the observance of their superstitions. Christians

ought not to come behind heathens in any good quality, but to go before them, setting them an example; for, where much is given, much will be required. The higher the motive, the better should be the act. Let our motive be the good of our kind, and the glory of the Redeemer. Had this been the end and object of all who have visited North America, the red man would not have had the reasons he now has to look on white men with suspicion and hatred, and to regard them with desire of revenge.

A WAR PARTY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Poisoned arrows—Poison making—The deadly power of the poison—Council of war—Enlisting—Preparation for battle—Indian mode of fighting—A war party—A night march—A surprise—A village attacked—The onset—The resistance—The retreat—False alarms—Camanchee war party—Their chief in full dress on his war-horse—The wounded Crow warriors—The mystery man—His useless attempts to restore the wounded—Particulars of the death of Oceola, the Seminole chief—The death of a Christian.

THE day after that on which Austin and his brothers heard from the hunter the account of the mystery

lodge, and the sufferings of the young Mandans before they were thought equal to engage in a war party, two or three little accidents occurred. In the first place, Austin, in making a new bow, cut a deep gash in his finger; and, in the next, Brian and Basil, in scrambling among the hedges in quest of straight twigs for arrows, met with their mishaps; for Brian got a thorn in his thumb, while Basil had a roll down the bank into a dry ditch.

It is always a good sign in young people, when they put into practice any real or supposed good quality of which they hear or read. The patience and endurance of the young Mandans had called forth high commendations from Austin, and it was evident, in the affair of the cut finger, that he made a struggle, and a successful one too, in controlling his feelings. With an air of resolution, he wrapped the end of his pocket handkerchief tightly round the wound, and passed off the occurrence as a matter of no moment. Not a word escaped little Basil when he rolled into the ditch; nor did Brian utter a single "oh!" when the thorn was extracted from his thumb.

Then again, beside these acts of heroism, some very creditable speeches were made by the three brothers, especially by Austin, who, in the character of a Red Indian, feelingly lamented his wrongs in being driven from the hunting grounds of his fathers, and very freely and indignantly condemned the white man's oppression and cruelty.

"You may depend upon it," said Austin, after

some conversation with Brian and Basil, on the subject of the young Mandans, "that the next time we see the hunter, we shall hear something about the way in which red men go to war. The sham fight, and the preparation of the young warriors, will be followed by some account of their battles." In this shrewd supposition he was quite correct; for, when they next visited the cottage, the hunter proposed to speak a little about councils, and encampments, and alarms, and surprises, and attacks. The conversation was carried on in the following manner.

Austin. How do the Indians poison their arrows?

Hunter. By dipping the point of the arrow-head into the poison prepared. The head of the arrow, as I told you, is put on very slightly, so that it remains in the wound when the arrow is withdrawn.

Brian. Where do they get their poison? What is it made of?

Hunter. No doubt there is some difference in the manner of preparing poison among the different tribes. But usually it is, I believe, composed of deadly vegetable substances, slowly boiled together, sometimes mingled with the mortal poison of snakes and ants. This is prepared with great care. Its strength is usually tried on a lizard, or some other cold-blooded, slow-dying animal. It is rapid in its effects; for, if a fowl be wounded with a poisoned weapon, it dies in a few minutes; a cat dies in five minutes; a bison, in five or six; and a horse, in ten. Jaguars and deer

live but a short time after they are thus wounded. If, then, horses and bisons are so soon destroyed by the poison, no wonder that men should be unable to endure its fatal effects. Before war is determined on among the Indians, a council is held with great solemnity. The chiefs, and braves, and medicine men are assembled. Then the enlisting takes place, which I have already described; the war dance is engaged in; and weapons are examined and repaired. The chief, arrayed in full dress, leads on his band. They march with silence and rapidity, and encamp with great caution, appointing sentinels in every necessary direction. Thus, lurking, skulking, and marching, they reach the place of their destination. Another war council is held, to decide on the mode of attack; and then, with rifles, war-clubs, scalping knives, and bows and poisoned arrows, they fall upon their unsuspecting foes.

Brian. It is very sad to fight with such weapons as poisoned arrows.

Hunter. It is sad to fight with any kind of weapons; but, when once anger enters the heart, and the desire to shed blood is called forth, no mode is thought too cruel that will assist in obtaining a victory. The continual warfare that is being carried on between Indian tribes, must be afflictive to every humane and Christian spirit. None but the God of peace can destroy the love of war in the hearts of either red or white men. Indians fight in a way very different to civilized people; for they depend more on cunning,

stratagem, and surprise, than on skill and courage. Almost all their attacks are made under cover of night, or when least expected. A war party will frequently go great distances, to fall upon a village or an encampment on a quarter most accessible. To effect their object, they will hide for any length of time in the forest, sleep in the long grass, lurk in the ravine, and skulk at nightfall around the place to be attacked.

Austin. Did you ever go out with the Indians to fight?

Hunter. Yes. For some time I was treated very hospitably among the Crows, near the Rocky Mountains; and as they had determined to go on one of their war parties, which I could not prevent, I resolved to go along with them, to watch their way of proceeding.

Austin. Do tell us all about it.

Hunter. It was a thoughtless and foolish affair, when I was young and rash; but I wished to be a spectator of all their customs. It was, as I said, one of those foolish undertakings into which the ardour of my disposition led me, and for which I was very near paying the price of my life. A council was held, wherein it was decided to send a strong war party on foot to surprise a Blackfoot village. Every stratagem had been used to lull the enemy into security.

Brian. That is just like the Indians.

Hunter. The red pipe was sent through the tribe, for the warriors to smoke with it, much after the

manner of the Sioux; the red post was struck, and the braves and attendants painted their faces. When the plan of attack was agreed on, every warrior saw to his weapons; neither bow nor arrow, war-club nor scalping knife was left unexamined. There was an earnestness in their preparation, which showed that they were all animated with one spirit; a high-wrought energy was visible through the whole tribe.

Austin. I will be bound for it they would fight like lions.

Hunter. It was some time after sundown, that we left the village at a quick pace. Runners were sent out in all directions, to give notice of an enemy. We hastened along a deep valley, rounded the base of a bluff, and entered the skirt of a forest, following each other in files beneath the shadowy branches. We then passed through some deep grass, and stole silently along several defiles and ravines. The nearer we drew to the Blackfoot village, the more silently and stealthily we proceeded. Like the panther, creeping with noiseless feet on his prey, we stole along the intricate pathways of the prairie bottoms, the forest, the skirt of the river, and the hills and bluffs. At last we made a halt, just as the moon emerged from behin' a cloud.

Austin. Then there was terrible work, I dare say.

Hunter. It was past midnight, and the Blackfoot village was wrapped in slumber. The Crow warriors dispersed themselves to attack the village at the same instant from different quarters. The

leader had on his full dress, his medicine bag, and his head-dress of war-eagle plumes. All was hushed in silence, nearly equal to that of the grave; when suddenly the shrill war-whistle of the Crow chief rung through the Blackfoot lodges, and the wild war-whoop burst at once from a hundred throats. The chief was in the thickest of the fight. There was no pity for youth or age; the war-club spared not, and the tomahawk was merciless. Yelling like fiends, the Crow warriors fled from hut to hut, from victim to victim. Neither women nor children were spared.

Brian. Oh, how cruel to kill the women and children!

Hunter. Though taken thus by surprise, the Blackfoot braves, in a little time, began to collect together, clutching their weapons firmly, and rushing on their enemies, determined to avenge their slaughtered friends. The panic into which they had been thrown subsided, and, like men accustomed to danger, they stood not only in self-defence, but attacked their foes with fury.

Austin. I wonder that every one in the Blackfoot village was not killed!

Hunter. In civilized life, this would very likely have been the case; but in a savage state, men from their childhood are trained up to peril. They may lie down to slumber on their couches of skins, but their weapons are near at hand; and though it be the midnight hour when an attack is made on them, and though, awoke by the confusion, they hear nothing

but the war-cry of their enemy, they spring to their feet, snatch up their arms, and rush on to meet their foes. It was thus with the Blackfoot braves. Hand to hand, and foot to foot, they met their assailants: brave was opposed to brave; and the horrid clash of the war-club and the murderous death-grapple succeeded each other. Even if I could describe the horrors of such a scene, it would not be right to do so. As I was gazing on the conflict, I suddenly received a blow that struck me bleeding to the ground. You may see the scar on my temple still. The confusion was at its height, or my scalp would have been taken.

Brian. How did you manage to get away?

Hunter. Stunned as I was, I recovered my senses before a retreat took place, and was just able to effect my escape. The Crows slaughtered many of their enemies; but the Blackfoot warriors and braves were at last too strong for them. Then was heard the shrill whistle that sounded a retreat. With a dozen scalps in their possession, the Crows sought the shelter of the forest, and afterwards regained their own village.

Austin. Is the Crow tribe or the Blackfoot tribe the stronger?

Hunter. The Crow Indians, as I told you, are taller and more elegant men than the Blackfeet; but the latter have broader chests and shoulders. The Blackfeet, some think, take their name from the circumstance of their wearing black, or very dark

brown leggings and mocassins. Whether, as a people, the Crows or the Blackfeet are the stronger, there is a diversity of opinion. The Blackfeet consist of four kinds, or families, of Indians—the Blood, the Blackfoot, the Peagan, and the Small Robes. They are almost always at war with the Crows.

Brian. I am sure I should not like to live among them, if they are always fighting.

Hunter. Their war parties are very numerous, and their encampments are very large: and, whether seen in the day, in the midst of their lodges, or at night, wrapped in their robes, with their arms in their hands, ready to leap up if attacked by an enemy, they form a striking spectacle. Sometimes, in a night encampment, a false alarm takes place. A prowling bear, or a strayed horse, is taken for a foe; and sometimes a real alarm, occasioned by spies crawling on their hands and knees up to their very encampment, to ascertain their strength. On these occasions, the shrill whistle is heard, every man springs up armed, and rushes forth, ready to resist his assailing enemy. I have seen war parties among the Crows and Blackfeet, the Mandans and Sioux, the Shawnees, Poncas, Pawnees, and Seminoles. But a Camanchee war party, mounted on wild horses, with their shields, bows, and lances, which I once witnessed, was the most imposing spectacle of the kind I ever saw. The chief was mounted on a beautiful war horse, wild as the winds, and yet he appeared to manage him with ease. He was in full dress, and seemed to have

as much fire in his disposition as the chafed animal on which he rode. In his bridle hand, he clutched his bow and several arrows; with his other hand he wielded his long lance; while his quiver and shield were slung at his back, and his rifle across his thigh.

Austin. I fancy I can see him now. But what colour was his war horse?

Hunter. Black as a raven; but the white foam lay in thick flakes on his neck and breast, for his rider at every few paces stuck the sharp wheels of his Spanish spurs into his sides. He had a long flowing mane and tail, and his full and fiery eyes seemed ready to start out of his head. The whole Camanchee band seemed ready to rush into any danger. At one time, they were flying over the prairie in single file; and at another, drawn up all abreast of each other. The Camanchees and the Osages used to have cruel battles one with another. The Mandans and the Riccarees, too, were relentless enemies.

Austin. And the Sacs and Foxes were great fighters, for Black Hawk was a famous fellow.

Hunter. Yes, he was. I have never told you, I believe, how the medicine man, or mystery man, conducts himself when called in to a wounded warrior.

Brian. No, hunter. Will you please to tell us all about him now?

Hunter. In some cases, cures are certainly performed; in others, the wounded get well of themselves; but, in most instances, the mystery man is a mere juggler.

Basil. Now we shall hear about the mystery man.

Hunter. The Crow war party that I joined brought away two of their wounded warriors when they retreated from the Blackfoot village, but there seemed to me to be no hope of saving their lives. However, a mystery man was called on to use his skill.

Austin. How does the mystery man cure his patients?

Hunter. If ever you should require a doctor, I hope you will have one more skilful than the mystery man that I am going to describe. The wounded warriors were in extremity, and I thought that one of them was dying before the mystery man made his appearance; but you shall hear. The wounded men lay groaning on the ground, with Indians round them, who kept moaning even louder than they did; when, all at once, a scuffle of feet, and a noise like that of a low rattle, were heard.

Austin. The mystery man was coming, I suppose.

Hunter. He was; and a death-like silence was instantly preserved by all the attendant Indians. On came the mystery man, covered over with the shaggy hide of a yellow bear, so that, had it not been that his mocassins, leggings, and hands were visible, you might have supposed a real bear was walking upright, with a spear in one paw, and a rattle formed like a tambourine in the other.

Basil. He could not cure the dying man with his tambourine.

Hunter. From the yellow bear skin hung a profu-

sion of smaller skins, such as those of different kinds of snakes, toads, frogs, and bats; with hoofs of animals, beaks and tails of birds, and scraps and fragments of other things; a complete bundle of odds and ends. The medicine man came into the circle, bending his knees, crouching, sliding one foot after the other along the ground, and now and then leaping and grunting. You could not see his face, for the yellow bear-head skin covered it, and the paws dangled before him. He shuffled round and round the wounded men, shaking his rattle, and making all kinds of odd noises; he then stopped to turn them over.

Austin. He had need of all his medicine.

Hunter. Hardly had he been present more than a minute before one of the men died; and, in ten minutes more, his companion breathed his last. The medicine man turned them over, shook his rattle over them, howled, groaned, and grunted; but it would not do, the men were dead, and all his mummery would not bring them back to life again; so, after a few antics of various kinds, he shuffled off with himself, shaking his rattle, and howling and groaning louder than ever. You may remember that I told you of the death of Oceola, the Seminole chief: he who struck his dagger through the treaty that was to sign away the hunting grounds of his tribe, in exchange for distant lands.

Austin. Yes. You said that he dashed his dagger not only through the contract, but also through the table on which it lay.

Brian. And you told us that he was taken prisoner by treachery, and died in captivity.

Hunter. Now I will tell you the particulars of his death; for I only said before, that he died pillowed on the faithful bosom of his wife. He had his two wives with him when he died, but one was his favourite.

Austin. Please to let us know everything about him.

Hunter. Finding himself at the point of death, he made signs that the chiefs and officers might be assembled, and his wishes were immediately complied with. The next thing he desired was, that his war dress, that dress in which he had so often led his tribe to victory, might be brought to him. His wife waited obediently upon him, and his war dress was placed before him.

Basil. What could he want with his war dress when he was going to die?

Austin. Wait a little, Basil, and you will hear all about it, I dare say.

Hunter. It was an affecting sight, to see him get up from his bed on the floor, once more to dress himself as a chief of his tribe, just as if he were about to head an expedition against the whites. Well, he put on his rich mocassins, his leggings adorned with scalp-locks, his shirt, and his ornamental belt of war. Nor did he forget the pouch that carried his bullets, the horn that held his powder, nor the knife with which he had taken so many scalps.

Brian. How very strange for a dying man to dress himself in that way!

Hunter. In all this he was as calm and as steady as though about to hunt in the woods with his tribe. He then made signs, while sitting up in his bed, that his red paint should be given him, and his looking-glass held up, that he might paint his face.

Austin. And did he paint his face himself?

Hunter. Only one half of it; after which his throat, neck, wrists, and the backs of his hands were made as red as vermilion would make them. The very handle of his knife was coloured over in the same way.

Basil. What did he paint his hands and his knife-handle for?

Hunter. Because it was the custom of his tribe, and of his fathers before him, to paint themselves and their weapons red, whenever they took an oath of destruction to their enemies. Oceola did it, no doubt, that he might die like a chief of his tribe; that he might show those around him that, even in death, he did not forget that he was a Seminole warrior. In that awful hour, he put on his splendid turban with its three ostrich feathers, and then, being wearied with the effort he had made, he lay down for a little space to recover his breath and his strength.

Austin. How weak he must have been!

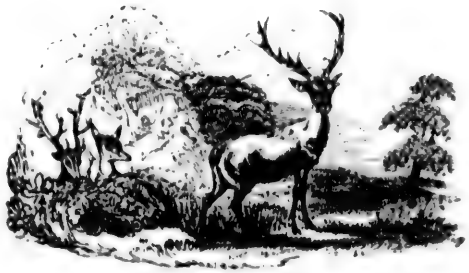
Hunter. In a short time he rose up again, sitting in his full dress like the leader of a warlike tribe, and calmly and smilingly extended his hand to the chiefs

and officers, to his wives and his children. But this, his last effort, exhausted his remaining strength. He beckoned his wives to lower him down on the bed, calmly drew his scalping knife from its sheath under his war-belt, where it had been placed, and grasped it with firmness and dignity. With his hands crossed on his manly breast, and with a smile on his face, he breathed his last. Thus passed away the spirit of Oceola.

Austin. Poor Oceola! He died like a chief, at last.

Hunter. He did: and, very likely, when he grasped his scalping knife before his last breath forsook him, some glowing vision of successful combat was before him. In the pride of his heart, perhaps, he was leading on his braves to mingle in the clash of battle, and the death-grapple with his enemies. But is this a fit state of mind for a man to die in? Much as we may admire the steady firmness and unsubdued courage of an Indian warrior in death, emotions of pride and high-mindedness, and thoughts of bloodshed and victory, are most unsuitable to a dying hour. Humility, forgiveness, repentance, hope, faith, peace, and joy, are right in such a season; and the time will no doubt come when Indians, taught better by the gospel, will think so as well as ourselves. With Christian hopes before us, let us prepare to die like Christians. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Numb. xxiii. 10. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for

the end of that man is peace," Psa. xxxvii. 37. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psa. xxiii. 4. "Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," 2 Tim. i. 10. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," Rev. xiv. 13.



MOUNTED CHIEF.

CHAPTER XV.

A treaty of peace—The tomahawk buried—Pipe of peace dance—Assinaboin chief—Tribes who shave their heads—Turning in their toes in walking—Names of women—Different modes of building lodges—Buffalo hunting in wolves' skins—Begging horses—Medicine rock—Hatching thunder—Captain Smith saved by a chief's daughter—Horned frogs—Mosquitoes—Salt water brooks.

THE holidays of the three brothers were drawing to a close; and this circumstance rendered them the more

anxious to secure one or two more visits to the cottage, before they settled down in right earnest to their books. Brian and Basil talked much about the poisoned arrows, and the mystery man; but Austin's mind was too much occupied with the Camanchee chief on his black war-horse, and the death of the Seminole chief Oceola, to think much of anything else. He thought there was something very noble in the valour of a chief leading on his tribe to conquest; and something almost sublime in a warrior dressing himself up in his war-dress to die. Like many other young people of ardent dispositions, he seemed to forget, that when a victory is enjoyed, a defeat must be endured; and that before any one can rejoice in taking a scalp, some one must be rendered miserable by losing it. The remarks of the hunter, respecting the death of a true Christian, had not been made altogether in vain; yet still he dwelt on the image of Oceola grasping his scalping knife, crossing his hands over his breast, and dying with a smile on his countenance.

On their next walk to the cottage, the way was beguiled by Austin endeavouring to call to mind all that had been told them on their last visit; and, to do him justice, he acquitted himself uncommonly well. It is true, that now and then his brothers refreshed his memory on some points which had escaped him; but, on the whole, his account was full, connected, and clear.

"And what must I tell you now?" said the hunter, as soon as he and the young people had exchanged

salutations. "Do you not know enough about the Red Indians?"

To this inquiry, Brian replied that what they had heard had only increased their curiosity to hear more.

"Well; let me consider," said the hunter. "I have told you about the different tribes of the Red Indians, and where many of them reside. You have heard about their religion, languages, manners, and customs; their villages, wigwams, food, dress, arms, and musical instruments. I have described to you the fur trade; and dwelt on the scenery of North America, the mountains, rivers, lakes, prairies, and many remarkable places. I have related the adventures of Black Hawk and Nikkanochee, and read to you the speeches of several chiefs. And, besides these things, you have had a tolerably full account of buffaloes, bears, wild horses, wolves, deer, and other animals, with the manner of hunting them; as well as a relation of Indian amusements, dances, sham fights, war parties, encampments, alarms, attacks, scalping, and retreats. Let me now, then, dwell a little on the Red Indian way of concluding a treaty of peace, and on a few other matters; after which, I will conclude with the best account I can give you of what the missionaries have done among the different tribes."

Austin. I shall be very sorry when you have told us all.

Brian. And so shall I: for it is so pleasant to come here, and listen to what you tell us.

Hunter. Oh, we shall always find something to talk

of when you come, no doubt. After a battle has been fought, the scalp dance, which has already been described, is usually performed, the women holding up the scalps which have been taken.

Basil. I do not like that scalp dance at all.

Hunter. When it is agreed between hostile tribes that a treaty of peace shall be made, the chiefs and medicine men of the adverse tribes meet together, and the calumet, or peace pipe, ornamented with eagle quills, being produced, every one smokes a few whiffs through it. It is then understood by them that the tomahawk is to be buried; which means the same thing as when we say, the sword of war shall be put in its scabbard. The pipe of peace dance is then performed by the warriors, to the beat of the Indian drum and rattle, every warrior holding his pipe in his hand.

Brian. That pipe of peace dance is a capital dance, for then fighting is at an end.

Hunter. Unhappily, war is apt soon to break out again, and then the buried tomahawk becomes as busy as ever.

Austin. Well, I do like the Red Indians, in spite of all their faults; they have been used cruelly by the whites.

Hunter. As a general remark, those Indians who have had least to do with civilized life are the most worthy of regard. Such as live near white men, or such as are frequently visited by them, seem to learn quickly the vices of others, without giving up their

own. To observe the real character of red men, it is necessary to trace the turnings and windings of the Yellow Stone River, or the yet more remote sinuosities of the Upper Missouri. The nearer the United States, the more servile is the Indian character, and the nearer the Rocky Mountains, the more independent and open-hearted.

Austin. If I ever go among the red men, the Yellow Stone River, or the Upper Missouri, will be the place for me.

Hunter. Many of the chiefs of the tribes near the Rocky Mountains may be said to live in a state of splendour. They have the pure air of heaven around them, and rivers abounding in fish. The prairie yields them buffaloes in plenty; and, as for their lodges and dress, some of them may be called sumptuous. Sometimes, twenty or thirty buffalo skins, beautifully dressed, are joined together to form a covering for a lodge; and their robes and different articles of apparel are so rich with ermine, the nails and claws of birds and animals, war-eagle plumes, and embroidery of highly-coloured porcupine quills, that a monarch in his coronation robes is scarcely a spectacle more imposing.

Austin. I remember the dress of Máh-to-tóh-pa, "the four bears," his buffalo robe, his porcupine quilled leggings, his embroidered buckskin mocassins, his otter necklace, his buffalo horns, and his splendid head-dress of war-eagle plumes.

Hunter. In a state of war, it is the delight of a

chief to leap on the back of his fiery steed, decorated as the leader of his tribe, and armed with his glittering lance and unerring bow, to lead on his band to victory. In the chase, he is as ardent as in the battle; smiling at danger, he plunges, on his flying steed, among a thousand buffaloes, launching his fatal shafts with deadly effect. Thus has the Indian of the far west lived, and thus he is living still. But the trader, and the gin bottle, and the carbine, and the white man, are on his track; and, like his red brethren who once dwelt east of the Mississippi, he must fall back yet further, and gradually decline before the approach of civilization.

Austin. It is a very strange thing that white men will not let red men alone. What right have they to cheat them of their hunting grounds?

Hunter. I will relate to you an account, that appeared some time ago in most of the newspapers, of an Assinaboin chief, who, though he was respected by his tribe before he went among the whites, had very little respect paid to him afterwards.

Brian. I hope it is a long account.

Hunter. Not very long: but you shall hear. "In order to assist the officers of the Indian department in their arduous duty of persuading remote tribes to quit their lands, it has been found advisable to incur the expense of inviting one or two of their chiefs three thousand or four thousand miles to Washington, in order that they should see with their own eyes, and report to their tribes, the irresistible power of the

nation with which they are arguing. This speculation has, it is said, in all instances, more or less effected its object. For the reasons and for the objects we have stated, it was deemed advisable that a certain chief should be invited from his remote country to Washington; and accordingly, in due time he appeared there."

Austin. Three or four thousand miles! What a distance for him to go!

Hunter. "After the troops had been made to manœuvre before him; after thundering volleys of artillery had almost deafened him; and after every department had displayed to him all that was likely to add to the terror and astonishment he had already experienced, the president, in lieu of the Indian's clothes, presented him with a colonel's uniform; in which, and with many other presents, the bewildered chief took his departure."

Brian. He would hardly know how to walk in a colonel's uniform.

Hunter. "In a pair of white kid gloves; tight blue coat, with gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and red sash; cloth trowsers with straps; high-heeled boots; cocked hat, and scarlet feather; with a cigar in his mouth, a green umbrella in one hand, and a yellow fan in the other; and with the neck of a whiskey bottle protruding out of each of the two tail-pockets of his regimental coat; this 'monkey that had seen the world' suddenly appeared before the chiefs and warriors of his tribe; and as he stood before them, straight as a

ramrod, in a high state of perspiration, caused by the tightness of his finery, while the cool fresh air of heaven blew over the naked, unrestrained limbs of the spectators, it might, perhaps not unjustly, be said of the costumes, 'Which is the savage?' In return for the presents he had received, and with a desire to impart as much real information as possible to his tribe, the poor jaded traveller undertook to deliver to them a course of lectures, in which he graphically described all that he had witnessed."

Austin. An Indian in white kid gloves, blue coat, high-heeled boots, and cocked hat and feather! Why, his tribe would all laugh at him, in spite of his lectures.

Hunter. "For a while he was listened to with attention; but as soon as the minds of his audience had received as much as they could hold, they began to disbelieve him. Nothing daunted, however, the traveller still proceeded."

Austin. I thought they would laugh at him.

Hunter. "He told them about wigwams in which a thousand people could at one time pray to the Great Spirit; of other wigwams five stories high, built in lines, facing each other, and extending over an enormous space: he told them of war canoes that would hold twelve hundred warriors."

Austin. They would be sure never to believe him.

Hunter. "Such tales, to the Indian mind, seemed an insult to common sense. For some time he was treated merely with ridicule and contempt; but

when, resolutely continuing to recount his adventures, he told them that he had seen white people who, by attaching a great ball to a canoe, could rise in it into the clouds, and travel through the heavens, the medicine, mystery, or learned men of his tribe pronounced him to be an impostor; and the multitude vociferously declaring that he was too great a liar to live, a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head, and blew his brains out."

Austin. Well, I am very sorry! It was very silly to be dressed up in that way; but they ought not to have killed him, for he told them the truth, after all.

Brian. I could never have thought that an Indian chief would have dressed himself in a blue coat and gilt buttons.

Basil. And, then, the fan and green umbrella!

Austin. Yes, and the whiskey bottles sticking out of his tail-pockets. He would look a little different to Máh-to-tóh-pa.

Hunter. I have frequently spoken of the splendid head-dress of the chiefs of some tribes. Among the Mandans, and you know Máh-to-tóh-pa was a Mandan, they would not part with one of their head-dresses of war-eagle plumes at a less price than two horses. The Kansas, Osages, Pawnees, Sacs, Foxes, and Iowas shave their heads; but all the rest, or at least as far as I know of the Indian tribes, wear long hair.

Brian. Yes; we remember the Crows, with their hair sweeping the ground.

Hunter. Did I tell you that some of the tribes glue other hair to their own to make it long as it is considered so ornamental?

Brian. I do not remember that you told us that.

Hunter. There are a few other things respecting the Indians that I wish to mention, before I tell you what the missionaries have done among them. In civilized countries, people turn out their toes in walking; but this is not the case among the Red Indians. When the toes are turned out, either in walking or running, the whole weight of the body falls sadly too much on the great toe of the foot that is behind, and it is mainly owing to this circumstance that so many have a deformity in the joint of the great toe; when the foot is turned in, the weight of the body is thrown equally on all the toes, and the deformity of the great toe joint is avoided.

Austin. What, do the Red Indians know better how to walk than we do? If theirs is the best way to walk, why do not we all walk so?

Hunter. I suppose, because it is not so elegant in appearance to walk so. But many things are done by civilized people on account of fashion. Hundreds and hundreds of females shorten their lives by tight lacing; but the Red Indians do not commit such folly.

Brian. There is something to be learned from Red Indians, after all.

Hunter. I told you the Crow Indians were some of the finest men of all the Indians; but I rather

think that the Osages are the tallest. Most of them are six feet high, and some of them nearly seven.

Austin. They must be fine men indeed! Do they live near the Crows?

Hunter. Oh no; at least a thousand miles from them. They are much nearer the Kansas and the Pawnee Picts. They inhabit a part that is six or seven hundred miles nearer the Rocky Mountains than the river Mississippi. I forget, when I gave you the names of several remarkable men among the tribes, whether I gave the names of any of the women. The wife of the chief of the Ponca tribe was called Hee-láh-dee, "the pure fountain;" and one of the wives of his son went by the name Mong-shong-sha, "the bending willow."

Basil. Those are very good names indeed: the Pure Fountain, and the Bending Willow.

Hunter. There was a modest-looking girl among the Crows, named Seet-sé-be-a, "the mid-day sun;" and another among the Shawnees, called Ká-te-quaw, "the female eagle." You must remember that the Red Indians build their lodges in different ways: the Mandan and Riccaree mode is to cover their lodges with earth; the Chippeways roof theirs with birch bark; the Pawnees thatch theirs with prairie grass; and the Camanchees, Crows, and Blackfeet, cover their lodges with buffalo skins.

Austin. Yes; we will remember that.

Hunter. Did I tell you that sometimes the Indians dressed themselves in wolves' skins, and crept along

on their hands and knees, with their rifles, till they could get sufficiently near the buffaloes to fire at them?

Brian. I do not remember that. How cunning!

Hunter. There is a custom among the Sacs and Foxes that I do not think I spoke of. The Sacs are better provided with horses than the Foxes; and so, when the latter go to war and want horses, they go to the Sacs and beg them. After a time, they sit round in a circle, and take up their pipes to smoke, seemingly quite at their ease; and while they are whiffing away, the young men of the Sacs ride round and round the circle, every now and then cutting at the shoulders of the Foxes with their whips, making the blood start forth. After keeping up this strange custom for some time, the young Sacs dismount, and present their horses to those they have been flogging.

Austin. What a curious custom! I should not much like to be flogged in that manner.

Brian. Nor I. What backs they must have, after being flogged in that way!

Hunter. There is a certain rock which the Camanchees always visit when they go to war. Putting their horses at full speed, they shoot their best arrows at this rock, which they consider great medicine. If they did not go through this long-established custom, there would be no confidence among them; but when they have thus sacrificed their best arrows to the rock, their hope and confidence are strong.

Austin. I should have thought they would have wanted their best arrows to fight with.

Hunter. The Sioux have a strange notion about thunder; they say that the thunder is hatched by a small bird, not much bigger than the humming bird. There is, in the Couteau des Prairies, a place called "the nest of the thunder;" and in the small bushes there, they will have it that this little bird sits upon its eggs till the long claps of thunder come forth. Strange as this tradition is, there would be no use in denying it; for the superstition of the Red Indian is too strong to be easily done away with. The same people, before they go on a buffalo hunt, usually pay a visit to a spot where the form of a buffalo is cut out on the prairie. This figure is great medicine; and the hunt is sure to be more prosperous, in their opinion after it has been visited.

Austin. I do hope that we shall forget none of these curious things.

Hunter. Did I tell you how Captain Smith, an English officer, was saved from a cruel death by a chief's daughter?

Austin. No, hunter; but please do tell us.

Basil. Oh yes; we should so like to hear about it.

Hunter. Captain Smith, as the narrative is told, was taken prisoner by an Indian chief, named Pow-hattan; and a council was held, in which, after many speeches being made by the chiefs, it was finally determined that he should be put to death.

Basil. How did they mean to kill him?

Hunter. By striking his head with their war-clubs, after they had made him lay it down on a big stone.

There seemed to be no hope of escape for him. He was brought to the place of execution, and commanded to lay his head on the stone; then two executioners, with their huge, heavy, painted war-clubs, stood over him, waiting for the signal to be given by Pow-hattan to strike the fatal blow. Already had their brawny arms lifted up their massy clubs, and in a few moments Captain Smith would have been no more; when Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of the chief, a girl of about twelve or thirteen years of age, rushed forward, and threw her arms round the captain's head, to protect him from the coming blow. This so affected the chief, Pow-hattan, that he directly commanded the executioners to retire, and granted to his daughter the captain's life.

Basil. Capital! capital! I like that chief's daughter very much.

Austin. What a narrow escape it was! Only to think of the war-clubs being lifted up to kill him!

Hunter. When I was in the Texas, at no great distance from the Camanchees, the ground was so parched, and water so scarce, that often and often I drank of the thick puddle of a buffalo wallow. We do not value as we ought to do the common blessings of which we partake. Water is one of them; and if ever you are so tried by thirst as to be obliged to drink the puddle, half water and half mud and filth, in which buffaloes have been turning round, and perhaps lying, day after day, you will ever after set a higher value on clear fresh water, and be more thankful to the Giver

of all good for a benefit of which you have hitherto thought so little.

Basil. I could never drink such puddle as the buffaloes' wallow.

Austin. Perhaps you would be glad to drink it, Basil, if you were in a burning hot country, and had nothing else to wet your lips with.

Hunter. On several occasions, in the hot regions of which I spoke, I have seen horned frogs hopping about. Their horns are about half an inch long, and some of them nearer an inch, and quite sharp at the points. I dare say that you would consider a horned frog quite a curiosity.

Austin. Indeed we should. When I go among the Camanchees I shall look out for them.

Basil. And remember that you drink heartily at one of the buffalo puddle wallows.

Hunter. Now and then a cool clear stream is seen, gliding or rippling along the bottom of a deep ravine; but, when you run with delight to quench your burning thirst with its delicious water, you find it so salt that you are obliged to spurt it out of your mouth again. At times, you would find the mosquitoes try you as much as the heat and the want of water. In the north, beware of the grizzly bear; and in the south, prepare for heat, drought, and mosquitoes. You cannot see the Red Indians, in their native haunts, without painful endurance as well as a keen enjoyment. The prairie teeming with fruits and flowers, the deep forests, the green bluffs, the noble

rivers, the hospitality of the different tribes of Indians, the novelty of their appearance, manners, and customs, together with the delightful views that frequently burst on the sight, are sources of indescribable pleasure; but, to partake of them, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, toil and danger, must be endured: of both the one and the other I have had my share. And now, though I still love to recall to mind the adventures of my earlier years, and the goodness of God in preserving me amid so many perils, I wish to spend the remainder of my days in retirement and peace: doing what I can for my fellow-beings around me, reading and meditating on God's holy word, preparing for my latter end, and hopefully looking forward to a glorious resurrection to eternal life, through Him who died for sinners on the cross; believing, as I do, that "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. vii. 25.

ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dreadful ravages of the smallpox—Loss sustained by the Minetarees, Blackfeet, Crows, and Crees—The Mandan people all destroyed—Death of Máh-to-tóh-pa, "the four bears"—Attempts to introduce vaccination—John Eliot, the first Protestant missionary among the Red Indians—His progress and death—Brainerd; his Christian course and death—Character given of him—Letter of the Oneida chiefs—Speech of the chief Little Turtle—Missionary trials—Slaughter of the Christian Indians—Kahkewaquonaby and Shaw Wundais, two Chippeways, visit England.

For the last time but one, during their holidays, Austin and his brothers set off, with a long afternoon

before them, to listen to the hunter's account of the proceedings of the missionaries among the Red Indians. On this occasion, they paid another visit to the Red Sand-stone Rock by the river, the place where they first met with their friend the hunter. Here they recalled to mind all the circumstances which had taken place at the spot, and agreed that the hunter, in saving their lives by his timely warning, and afterwards adding so much as he had done to their information and pleasure, had been to them one of the best friends they had ever known. With very friendly and grateful feelings towards him, they hastened to the cottage, when the Red Indians, as usual, became the subject of their conversation. "And now," said Austin, "we are quite ready to hear about the missionaries."

Hunter. Let me speak a word or two about the Indians, before I begin my account. You remember that I told you of the Mandans.

Austin. Yes. Máh-to-tóh-pa was a Mandan, with his fine robes, and war-eagle head-dress; the rain makers were Mandans; also the young warriors, who went through so many tortures in the mystery lodge.

Hunter. Well, I must now tell you the truth. After I left the Mandans, great changes came upon them; and, at the present time, hardly a single Mandan is alive.

Austin. Dreadful! But how was it? What brought it all about?

Brian. You should have told us this before.

Hunter. No. I preferred to tell you first of the people as they were when I was with them. You may remember my observation, in one of your early visits, that great changes had taken place among them; that the tomahawks of the stronger tribes had thinned the others; that many had sold their lands to the whites, and retired to the west of the Mississippi; and that thousands had fallen a prey to the smallpox. It was in the year 1838 that this dreadful disease was introduced among the Mandans, and other tribes of the fur traders. Of the Minetarees, Blackfeet, Chayennes, Crows, and Crees, twenty-five thousand perished; but of the poor Mandans, the whole tribe was destroyed.

Brian. Why did they not get a doctor; or go out of their village on to the wide prairie, that one might not catch the disease from another?

Hunter. Doctors were too far off; for the ravage of the disease was so swift, that it swept them all away in a few months. Their mystery men could not help them; and their enemies, the Sioux, had war parties round their village, so that they could not go out to the wide prairie. There they were, dying fast in their village; and little else was heard, during day or night, but wailing, howling, and crying to the Great Spirit to relieve them.

Austin. And did Máh-to-tóh-pa die too?

Hunter. Yes. For, though he recovered from the disease, he could not bear up against the loss of his wives and his children. They all died before his eyes,

and he piled them together in his lodge, and covered them with robes. His braves and his warriors died, and life had no charms for him; for who was to share with him his joy or his grief? He retired from his wigwam, and fasted and prayed six days, lamenting the destruction of his tribe. He then crawled back to his own lodge, laid himself by his dead family, covered himself with a robe, and died like an Indian chief. This is a melancholy picture; and when I first heard of the terrible event, I could have wept.

Austin. Have they no good doctors among the Red Indians now? Why do they not send for doctors who know how to cure the smallpox, instead of those juggling mystery men?

Hunter. Many attempts have been made to introduce vaccination among the tribes; but their jealousy and want of confidence in white men, who have so much wronged them, and their attachment to their own customs and superstitions, have prevented those attempts from being very successful. There are now not many Indians east of the Mississippi; most of them have moved to the west of that river. As you move up the Mississippi, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and others, are westerly, on the Red River and the Arkansas River. Then come the Cherokees, Shawnees, Senecas, Quapaws, Oneidas, and Tuskaroras; the Camanchees, Pawnee Picts, Kiawees, Wicos, and Shoshonees being far west, nearer the Rocky Mountains.

Austin. Where are the Sacs and Foxes?

Hunter. Their hunting grounds lie between the rivers Mississippi and Missouri; while eastward are those of the Winnebagoes; and northward and northwest, the Chippeways and Sioux. On the Missouri, and other rivers, are the Osages, Kansas, Delawares, Kickapoos, Otoes, Poncas, Pawneeloups, Grand Pawnees, and Pawnee republics. On the Upper Missouri, northward, are the Riccarees, who now have, also, the Mandan grounds. Nearer the Rocky Mountains, on the same river, are the Crows; next to them, the Shiennes; while further to the north may be found the Blackfeet, Blood Indians, Crees, Ojibbeways, and Assinaboins. The missionaries are mostly among the tribes on the Red River and the lower part of the Mississippi, such as the Chickasaws, Seminoles, Choctaws, Cherokees, Senecas, and others; though there are missionaries to more northerly and westerly tribes.

Austin. Who was the first missionary who went among them?

Hunter. I believe the first was John Eliot. More than two hundred years ago, a body of pious Englishmen left their native land, because they were not allowed in England peaceably to serve God according to their consciences. They landed in America, having obtained a grant of land there. They were called "Puritans," and "Pilgrim Fathers." It is certain that, whatever were their peculiarities, and by whatever names they were known, the fear of God and the love of mankind animated their hearts. These Pilgrim Fathers, seeing that the Indians were living in idleness,

cruelty, and superstition, were desirous to instruct them in useful arts, and still more in the fear of the Lord; and John Eliot, who had left England to join his religious friends in America, was the first Protestant missionary among the Indians.

Austin. I wonder he was not afraid of going among them.

Hunter. He that truly fears God, has no need to fear danger in the path of duty. John Eliot had three good motives, that girded his loins and strengthened his heart: the first was the glory of God, in the conversion of the poor Indians; the second was his love of mankind, and pity for such as were ignorant of true religion; and the third was his desire that the promise of his friends to spread the gospel among the Red Indians should be fulfilled. It was no light task that he had undertaken, as I will prove to you. I dare say that you have not quite forgotten all the long names that I gave you. *Shonga-ton-ga-chesh-en-day*, "the horse dung," was one; and *Mah-to-rah-rish-nee-éeh-ee-rah*, "the grizzly bear that runs without regard," was another.

Austin. I remember your telling us of them; and I suppose they are the longest words in the world.

Hunter. I will now give you two words in one of the languages that John Eliot had to learn, and then, perhaps, you will alter your opinion. The first of them is *noorromantammoonkanunonnash*, which means, "our loves;" and the second, or "our questions," is *kummogokdonattoottammoctiteaongannunnonash*.

Austin. Why that last word would reach all across one of our copy books.

Basil. You had better learn those two words, Austin, to begin with.

Brian. Yes, do, Austin: if you have many such when you go among the red men, you must sit up at night to learn what you have to speak in the day.

Austin. No, no; I have settled all that. I mean to have an interpreter with me; one who knows everything. Please to tell us a little more about Mr. Eliot.

Hunter. I will. An author says, speaking of missionaries, "As I hold the highest title on earth to be that of a servant of God, and the most important employment that of making known to sinners the salvation that God has wrought for them, through his Son Jesus Christ; so I cannot but estimate very highly the character of an humble, zealous, conscientious missionary. Men undertake, endure, and achieve much when riches, and honours, and reputation are to be attained; but where is the worldly reputation of him who goes, with his life in his hand, to make known to barbarous lands the glad tidings of salvation? Where are the honours and the money bags of the missionary? In many cases, toil and anxiety, hunger and thirst, reviling and violence, danger and death await him; but where is his earthly reward?" Eliot's labours were incessant; translating not only the commandments, the Lord's prayer, and many parts of Scripture

into the Indian languages, but also the whole Bible. This was the first Bible ever printed in America.

Basil. Remember that, Brian!

Hunter. For days together he travelled from place to place, wet to the skin, wringing the wet from his stockings at night. Sometimes he was treated cruelly by the sachems, (principal chiefs,) sagamores, (lesser chiefs,) and powaws, (conjurers, or mystery men;) but though they thrust him out, and threatened his life, he held on his course, telling them that he was in the service of the Great God, and feared them not. So highly did they think of his services in England, that a book was printed, called "The Day-breaking, if not the Sun-rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England;" and another, entitled "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians;" and dedicated to the parliament, in order that assistance and encouragement might be given him. At the close of a grammar, published by him, he wrote the words, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

Brian. I should think that he was one of the best men that ever lived.

Hunter. He instituted schools, and devoted himself to the Christian course he had undertaken with an humble and ardent spirit, until old age and increasing infirmities rendered him too feeble to do as he had done before. Even then, he catechised the negro slaves in the neighbourhood around him; and took a poor blind boy home to his own house, that he might

teach him to commit to memory some of the chapters in the Bible. Among the last expressions that dropped from his lips were the words, "Welcome joy! Pray! pray! pray!" This was in the eighty-sixth year of his age. No wonder he should even now be remembered by us as "the apostle of the Indians."

Basil. I am very glad that you told us about him. What a good old man he was when he died!

Hunter. There were many good men, after his death, who trod as closely as they could in his steps: but I must not stop to dwell upon them. David Brainerd, however, must not be passed by: he was a truly humble and zealous servant of the Most High. You may, indeed, judge of his humility by the following extract from his writings:—"My soul has, for a long time past, been in a truly pitiable condition. Sometimes, I have been so overwhelmed with a sense of my insignificance and unworthiness, that I have been ashamed that any, not excepting the meanest of my fellow-creatures, should so much as spend a thought about me. Sometimes, when travelling among the thick brakes, I have wished that, like them, I might drop into everlasting oblivion. Sometimes, I have almost resolved never again to see any of my acquaintance, thinking I could not hold up my face before them; and have longed for the remotest corner on earth, as a retreat from all my friends, that I might never be seen or heard of more. Sometimes the consideration of my ignorance has occasioned me great anxiety and distress: but my soul has, in a particular

manner, been full of anguish from fear, and guilt, and shame, because I had never preached the gospel, or had any thought of that important work. Sometimes, I have been in deep distress, on feeling some particular corruption rise in my breast, and swell like a mighty torrent; while, at the same time, ten thousand sins and follies presented themselves to my view, in all their native blackness and deformity. Such things as these have weighed down my soul, combined as they are with those unfavourable external circumstances in which I am at present placed; destitute of most of the conveniences of life, at least of all its pleasures; without a friend to whom I may unbosom my sorrows, and sometimes without a place of retirement where I may unburden my soul before God."

Basil. Poor Mr. Brainerd!

Brian. Why, he was just such another as Mr. Eliot.

Hunter. I must tell you of a strange Indian that Mr. Brainerd met with; the following is the account, and I think it will much interest you:—

"In this part of the country, Brainerd met with a zealous reformer of the Indian religion, or rather a restorer of what he considered their ancient mode of worship. But of all the spectacles he ever saw, none appeared so horrible, none excited such images of terror in his mind, none corresponded so nearly with the common idea of the infernal powers. He presented himself to him in his priestly garb, consisting of a coat of bear-skins hanging down to his toes, a bear-skin

cap on his head, and a pair of bear-skin stockings on his feet; a large wooden face, the one half painted black, the other of a tawny colour, like the Indians', with an extravagant mouth, cut extremely awry. In his hand was the instrument he employed for music in his idolatrous worship: it was a tortoise-shell with some corn in it, fixed on a piece of wood for a handle. As he came forward, he beat time with his rattle, and danced with all his might; but allowed no part of his body, not even his fingers, to be seen. His appearance and gestures were so unlike all that was human, that when he came near, Brainerd could not help shrinking back with horror, though it was then noonday, and he knew perfectly well who it was. It appears he had a house, in which were several images, and the ground was beaten almost as hard as a rock by his frequent and violent dancing. Brainerd conversed with him about the principles of Christianity: some of them he liked; others he disliked. God, he said, had taught him his religion; and he never would relinquish it: he was anxious, however, to find some who would cordially join with him in it, for the Indians had grown very careless and degenerate: he had thoughts, therefore, of leaving all his friends, travelling abroad, and searching for some who would unite with him; for he believed God had some good people in the world, who viewed things in the same light as himself. He had not always felt as he now did: formerly he was like the other Indians; but, about four or five years ago, he became greatly dis-

tressed in his mind; he could no longer dwell among his countrymen, but retired into the wood, and lived there alone for several months. At length, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do. Since that period, he had known God, and endeavoured to serve him; he also loved all men, whoever they were, in a manner he never did before. It further appeared, from the accounts of the Indians themselves, that he was a great enemy to their drinking spirituous liqours, and when he could not dissuade them from that ruinous practice, he used to leave them, and go crying into the woods. Some of his sentiments, indeed, were rational and just; and Brainerd even informs us, there was something in his temper and disposition more like true religion than anything he ever beheld in a pagan. He appeared to be sincere, honest, and conscientious, in his own way; and on this account, was derided by his countrymen as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religion."

Austin. I never heard of a stranger man; and yet he does not seem to have been a bad man, after all.

Basil. No; he seems to have been much better than his countrymen.

Hunter. Both Eliot and Brainerd did a great deal of good among the Red Indians; the language of Brainerd was, "Here am I, Lord—send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough, the savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort on earth; send me even to

death itself, if it be but in thy service, and to extend thy kingdom."

Brian. I hardly know whether Eliot was the best man, or Brainerd.

Hunter. They were very unlike in one thing; for Eliot lived till he was eighty-six years old; whereas Brainerd died in the thirtieth year of his age. But though so young, it is said of him, by a learned and good man, "The Life and Diary of David Brainerd exhibits a perfect pattern of the qualities which should distinguish the instructor of rude and barbarous tribes; the most invincible patience and self-denial, the profoundest humility, exquisite prudence, indefatigable industry, and such a devotedness to God, or rather such an absorption of the whole soul in zeal for the Divine glory and the salvation of men, as is scarcely to be paralleled since the age of the apostles."

Brian. Then he was as good a man as Eliot.

Hunter. I will read you an extract from a letter written by some Oneida chiefs, by which you will see that the labours of these good men were not in vain:—

"The holy word of Jesus has got place amongst us, and advances. Many have lately forsaken their sins, to appearance, and turned to God. There are some among us who are very stubborn and strong; but Jesus is almighty, and has all strength, and his holy word is very strong too: therefore we hope it will conquer and succeed more and more. We say no more; only we ask our fathers to pray for us, though they are at a great distance. Perhaps, by-

and-by, through the strength and mercy of Jesus, we shall meet in his kingdom above. Farewell.

TAGAWAROW, *chief of the Bear tribe.*
SUGHNAGEAROT, *chief of the Wolf tribe.*
OJEKHETA, *chief of the Turtle tribe.*"

Austin. Why, they were all three of them chiefs!

Hunter. The speech made by the chief, Little Turtle, at Baltimore, on his way to see the president of the United States, will interest you. Some Quakers, who saw him, told him that the habit among his tribe of drinking rum, prevented them from doing them good.

"Brothers and friends—When your forefathers first met on this island, your red brethren were very numerous; but, since the introduction amongst us of what you call spirituous liquors, and what we think may justly be called poison, our numbers are greatly diminished. It has destroyed a great part of your red brethren.

"My friends and brothers—We plainly perceive that you see the very evil which destroys your red brethren. It is not an evil of our own making. We have not placed it amongst ourselves; it is an evil placed amongst us by the white people: we look to them to remove it out of the country. We tell them, 'Brethren, fetch us useful things: bring us goods that will clothe us, our women, and our children; and not this evil liquor, that destroys our health, that destroys our reason, that destroys our lives.' But all that we can say on this subject is of no service, nor gives relief to your red brethren.

"My friends and brothers—I rejoice to find that you agree in opinion with us, and express an anxiety to be, if possible, of service to us, in removing this great evil out of our country; an evil which has had so much room in it, and has destroyed so many of our lives, that it causes our young men to say, 'We had better be at war with the white people. This liquor which they introduce into our country, is more to be feared than the gun or tomahawk.' There are more of us dead since the treaty of Greeneville, than we lost by the six years' war before. It is all owing to the introduction of this liquor among us.

"Brothers—When our young men have been out hunting, and are returning home loaded with skins and furs on their way, if it happens that they come where this whiskey is deposited, the white man who sells it tells them to take a little drink. Some of them will say, 'No; I do not want it.' They go on till they come to another house, where they find more of the same kind of drink. It is there offered again; they refuse; and again the third time; but, finally, the fourth or fifth time, one accepts of it, and takes a drink, and getting one he wants another, and then a third, and fourth, till his senses have left him. After his reason comes back to him, when he gets up and finds where he is, he asks for his peltry. The answer is, 'You have drunk them.' 'Where is my gun?' 'It is gone.' 'Where is my blanket?' 'It is gone.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You have sold it for whiskey!' Now, brothers, figure to yourselves

what condition this man must be in. He has a family at home; a wife and children who stand in need of the profits of his hunting. What must be their wants, when even he himself is without a shirt?"

Austin. There is a great deal of good sense in what Little Turtle said.

Hunter. The war between England and America made sad confusion among the Red Indians, and the missionaries too; for it was reported that the missionaries were joining the French against the English, so that they and the Indian converts were dreadfully persecuted. A great number of the latter were sheltered in a workhouse at Lancaster, but a furious mob broke open the workhouse, and murdered them all.

Brian. Oh, how very cruel!

Hunter. Colonel de Peyster, who was then the English governor at Fort Detroit, suspected the Christian Indians of being partisans of the Americans, and the missionaries of being spies, and he wished the Indians favourable to him to carry them all off. Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, persuaded the half king of the Hurons to force them away. Persecution went on, till the missionaries, seeing that no other course remained, they being plundered without mercy, and their lives threatened, consented to emigrate. They were thus compelled to quit their pleasant settlement, escorted by a troop of savages headed by an English officer. The half king of the Hurons went with them. But I will read you an account of what took place after they reached Sandusky

Creek. "Having arrived at Sandusky Creek, after a journey of upwards of four weeks, the half king of the Hurons and his warriors left them, and marched into their own country, without giving them any particular orders how to proceed. Thus they were abandoned in a wilderness where there was neither game nor provisions of any kind; such was the place to which the barbarians had led them, notwithstanding they had represented it as a perfect paradise. After wandering to and fro for some time, they resolved to spend the winter in Upper Sandusky; and, having pitched on the most convenient spot they could find in this dreary region, they erected small huts of logs and bark, to shelter themselves from the rain and cold. They were now, however, so poor, that they had neither beds nor blankets; for on their journey, the savages had stolen everything from them, except only their utensils for manufacturing maple sugar. But nothing distressed them so much as the want of provisions. Some had long spent their all, and now depended on the charity of their neighbours for a morsel to eat. Even the missionaries, who hitherto had uniformly gained a livelihood by the labour of their hands, were now reduced to the necessity of receiving support from the congregation. As their wants were so urgent, Shebosh the missionary, and several of the Christian Indians, returned, as soon as possible, to their settlements on the Muskingum, to fetch the Indian corn which they had left growing in the fields.

"Scarcely had the congregation begun to settle in

Sandusky, when the missionaries were ordered to go and appear before the governor of Fort Detroit. Four of them, accompanied by several of the Indian assistants, accordingly set off without delay, while the other two remained with their little flock. On taking their departure, they experienced the most agonizing sensations: partly, as they knew not what might be the issue of the journey; and partly as they were obliged to leave their families in want of the common necessaries of life. As they travelled chiefly by land, along the banks of Lake Erie, they had to pass through numerous swamps, over large inundated plains, and through thick forests. But the most painful circumstance was, their hearing that some of the Indians, who had gone to Muskingum to fetch corn, had been murdered by the white people; and that a large body of these miscreants was marching to Sandusky, to surprise the new settlement. This report, indeed, was not correct. Shebosh the missionary, and five of the Christian Indians, were, it is true, taken prisoners at Shönbrunn, and carried to Pittsburg. The others returned safe to Sandusky, with about four hundred bushels of Indian corn, which they had gathered in the fields. But as the travellers did not hear a correct statement of these circumstances until afterwards, they suffered meanwhile the greatest anxiety and distress.

"Having arrived at Detroit, they appeared before the governor, in order to answer the accusations brought against them, of holding a correspondence

with the Americans, to the prejudice of the English interest. The investigation, however, was deferred till Captain Pipe, their principal accuser, should arrive; a circumstance which could not but give them much uneasiness, as he had hitherto shown himself their bitter and determined enemy. They had no friend on earth to interpose in their behalf; but they had a Friend in heaven, in whom they put their trust: nor was their confidence in Him in vain. On the day of trial, Captain Pipe, after some ceremonies had passed between him and Colonel de Peyster, respecting the scalps and prisoners which he had brought from the United Sates, rose and addressed the governor as follows: 'Father—You commanded us to bring the believing Indians and their teachers from the Muskingum. This has been done. When we had brought them to Sandusky, you ordered us to bring their teachers and some of their chiefs unto you. Here you see them before you. Now you may speak with them yourself, as you have desired. But I hope you will speak good words unto them; yea, I tell you, speak good words unto them, for they are my friends, and I should be sorry to see them ill-used.' These last words he repeated two or three times.

In reply to this speech, the governor enumerated the various complaints he had made against the brethren, and called upon him to prove that they had actually corresponded with the Americans, to the prejudice of the English. To this the chief replied that such a thing might have happened; but they would do it no

more, for they were now at Detroit. The governor, justly dissatisfied with this answer, peremptorily demanded that he should give a direct reply to his question. Pipe was now greatly embarrassed; and, bending to his counsellors, asked them what he should say. But they all hung their heads in silence. On a sudden, however, he rose, and thus addressed the governor:—'I said before that such a thing might have happened; now I will tell you the truth. The missionaries are innocent. They have done nothing of themselves; what they did, they were compelled to do.' Then, smiting his breast, he added: 'I am to blame, and the chiefs who were with me. We forced them to do it when they refused;' alluding to the correspondence between the Delaware chiefs and the Americans, of which the missionaries were the innocent medium. Thus the brethren found an advocate and a friend in their accuser and enemy.

"After making some further inquiries, the governor declared, before the whole camp, that the brethren were innocent of all the charges alleged against them; that he felt great satisfaction in their endeavours to civilize and Christianize the Indians; and that he would permit them to return to their congregation without delay. He even offered them the use of his own house, in the most friendly manner; and as they had been plundered, contrary to his express command, he ordered them to be supplied with clothes, and various other articles of which they stood in need. He even bought the four watches which

the savages had taken from them and sold to a trader. After experiencing various other acts of kindness from him, they returned to Sandusky, and were received with inexpressible joy by their families and the whole congregation."

Austin. Come, I am glad it has all ended so well. Captain Pipe and Colonel de Peyster had no good reason to suspect the missionaries.

Brian. No; but the colonel declared before the whole camp that they were innocent. That was making some amends for his suspicions.

Basil. Captain Pipe ought to have been ashamed of himself.

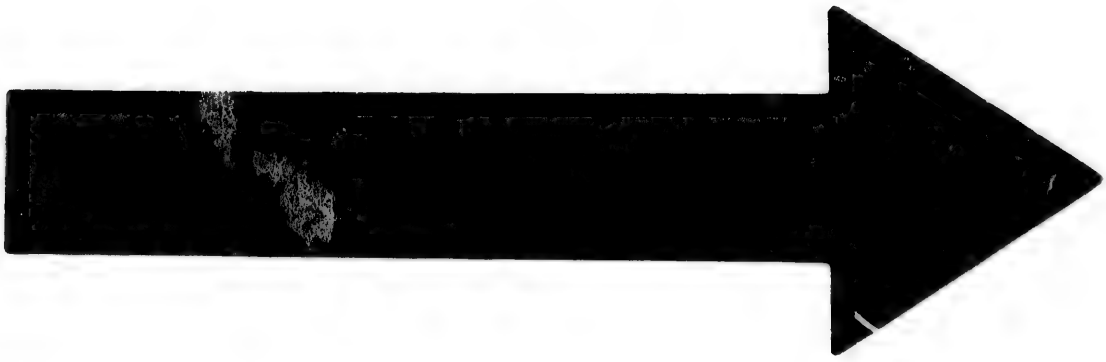
Hunter. The missionaries went through varied trials, and nearly a hundred Christian Indians—men, women, and children—were cruelly put to death; but afterwards missions began to wear a more prosperous appearance. Some time ago, Kahkewaquonaby, a Chippeway, visited England, and spoke very eloquently at many public Christian assemblies. Shaw Wundais, otherwise John Sunday, a Chippeway chief, came also, and seemed to be a humble-minded and zealous Christian. But I have now kept you longer than usual; the next time you come here, I will finish my missionary account. Though among the tribes near the whites great changes have taken place, yet, among the Indians of the far west, their customs are but little altered. They join in the buffalo hunt, assemble in the war party, engage in their accustomed games, and smoke the pipe of peace the same as ever.

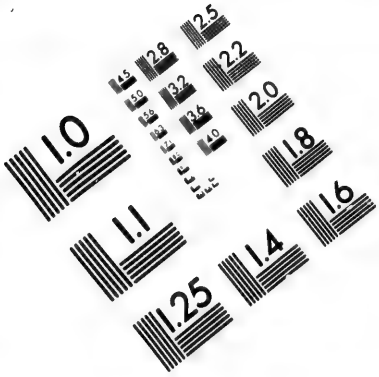
MISSIONARY AND INDIANS.

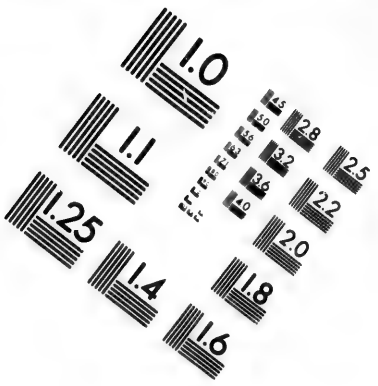
CHAPTER XVII.

American Board of Missions—The United Brethren—The Church Missionary Society—The Wesleyan Missionary Society—The American Presbyterian Board of Missions—The American Baptist Missions—The American Methodist Missionary Society—Stations, schools, missionaries, communicants, scholars, and hearers—Missionary relations—Conclusion.

In the former part of the hunter's relation, Austin Edwards and his brothers thought of little else than of bluffs and prairies, buffaloes, bears, and beavers, warlike Red Indian chiefs, and the spirit-stirring adventures of savage life; but the last visit paid to the







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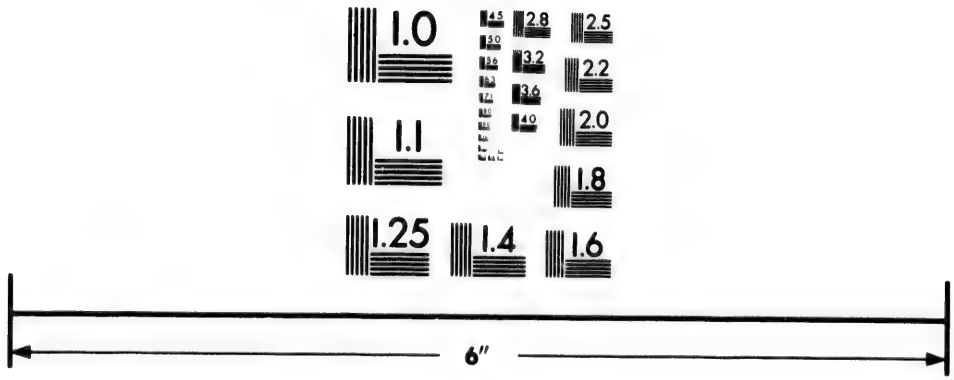

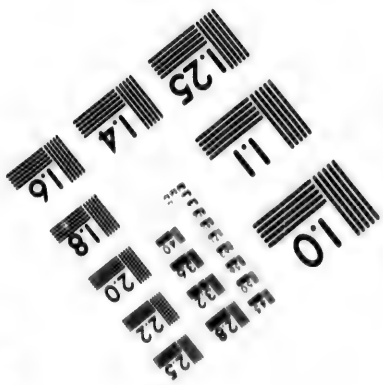

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cottage had considerably sobered their views. The hunter had gradually won his way into their affections, by contributing largely to their amusement; and he had, also, secured their respect and high opinion by his serious remarks. They had no doubt of his being a true friend to Red Indians, and they had, on that account, listened the more attentively to what he had advanced on the subject of missionaries. The knowledge that they were about to hear the end of the hunter's relation, though it hung a little heavy on their spirits, disposed them to seriousness and attention.

"And now," said the hunter, as soon as Austin, Brian, and Basil had seated themselves in his cottage, and requested him to continue his missionary account, "I will give you the best statement I can, in a few words, of the missionary cause among the Red Indians."

Austin. Yes; we shall like to hear that very well.

Hunter. The American Board of Missions has among the Indians numerous stations, a considerable body of missionaries, besides medical missionaries, native preachers, and assistants. *The United Brethren* have congregations in Upper Canada, on the Missouri, and among the Cherokees. *The Church Missionary Society* has several stations connected with the Red River settlement, in which are engaged missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters. *The Wesleyan Missionary Society* has a considerable number of missionaries, catechists, readers, and gratuitous teachers; but these

are chiefly employed among the Europeans, though at least a thousand Indians are connected with the mission in Upper Canada. Missions are also established in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. *The American Presbyterian Board of Missions* is engaged among the Chippeway and Ottowa Indians; also among the Iowa and Sac Indians. *The American Baptist Missions* have many stations and out-stations, missionaries and teachers, and native assistants. *The American Methodist Missionary Society* is engaged in making known the gospel to the Oregon Indians, several of whom are aboriginal missionaries: many hundreds of natives here have renounced heathenism. The missionaries of the American Board of Missions, of whom I first spoke, are engaged among the Cherokees, Choctaws, Pawnees, Oregons, Sioux, Ojibbeways, Stockbridge Indians, New York Indians, and Abenaquis. Perhaps, in all the North American Missions, there may be more than a hundred stations; more than a hundred missionaries; more than seven hundred schools; more than a thousand teachers; more than five thousand communicants; more than forty thousand scholars; and more than seventy thousand attendants on public worship. Having given you this general summary, suppose I offer you a few particulars from the statements of some of the missionaries.

Austin. Yes; do, if you please.

Hunter. God is pleased to use various means in the conversion of the heathen to Christianity; as the

circulation of the Holy Scriptures, the preaching of the gospel, and the distribution of books and tracts. One most important way also appears to be by means of schools, for in them the word of God is made known to the young. Wherever there is a missionary station, there also stands the Christian school-house.

Brian. Yes, you said there are seven hundred schools among them.

Hunter. The following is an affecting instance of sincerity and earnestness in religion, on the part of a Red Indian. One of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society writes thus from the Red River:—"Returned home in company with a native, whose son had gone a long journey, near to the Rocky Mountains. I was delighted to find that he had sent his son off with the most pressing injunction that he would pray to God at least twice every day, and read the Bible as often as he had an opportunity. He said, 'My son, as long as you have been in my house you have seen me pray: let this put you in mind that there is a Being whom we cannot see, who gives us all things. You go to church: there you hear that this Great Being, whom wicked men hate and are afraid of, is love. When you go through the plains, you will not see me praying; you will not hear that God is love. There you will meet with men whose hearts are cruel; who will stand up against you; who have no pity; they would drive an arrow through your heart; they would take your scalp from your head, and drink your blood. My son, when night

comes on, before you close your eyes, ask Him who draws the darkness round you to look and pity you, and spread his hand over you; for you are alone, far from home, and have no other friend but him. When morning comes, and your eyes first see the light, thank the Best of all beings for his protection; and ask him to go with you on your journey, to turn men who have bad hearts on one side, that they may not meet you. Should you be in danger, never forget that the *blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* Trust in it: God has accepted of it as the sacrifice for your soul; and, through this, you and I may meet in heaven.' The father said to me: 'My heart was light and happy, when I saw my son take his Bible and some tracts; and when he squeezed my hand, with the tears in his eyes, and said, I will remember Him who is over us all, till I meet you again.'"

Austin. That is a very striking anecdote. I like the native Indian, and his son too.

Hunter. "When the Christian Indians are out on a hunting excursion, they usually spend the Lord's day together, and abstain entirely from the chase. One reads the church service to the others who assemble; and, after singing, they all talk over what they remember of the word of God, taught them either in church or in school. The hunters are never absent on a Lord's day, when it can be avoided: they, for the most part, contrive to come in on a Saturday evening, and go away on the Monday morning."

Austin. They act just as if they knew the com-

mandment, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Hunter. The missionary goes on to say:—"I have to-day attended a general assembly of the Saulteaux Indians, convened by their chief, Pigwys, for the purpose of urging upon them the importance of becoming Christians. After I had complied with their custom, by presenting each of the men with a small piece of tobacco, they seated themselves in a circle, and I, with the chief and my interpreter, took our station in the centre. I addressed them at some length, setting before them, in as plain terms as I was able, the leading doctrines of the gospel, commencing with the fall, and the consequent corruption of human nature. I then proceeded to tell them of the plan of redemption devised by Infinite Mercy for the recovery of fallen man, through the merits and death of the Saviour; and urged upon them the importance of forsaking their heathen practices, and receiving the gospel of Christ; assuring them that there was 'none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,' Acts iv. 12. I was followed by the chief, Pigwys, in a speech which occupied nearly an hour, delivered with great energy, emphasis, and eloquence. He begged them to attend to the advice I had been giving, to give up their children to the school, and to come to church themselves. He also told them that, in addition to the prospect of happiness in the next life, he lived far more comfortably now than he did when a heathen: his mind was at peace, and his

worldly circumstances were much better. Such, alas! is the indifference, I may say prejudice, of the Saulteaux Indians towards Christianity, that though the assembly consisted of nearly the whole tribe, not one expressed a desire for instruction, nor did we get the promise of more than three children for the school, and I doubt if these will be sent. As, however, God has disposed the hearts of the Muscaigoes to receive the gospel, we trust he will, in due time, work for his own glory among the Saulteaux. Till then, let us labour with patience and perseverance, in humble dependence upon Him."

Basil. I think the missionaries are good men, and do all the good they can among the Red Indians.

Hunter. No doubt they do; but there are many of the tribes on which very little impression has been made. Indians, who have seen everything evil among white men traders, are apt to look on all white men with suspicion; and then, the superstitions in which they have been brought up have a strong hold on them.

Basil. Please to tell us more about the missionaries.

Hunter. Listen, then, to an account of a missionary visiting the sick:—"I went to see a sick Indian, whom I baptized last January. I reminded him of the promises which he made when he was baptized, and asked if he were still determined to put his full trust in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, depending upon his merits alone. He answered with some emphasis, 'Yes.' I then exhorted him to keep his feet firm upon that Rock of all our hopes; assuring him, that

if he were depending upon Christ, though he might have but little knowledge of the word of God, he would find himself safe."

Brian. Poor sick Indian!

Hunter. "Having said as much to him as I deemed advisable in his present exhausted state—for I more than once thought him expiring while I was talking—I asked if he particularly wished to say anything to me. His voice was now scarcely audible; but his wife, putting her ear to his mouth, said, 'He asks you to baptize his child, and let him be taught the word of God, that he may come to him in the next world.'"

Basil. Then he really did hope to go to heaven.

Hunter. "I said, 'If the child be given up to us, of course we shall instruct him in the school, and, in due course, he will be baptized. Ask him if that is satisfactory.' He said, 'Yes; but it is now too young to leave its mother: may it stay with her till it is old enough to go to school?'"

Basil. That was very thoughtful of him.

Hunter. "Feeling deeply affected at the considerate tenderness of this request, I could scarcely repress the tear as I said, 'Yes; it may.' I then exhorted him to cast himself upon the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and told him I would call upon God in prayer, that he might be supported in the last trying scene, and be conducted in safety to that heavenly inheritance which I trusted was reserved for him in the world above. While I was kneeling by the dying man, commending his soul to God in prayer, the

pealing thunder, together with the rain falling upon the bark which covered the tent, rendered my voice inaudible. It was indeed a solemn scene."

Austin. That must have been solemn indeed!

Hunter. "I again visited the sick Indian, and found him sinking rapidly. I asked him if he still felt comfort in resting upon the merits of Christ. He feebly articulated, 'Yes;' and appeared desirous of saying more; but his voice failed, and he fell back, evidently in the agonies of death."

Basil. I dare say he died then.

Hunter. "I was deeply grieved to hear his father giving utterance to expressions which must have both distressed and disturbed the dying man. Among other things, he said to me, 'You talk about your God being so good and powerful; yet there is my son lying, and you are not able to obtain any help for him from your God.' I told him that I trusted our God, to whom his son had given himself, was about to take him to a place of happiness, where he would dwell for ever, be no more sick, nor suffer hunger, thirst, or pain; and that the afflictions which had been laid upon him were intended to make him repent of his past sins, and trust in the Saviour, in order that he might be made fit for heaven. I then endeavoured to show the old man how awful it was for him to be so completely given up to the devil, and so bent upon doing his drudgery, as even to disturb the dying moments of his son. I told him, that unless he underwent great change, he would very soon be separated

from his son for ever; and I could only pray that his eyes might be opened, before he found himself in hell. Having commended the dying man to God, I left the tent; and had not been long at home, when a person came to tell me that he had expired."

Basil. I thought he would die. I wish his father had known better.

Hunter. "I sent Mr. Cook to make arrangements for burying the body; but he returned, saying, that they wished it to be taken away at once. I was, therefore, compelled to send my servant to carry the corpse to the church till a coffin could be made. The Indian custom is to bury the dead as quickly as possible: and so strong is their aversion to see the change which the last enemy produces on the countenance, that it is the practice, as soon as the person has expired, for the relatives to paint his face red, that the change may not be seen, even during the few hours occupied in making the grave. They then put upon the deceased all his ornaments, and wrap the body in a blanket, together with his hunting and fishing implements. Having placed it in the grave, in a sitting posture, and covered it with earth, they sit in a circle round the grave for about an hour, smoking their pipes; after which some one makes a speech, and then they retire. All the Christian Indians are, of course, buried in the churchyard, after the European custom; and when any die who have not Christian relatives to bury them, the task falls upon us, as in this case. I do not know how I am to get this poor man buried;

for all the men able to give any assistance are now away, and I have only one Indian boy with me in the house; as my principal servant, who alone could have been of any service to me, is sick at Grand Rapids."

Brian. How could the missionary bury him?

Hunter. "I was compelled to set to work this morning, with two Indian boys, to make a coffin for the man who died yesterday. We finished it by noon, and the boys having put the body into it, they placed it in the grave. After I had read the service, they filled in the earth; and thus we finished our disagreeable duty without any assistance."

Austin. What an odd thing, for the missionary to be obliged to make a coffin!

Hunter. There are few things that conscientious missionaries are not ready to do, for the souls and bodies of those under their care. It is natural enough that young people should like better to hear an exciting account of Indian manners and customs, of famous warriors, of wild horses, of bear and buffalo hunts, and of Indian games and dances, than to listen to a quiet recital of missionary efforts: but remember, that Red Indian robes, war-clubs, and tomahawks, bravery in war, and skill in the chase, will not prepare an Indian for death, and still less for eternity. We are to live after this life has passed away; and red men and white men require a hope on which they can rely. Both have sinned, and both stand in need of a Saviour. To make that Saviour known, is the first, the chief object of the missionary.

Austin. Every one ought to love the missionary.

Hunter. The Red Indians, just in proportion as they love hunting and fighting, dislike agricultural labour; but you will see, from a few extracts from Mr. Smithurst's register, that, by degrees, young Indians brought up in schools may be taught to work as well as the whites. Mr. Smithurst, who is among the Indians on the Red River, under the direction of the Church Missionary Society, says, "I to-day visited the Saulteaux settlement. When I was down a fortnight ago, I told the school children, with a view of encouraging them, that I wanted forty loads of hay; and, if they would make it for me, I would pay them as Mr. Cockran had paid the Muscaigoes. From the prejudice of this tribe to everything like farming, I never expected that they would get the whole; but they have been assisted by their heathen relatives, and to-day I found them making the last stack: they have got at least sixty loads. This is very gratifying, as it shows that a great change is taking place. The experience of this settlement has hitherto proved that Indian prejudice first gives way with respect to our mode of living, and then with respect to our religion. A willingness to settle in a house, and cultivate the ground, opens the way for religious instruction, as it keeps the Indian where this is to be obtained."

Austin. Red Indians making hay! Who would ever have thought to see Red Indian haymakers!

Hunter. Mr. Smithurst goes on thus:—"On my return home, I got a number of Muscaigo schoolboys,

and set them to reap barley. Having never seen them reap, I was a little curious to see how they would get on; when, to my surprise, I found them to proceed with all the regularity of Europeans. Indeed, I am quite sure that I could not have taken an equal number of children of the same age out of a school, even in the most agricultural district of England, who would have done so well. None of them are more than twelve, and two are only nine years old."

Brian. Those Muscaigo boys were fine lads.

Hunter. "I have now," says Mr. Smithurst, "a number of the Indians clearing ground. It is necessary for us thus to employ them, that they may be able to get clothing for the winter. There is nothing, so far as temporal things are concerned, which they need to learn so much as industry. My rule is, never to give the Christian Indians anything, unless they work for it; except in cases of old age or sickness. They are now very willing to work; but it is necessary that I should be almost always with them, which is rather a heavy task upon me.

"I, this morning, set an Indian to plough; but when I went to see how he got on, I found that he had missed just as much as he had ploughed. I was, therefore, obliged to do it myself. There are now a number of Indians who can plough well; but they are engaged on their own farms, and I do not wish to ask them to come to me. I must always have a succession of learners, and bear with the inconvenience.

"I have been to the Saulteaux settlement to-day,

superintending the sowing of the little patches belonging to the Indians of that tribe. I was pleased to see them taking a much greater interest in the matter this year than last. I should be doubly gratified, if I could but see them a little more anxious after religious instruction. We must, however, wait God's time."

Austin. I can hardly fancy Indian boys ploughing and sowing like farmers.

Hunter. Mr. West, from the same station on the Red River, writes thus:—"Well do I remember Withaweecapo bringing his son to me in his arms, as I sat in the boat waiting for him, to start many hundred miles from York Factory to the Red River; and as he parted with his boy, with tears of affection, saying, 'There, I give you my son, to teach as you say, because I think you will take care of him, and will treat him as a father. But I shall come and see my boy.' Fourteen years after, it seems, he undertook the journey, many hundred miles, to visit his boy. This brought him under Christian instruction; and, God be praised! there is good hope to believe that he was led to embrace Christ Jesus as his Lord, and to live in obedience to his gospel, so that he died a true Christian. How cheering is this statement! His widow is one of my Indian congregation, and a communicant; and all their children, seven in number, are Christians!

"What encouragement is there, amidst all discouragements, to prosecute Christian missions! Let us therefore persevere, and faint not; for in due season

a rich harvest shall be reaped, to the great glory of the Lord."

Brian. Withaweecapo did not forget his boy, though he was away so long.

Hunter. Mr. West continues in this manner:—"This morning, one of the Muscaigo schoolboys, about twelve years old, brought two birds, and desired my servant to ask if I would have them. I found they had been stuffed, though certainly not in a first-rate style. I asked what he wished to have for them; and the answer was, 'Anything you please to give.' I was sufficiently acquainted with the Indian character to know that he had not brought the birds without having some distinct object in view; and I therefore said, 'Tell him I don't know what to give him: he must say himself what he would like to have. He could not, he said, expect to have what he wanted in return for the birds, as he wanted a Common Prayer Book: but if I would let him have the book, when I wanted any one to work he would come. The English of the whole was simply this:—His mind was so set upon obtaining the Prayer Book, that he brought the birds to get into favour with me, thinking that I should not refuse him the book on credit, till he could work for it."

Austin. That boy really wanted the Prayer Book.

Hunter. The last extract that I shall give you from Mr. West is as follows:—"I was much pleased this evening, in a conversation with one of the Muscaigo schoolboys. He had been working on the mission

farm a month, during the seed-time, for which I paid him twelve shillings. Wishing to know how he had spent it, I said, 'What did you do with the money I gave you?' 'I took it to the store.' 'Well, what did you buy?' 'The shirt I have on.' 'Well, that cost four shillings; what more did you purchase?' 'White cotton.' 'What are you going to do with that?' 'Have a Sunday shirt.' 'Well, that is very good; but what else did you buy?' 'A pair of shoes.' 'Yes, those three things cost nine shillings; what did you do with the rest?' 'Gave it to my father.' 'Well, that is just what you ought to do. You know the word of God says, Honour thy father and thy mother. I trust that you will always remember that it is your duty to help them. I hope the other boys will do the same, and then God will bless them.' This little incident affords one of the many proofs that we do not labour in vain. It was the first money the boy ever had, and not a fraction of it was misapplied."

Brian. An English boy could not do better.

Hunter. These anecdotes of Indian life, by describing the very acts and words of those among whom the missionaries are, seem to bring the people before you. In one of Mr. Cockran's journals, he says the language of an old Indian was, "I must go and take the opinion of the Black Coat about our Indian ways and worship; he says that the Master of life is displeased with us, because we will not listen to the message of his Son, who came from heaven and died to save us. I

should not like to meet the Master of life angry. His winter storms and his summer storms terrify me. If he grow *properly* angry, I cannot stand before him."

Austin. Poor old Indian! *Properly* angry—that is a very expressive term.

Hunter. The Indians have many expressive terms, and they are an interesting people. I will now give you a few extracts from the journal of Mr. Rundell, a missionary belonging to the Wesleyan Missions in the Hudson's Bay territories, being some of the last intelligence received respecting the Red Indians. Mr. Rundell travelled three thousand five hundred miles from New York to get to his station. He is the first Protestant missionary stationed in the far west, in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains. He says, "About seven o'clock, I started, in a dog-cariole, for the Fort Hunter's Camp, situated near Beaver Lake. The cariole was drawn by four dogs. It was a brilliant starlight night, with some faint glimmerings of the aurora borealis. The Beaver Hills extend for a long distance, and are in general covered with trees and shrubs, interspersed with small lakes. The scenery, during the summer months, must be very splendid: but I saw only the rude ravages of winter in the woods; ice bound the lakes, and snow mantled the ground. In the forenoon, we surprised a herd of buffaloes on a small lake, and one of them slipped on the ice, and was soon stabbed to the heart. The cold was so severe at this time, that the blood froze about the instrument employed in cutting up the animal. I reached the camp

in the afternoon; but the night was so intensely cold, that I could get but little sleep."

Austin. He would look droll in his dog-cariole!

Hunter. "I reached Rocky Mountain House, and was very kindly received by J. H. Harriott, Esq., the gentleman in charge. I found several Indians at the fort, and shortly after my arrival, another party arrived from the plains. Great warmth of feeling was expressed by them on seeing me. Their dresses were profusely adorned with beads and gay embroidery, with porcupine quills and other ornaments. Whilst I was saluting them, some kissed me; others, after shaking me by the hand, passed both hands over part of my dress, uttering at the same time a kind of prayer; and others gave me their left hand, because nearest the heart."

Brian. That is a very odd custom, to kiss the missionary. I should not much like it.

Hunter. "A large party of Blackfeet and Peagans arrived; and their entrance into the fort presented a very novel appearance. The first that came were the Peagans; and the ceremony commenced with singing some rude and barbarous sounds. They then marched in order to the fort, the chief leading the van, bringing with him a horse, the head of which was striped with red ochre, as an intended present for Mr. Harriott; the chief entered the fort, followed by his party. The Blackfeet approached much in the same way, excepting that singing formed no part of the ceremony. Some of the chiefs' dresses looked very fine; and the needlework on them would reflect no discredit on

members of civilized communities. To-day a rumour spread amongst the Indians, that I came down from heaven in a piece of paper, and that the paper was opened by a gentleman belonging to the fort, and so I made my first appearance upon earth."

Basil. Came down from heaven in a piece of paper!

Hunter. "The 'Big Wolf,' a Blood Indian chief, requested last night that nothing might be said to him by me against taking revenge on their enemies; neither against the practice of sacrificing to the sun the tops of their fingers, previous to going to battle—a custom common amongst them. He was determined, he said, to have revenge on the man that stabbed him some time before; and affirmed, that the sacrifices offered to the sun would certainly insure success when warring with their enemies. He, however, expressed a wish to hear me. This Indian is one of the greatest warriors in all the tribes. He attended the service in the evening, and afterwards expressed his satisfaction with what he had heard."

Austin. I am afraid the Indian's love of revenge will never be conquered.

Hunter. What is hard with man is easy with God; but I will go on with my extracts:—"I gave advice to 'Big Wolf,' in order to effect a reconciliation between him and the man towards whom he entertains such deadly hatred; and tried to persuade him to drink no more liquor, as that was the cause of the affray. He listened attentively; and I learned afterwards that this advice was not given in vain.

"The long-expected band of Rocky Mountain Crees, those whom I came especially to see, arrived this day, accompanied by a party of Assinaboins. Soon after their arrival, I addressed them on the being of God, and on the creation and fall of man. A remark made by one of the Crees, after the service, is deserving of notice. He said, they resembled hungry young birds in a nest, when visited by the parent; like the young birds, he said, they stood hungry with their mouths open, to be fed."

Austin. Indians certainly have a very odd way of speaking.

Hunter. "I met many Indians in a large tent fitted up for the occasion of my visit. I rode in the afternoon to an Assinaboin camp, situated at the distance of a few miles, and met with a very warm reception. Nearly all in the camp, I believe—men, women, and children—met me on my approach, to welcome my arrival. They all walked in procession, with their chief at their head; and it was, indeed, a very interesting sight. Many of the children, I observed, were carried on the backs of their mothers. The ceremony of shaking hands now took place, which I performed on horseback, and afterwards proceeded to the tent arranged for the service; and, under the rays of a bright and unclouded sun, discoursed to them on the glories and beauties of the eternal Sun of righteousness."

Brian. That custom of shaking hands must take up a long time among so many of them.

Hunter. "It was from this hill that I obtained my best view of the Rocky Mountains. They presented the sublimest spectacle that I ever expect to behold, until I become an inhabitant of 'the new heavens and the new earth.' Their pointed and snowy summits rose high into the heavens, resembling the lofty spires of some vast and magnificent marble temple, and the scene was truly grand and imposing. In comparison with these Divine productions, all the works of art dwindle into insignificance. From their vast recesses, those great rivers flow which send forth their streams to the Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic Oceans."

Austin. Oh, that must be glorious scenery!

Hunter. "I reached Edmonton with no other injuries, thanks to a kind Providence, than two or three slight frost-bites, and some indications of snow blindness, from the effects of which I recovered in about a week; and thus ended my winter campaigns."

Brian. I could listen an hour to such extracts as these.

Hunter. Well, I have now told you pretty well about Red Indians, and must come to the end of my narrative. Great have been the difficulties of the missionaries, and many have been their disappointments. The Cherokees, Choctaws, Pawnees, Oregons, Sioux, and others, have none of them altogether realized the hopes which at different times, on their account, have been entertained. The opposition of Papists, the wars that break out unexpectedly among the tribes, the reverence entertained by them for

superstitious customs, their removals from one place to another, the natural indolence of Indians, and their love of spirituous liquors, called forth by white men in order to deceive them, these and other causes are always at work, operating against the efforts of the missionary. I might, it is true, give you more instances than I have done of an encouraging kind respecting the Red Indians generally; but, perhaps, it will be better now to sum up the account by saying, the missionary is at work among them with some degree of success; and though, from the remoteness of many of the tribes, their strong attachment to the superstitions of their forefathers, and other causes already alluded to, the progress of Christianity is necessarily slow, there is no doubt that it will ultimately prevail: the promise has gone forth, and will be fulfilled, the heathen will be the inheritance of the Redeemer, and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession. He who has clothed the arm of the red man with strength, shod his feet with swiftness, and filled his heart with courage, will, in due time, subdue his cruelty and revenge, open his eyes to discern the wondrous things of God's holy law, dispose his mind to acknowledge the Lord of life and glory, and make him willing to receive the gospel of the Redeemer.

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